* Feb. 9, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

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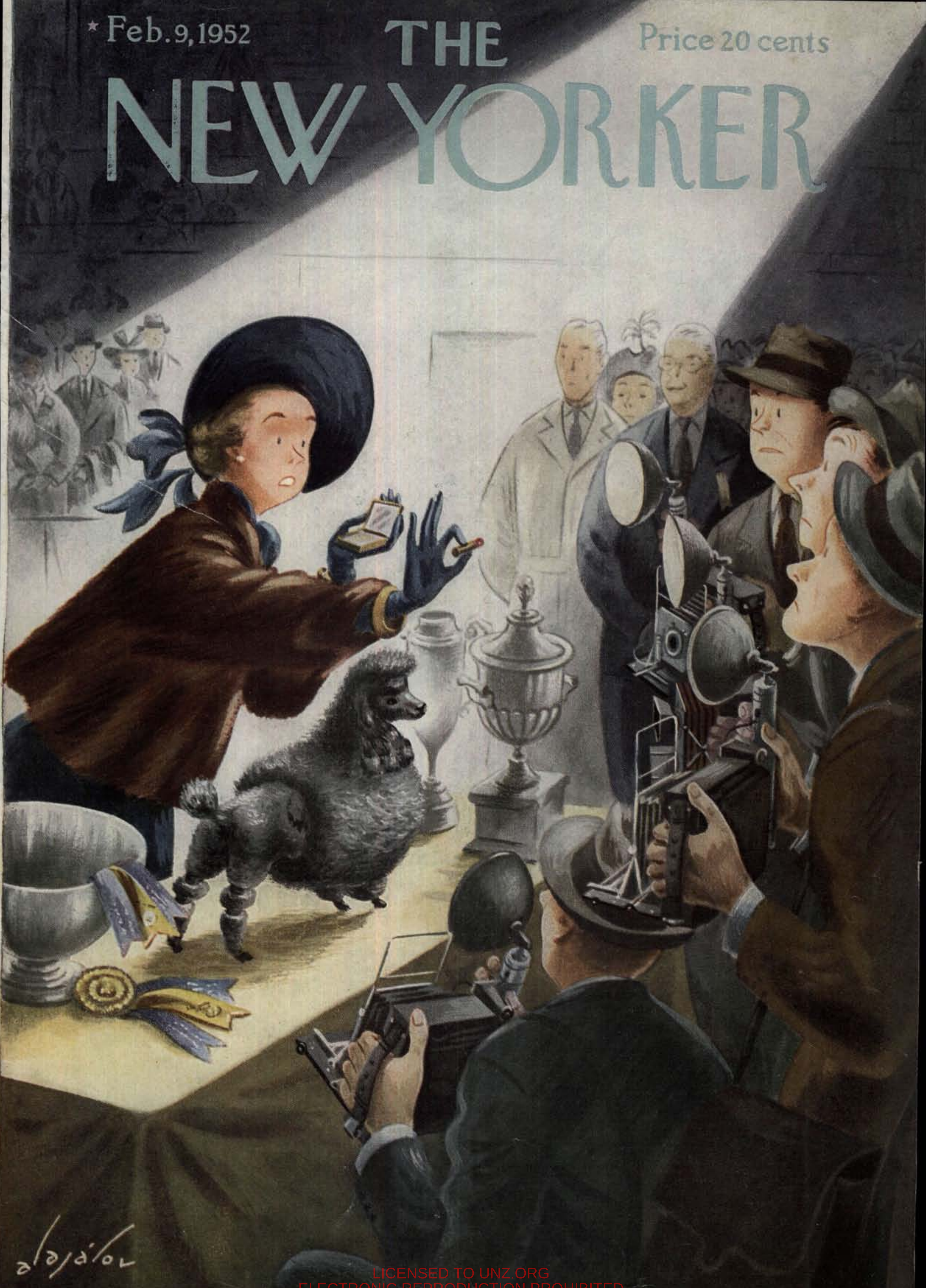

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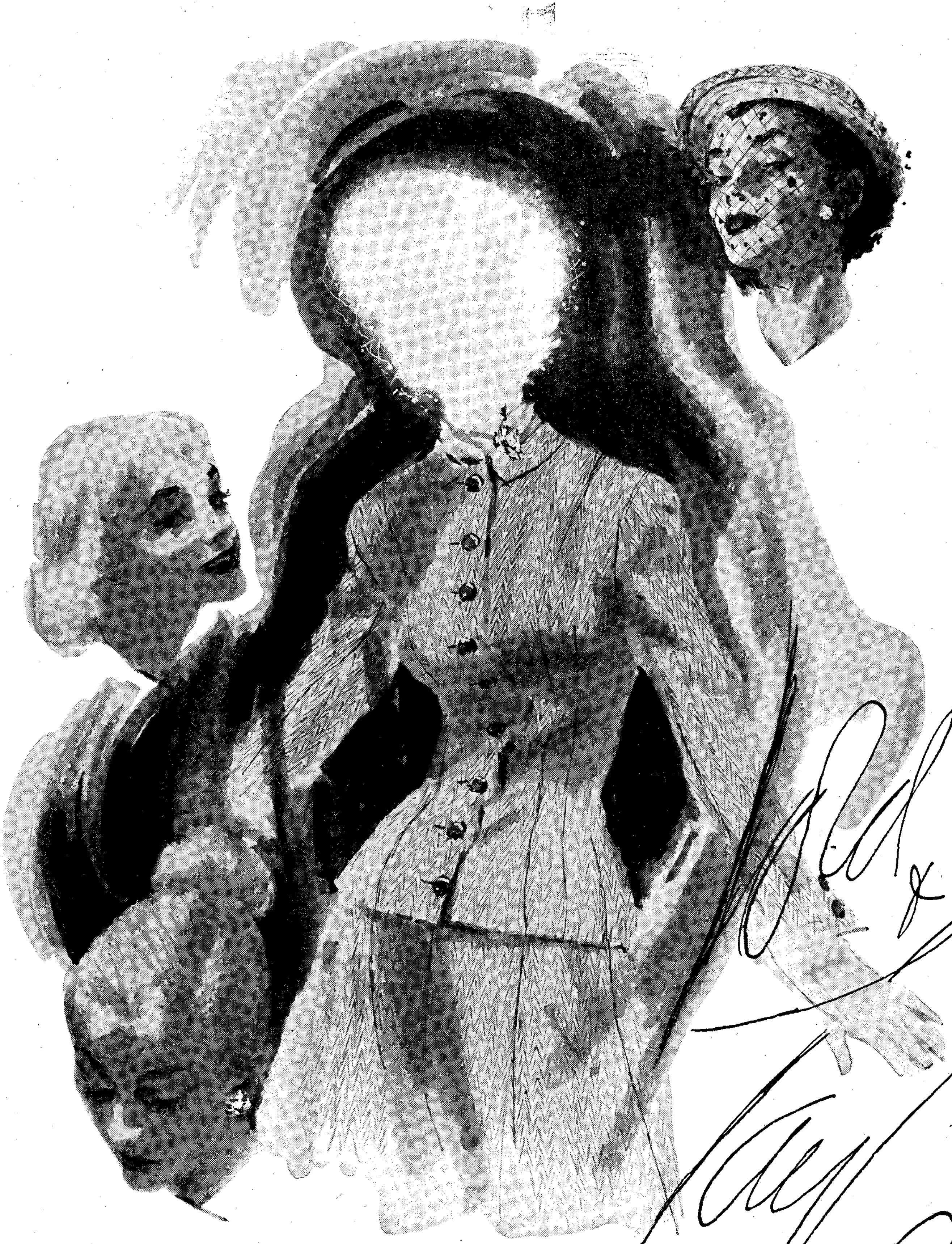

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. All very eminent. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 7-8; Monday evening, Feb. 11; Wednesday matinée and evening, Feb. 13; Thursday evening, Feb. 14; and Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 16. "Antony and Cleopatra": Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 9; Tuesday evening, Feb. 12; and Friday evening, Feb. 15. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, April 12.)

Come of Age—Judith Anderson is again the star of this fantasy, first produced in 1934, which deals with Thomas Chatterton's return to modern London and his affair with a woman of the world. Miss Anderson, assisted by Robert Brown and Muriel Rahn, does her best, but the script doesn't give them much help. The play is the last in a series of three presented by the New York City Theatre Company and will run through Sunday, Feb. 10. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.)

The Constant Wife—Katharine Cornell is an impressive figure—maybe just a bit too impressive—in the Somerset Maugham comedy about a singularly wise and tolerant wife. Brian Aherne and Grace George support Miss Cornell in this Guthrie McClintic production. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Desire under the Elms—This revival of one of Eugene O'Neill's most distinguished tragedies is certainly worth your attention. Karl Malden, Carol Stone, and Douglas Watson are the trio who brood about adultery, property, and various other matters in the grim confines of a New England farmhouse. The first in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn acting out, with a great deal of skill, the high spots of a fairly placid marriage. The play, which involves only two characters, was directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Audrey Hepburn is very fetching as a young Parisienne whose female relatives are grooming her for a career as a *grande cocotte*. Anita Loos has done a workmanlike job of adapting Colette's novel, and Gilbert Miller has assembled a superior cast of players, among whom are Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Am a Camera—John van Druten's adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories" is uneven, but it is still one of the better plays of the season. Julie Harris scores a personal triumph as a girl who is no better than she should be, and there are commendable supporting performances by William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 10, and special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

Jane—Sophisticated dialogue, of mixed quality, by S. N. Behrman. The play is based on a Somerset Maugham story, and stars Edna Best and Basil Rathbone. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—J. P. Marquand's novel having to do with the irony of success has been very intelligently adapted by Paul Osborn, and Leland Hayward has arranged an admirable production. Henry Fonda heads the fine cast, which includes Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—A mixture of love, gore, and comedy concocted by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. Not up to the usual standards of the team. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and James Rennie are in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Shrike—A tense description of the machinations of a possessive wife to hold on to her husband, even if her efforts drive him to barbiturates or lunacy. José Ferrer, who directed the play, is the unfortunate victim of this lady's designs, and Judith Evelyn is the unholy lady herself. Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark assist the principals. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—affairs of state: Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Lincoln's Birthday and Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.) . . . **the moon is blue:** How a boy gets a girl in three acts. Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson are still in it. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **stalag 17:** Life in a German prison camp. With John Ericson, Harold J. Stone, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

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MUSICALS

Paint Your Wagon—Some jaunty songs and dances help compensate for a rather dishevelled plot in this musical comedy about the Gold Rush in California. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, James Mitchell, and Mary Burr keep things moving. Agnes de Mille is responsible for the choreography, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Alan Jay Lerner for the book and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—Vivienne Segal, appearing again in her original role of a predatory Chicago matron, is largely responsible for the success of the revival of this classic history of a gigolo, which John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and the late Lorenz Hart turned out in 1940. Robert Alton's choreography is superlative, and there are very helpful performances by Harold Lang, Helen Gallagher, Elaine Stritch, and Lionel Stander. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—Hy Kraft's book and Johnny Mercer's music and lyrics belong to a different and far more primitive school than those of such elegant works as "The King and I" and "South Pacific," but this piece about an ex-burlesque star now mixed up in television is still awfully funny. Phil Silvers is wonderful as a man who might conceivably be Milton Berle, and he gets fine assistance from Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

Two on the Aisle—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Richard Eastham, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? George Britton is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Collector's Item—A play by Lillian Day and Alfred Golden, with a cast that includes

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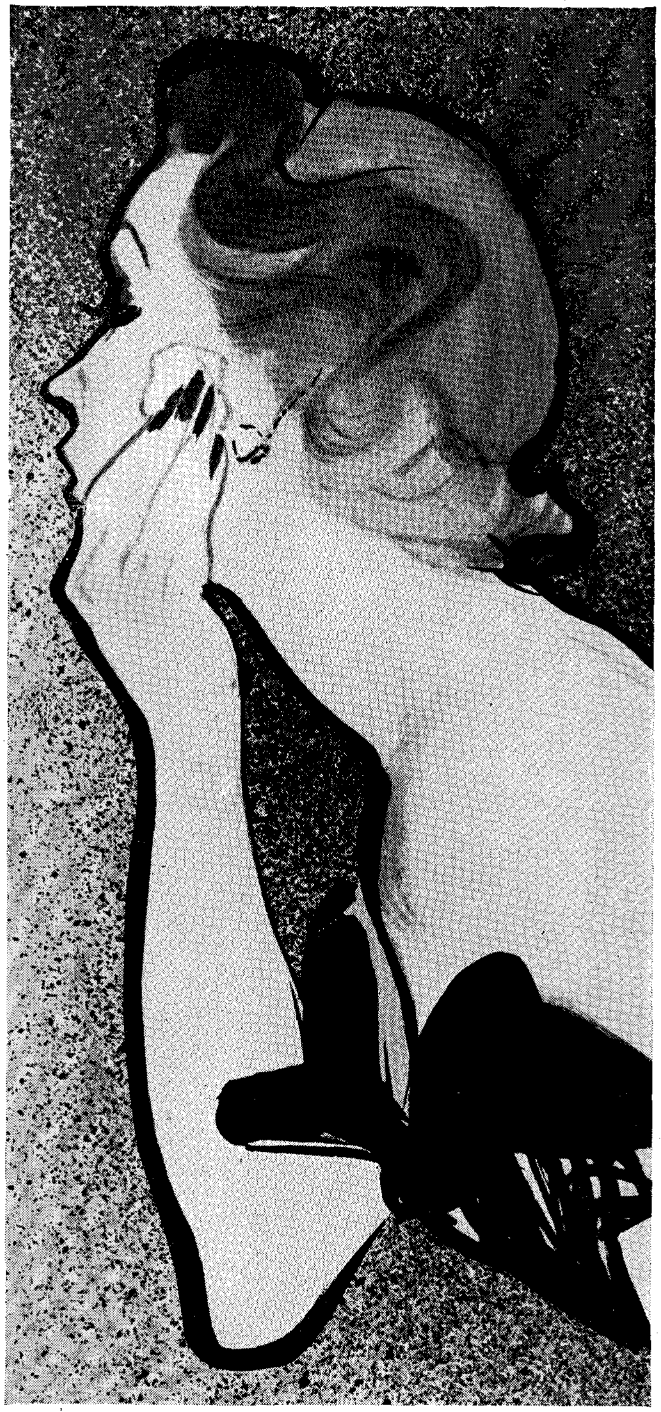

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Allyn Joslyn and Erik Rhodes. Produced by Roger Clark in association with Lloyd Isler. Opens Friday, Feb. 8. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Venus Observed—Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer head the cast in this Christopher Fry comedy. Directed by Laurence Olivier and presented by the Theatre Guild for a limited engagement, starting Wednesday, Feb. 13, and running through Saturday, May 31. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. McThing—Helen Hayes, Jules Munshin, and Brandon de Wilde in a new play by Mary Chase. The second in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. Scheduled to open Tuesday, Feb. 12—if a theatre can be found—and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet Company—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, March 16—Tuesday evening, Feb. 12: "The Duel," "Lilac Garden," "Swan Lake," and "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 13: "Serenade," "The Pied Piper," "Firebird," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 14: "Concerto Barocco," "Ballade" (première), "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 15: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 16: "The Duel," "The Pied Piper," "Pas de Trois," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 16: "Serenade," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30).

MISCELLANY

Vaudeville—Through Sunday, Feb. 17, Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Emlyn Williams—Appearing as Charles Dickens, in a presentation, imported from London, of readings from Dickens' novels and stories. A limited engagement. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ruth Draper—Monologues. (Town Hall. LU 2-2424. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Cocktails, except Sundays, in the Romanesque rotunda of the Trianon Room, to the tune of William Adler's violin. Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' bands play placidly at dinner and supper in the arena just beyond.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet appears "under the clock" at cocktail time, and at dinnertime in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The most conspicuous trace of the late lamented Ritz's Oval Room is Emery Deutsch's band, now billeted in the restaurant here, where it makes nostalgic dinner music every day but Sunday. No dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Any number of epicurean delights, not the least of which is Ted Straeter's irresistible invitation to the dance. His men open fire at eight-thirty. In the handsome Plush Room, George Feyer's piano music starts at eight. Closed Mondays.

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El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, much less blowy than the Rockefeller Center rink, offers an exhibition of ice skating involving some very pretty girls and absolutely no accidental spills. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, Eastern representative for several nationally advertised products, sings and plays piano in between the commercials, and looks simply wonderful all the time. She's in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band do the dance music. On Sundays, there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, in the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to Stanley Worth's quartet.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jimmy Savo, smiling bravely through the tears, is his old, amusing self in the Persian Room, where Rolly Rolls works a trifle too hard at his piano and his jokes. The bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte are also there. On Thursday, Feb. 14, a new show, headed by Jean Sablon. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more Old Worldly, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—On Saturday, Feb. 9, the Lombardos will take temporary leave of their old camp ground. On Monday, Feb. 11, Freddy Martin's orchestra will move in. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the sumptuous Maisonette, June Roselle, a fledgling soprano, sings a most ambitious repertory wisely and well. On Thursday, Feb. 14, Juliana Larson, another new singer, will replace her. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw tinkle away through the evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The small Carnaval Room, pretty as a picture, offers (through Saturday, Feb. 9) the orchestra of Emil Coleman for those who like to dance between courses. On Monday, Feb. 11, Hugo Pedell's and Jan Brunesco's bands, old favorites around here, will return to active duty. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—There's dancing in the Café Rouge during dinner and supper every night but Sunday. Tex Beneke's band is there right now. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A busy address just off the Avenue. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in one of the alcoves.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A twice-a-night musical comedy that is simply an excuse (but a pretty good one) to get Carmen Torres and her dramatic Andalusian soprano aboard ship. It's all done with great enthusiasm and much charm by a happy little family of youngsters, among them Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, and two pleasing ballet dancers named Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gloria De Haven has put on her very best party dress for her soirée in the Empire Room, but she seems to be using a second-hand sound track. There's also Bob Fosse, dancing solo in industrious but slightly melancholy fashion. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band are in attendance. Sundays, no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing after seven. Closed Sundays.

Note—The Rainbow Room, an outsize polo field with tables, affords cocktails and drinking music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A handsome dining room and bar that serves as a music box for Louis Hawkins, who's at the piano from six to nine and again from eleven until all hours, and Van Wood, a wandering minstrel, who starts singing, guitar in hand, at nine. Jo Hurt pops in Fridays and Saturdays after the theatre to contribute her blithe brand of glamour and lyrics to the fun. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain's pensive and modern piano decorates this hall of mirrors from ten to one, except Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, the Sonny Kendis Trio gallops for dear life through its feverish repertoire. On Monday, Feb. 11, it bows out in favor of Cy Walter, a very great man at a piano. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): A pleasant example of the trend toward cocktails, dinner, and supper to mood piano music. The tunes are supplied by Lynn Mullinax, the viands by Daniel, the restaurateur and caterer. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Those who love old familiar faces find these premises a well-stocked preserve. Piano and violin after nine-thirty, and conversation at all hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, Harry Meyerowitz provides cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield provides dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney gets off a fine collection of listening music at his piano after nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan turns out bright, brisk piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cooke is on deck.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Why go to Miami when there's a Miami floor show in midtown Manhattan? Jan Murray (gags), Toni Arden (songs), the Chandra Kaly dancers, and lots of ladies only casually attached to their costumes help carry us all back to ole Florida. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Dorothy Dandridge, a willowy but bouncy type, chants her come-hither ballads as if she meant them, and Carl Ravazza chants some June-moon songs in a handsome voice. There's also dance music by Phil Moore's trio, and plenty of room noise. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Beer-garden and basket-party atmosphere, coupled with bits of old vaudeville and burlesque, real sawdust,

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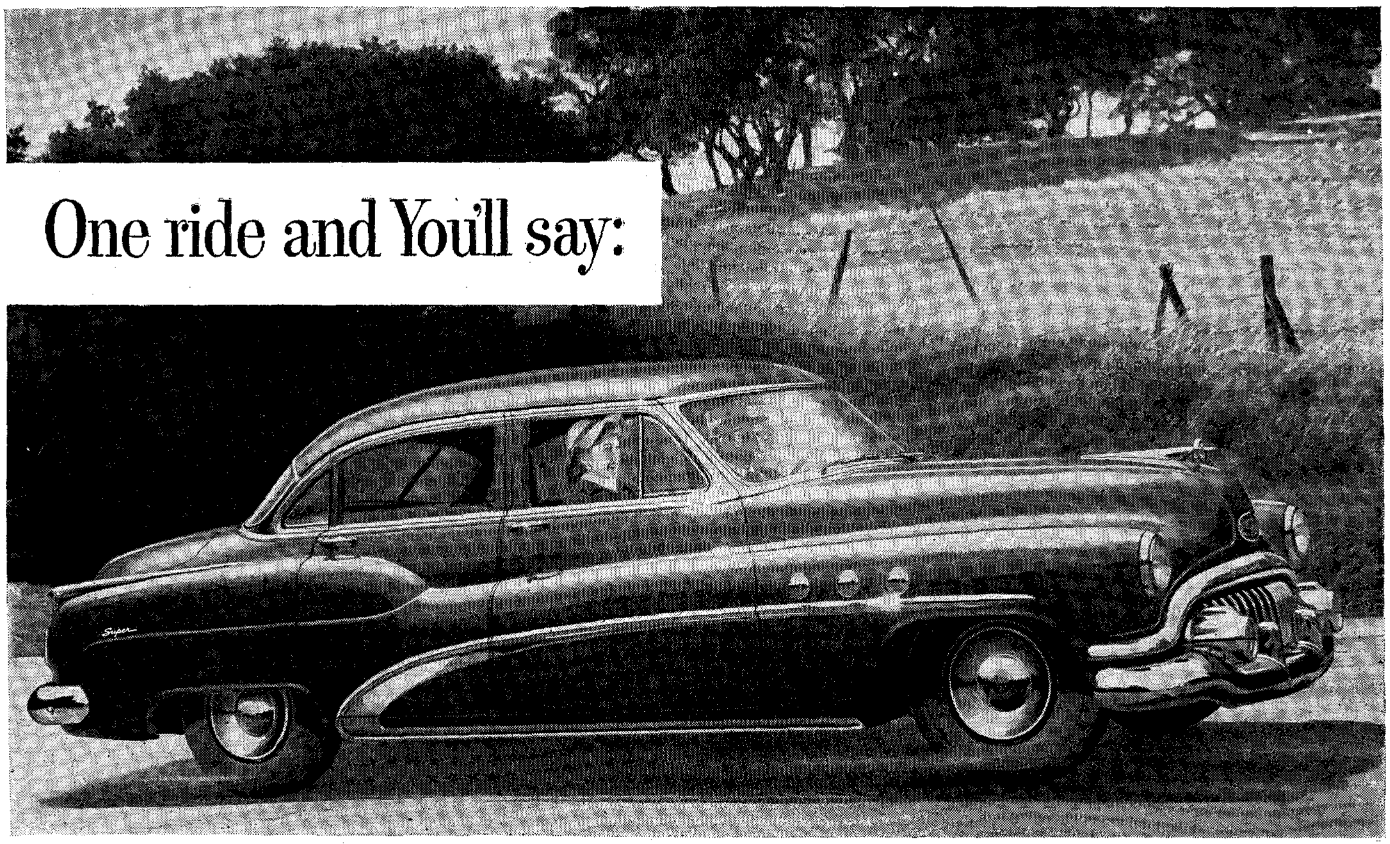

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SUPPER CLUBS

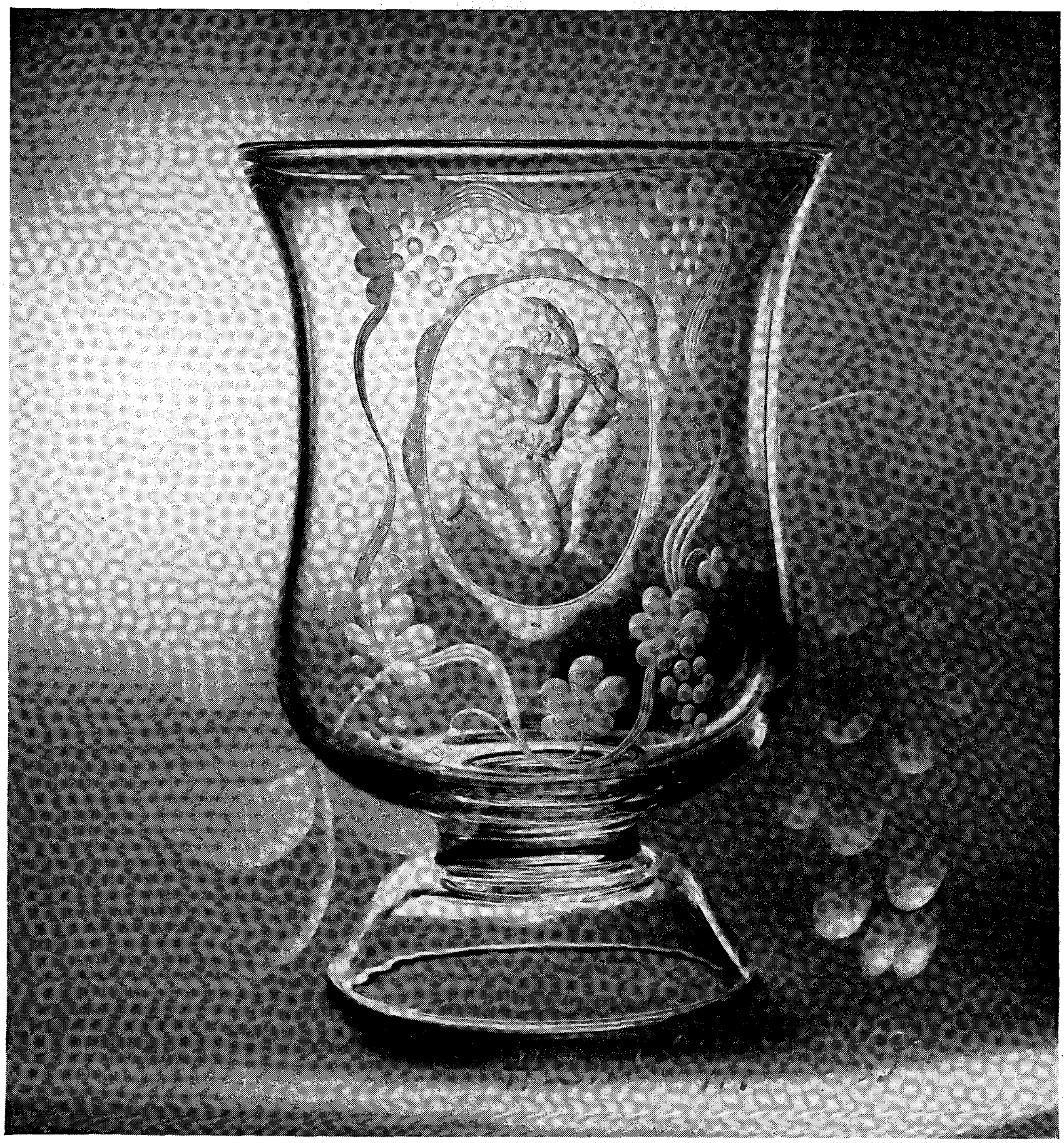
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, there's Les Mains d'Yves Joly, an imaginative group of pantomimists whose wit is (so to speak) all at the tips of their fingers. Jane Dulo describes the earthbound vicissitudes of lady wrestlers, and Shoshana Damari shows off, in an arresting voice, her collection of Israeli folk music. Portia Nelson sings, with love and sorrow artfully intertwined, to the subtle background of Ellis Larkin's trio, and Stuart Ross is the interlude pianist. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bart Howard plays romantic piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Along with the songs of Bibi Osterwald, that cheerful fire engine, and the Bab ballads of the Three Riffs, there are Mickey Deems, a very funny young man with a gift of gab, and Julius Monk's newest raconteur, Bud McCreery, whose jovial lyrics have a Gilbertian intricacy. On Wednesday, Feb. 13, a new show, involving the aforesaid Miss Osterwald, the Freudian fantasies of Ronny Graham, the ballads of Ellen Hanley, and the new firm of the McCormicks & Bill Jacoby (comedians, not lawyers). There's also the modern chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): George Hall's amiable collection of comic and occasionally lunatic-fringe character sketches, Eartha Kitt's teasing way with love songs from many countries, and none other than John Carradine, lending his stage presence to some dramatic readings. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays cool, cool dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The whooping crane will never be extinct so long as there's breath in Nancy Andrews, the hale and hearty raconteur who's in charge here. On Tuesday, Feb. 12, Patricia Bright, a sharp-tongued *diseuse*, takes the floor. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, none of whose ballads are mass-produced, is in her nest right over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes romps through her songs at the top of her famous lungs to the double piano of Norene Tate and Garland Wilson, who also accompany the much more brittle Jimmie Daniels. Irene Williams' lush soprano is enhanced by the music of Herman Chittison's trio. Tony and Eddie's tomfool record act, which is also around, departs on Thursday, Feb. 14. Next evening Kirkwood and Goodman will bring their antic humor downtown, and the Three Riffs will do the same with their song-and-dance act. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An unrestrained riot staged by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Don Abney does the interlude solo-piano work. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often complete bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A well-appointed temple of the fine arts, wherein Barbara Carroll's trio plays progressive eating music until nine, when it's joined by Red Norvo's trio (which has the remarkable Tal Farlow on guitar) and Teddy Wilson's quartet (which has the robust Buck Clayton on trumpet). The Carroll group is off Mondays; the others rest on Sundays, when Bobby Hackett and his shock troops help patrol this



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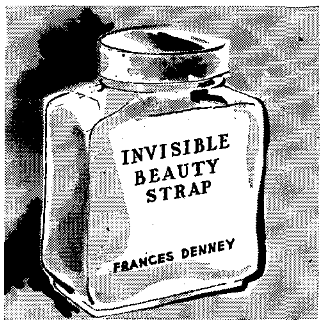

INVISIBLE BEAUTY STRAP . . . the only "face lift" you apply before foundation and make-up to take years off your age. $5*

You can actually see and feel this new flowing cream making you more beautiful. It is almost unbelievable to see how quickly it pares off your age—yet it takes only seconds to massage it onto your skin.

Gives the face a firming, lifting, bracing feeling and tends to tighten flabby skin and smooth away wrinkles . . . brings a wonderful glow to the complexion. Wonder of wonders! Jawline puffiness, mouth-to-nose lines, and that tired look seem to disappear.

Quickly this new beauty liquid vanishes onto the skin. You will discover you are more beautiful, truly glamorous—because your skin looks firm, lifted, tight before you apply foundation and make-up. This glorious new beauty lasts hours and hours. Invisible Beauty Strap is sold in the cosmetic departments of fine stores, or write FRANCES DENNEY, Philadelphia.

TEXTURE TINT . . . the glamour foundation that covers the skin all day with a sheer veil of color—no touch-up, no face powder needed. $5*

BEAUTIFYING LOTION . . . a miracle in a bottle. Wakes up dull, sleepy skin. Helps correct roughness, enlarged pores, surface blemishes. $2.50*

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BEAUTIFYING LOTION
FRANCES DENNEY

*plus tax

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

beat. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is thoroughly at home here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's band, which has Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford in it, caroms noise off these old walls with the greatest of ease. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Except Mondays, a non-starchy diet by the trio of Billy Taylor, one of our brightest pianists, who has Charles Mingus on bass. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night barrel-house festivals are still on. Feb. 8, the tumult will be provided by some All-America jazzmen; to wit, Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, and Sonny Greer, plus that bumptious old baggy-pants comic Georg Brunis. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 8-9, and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3, there'll be whoopdedo by Conrad Janis's band, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Big Chief Russell Moore, Red Allen, and Sol Yaged. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—At the **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Pieces mainly from the Paul Guillaume collection; through March 15. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: A showing of tribal sculptures from the French colonies, sponsored by the Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy; through Feb. 22.

ALEXANDER CALDER—New stabile and mobile sculptures, graceful, whimsical, and inventive as usual; through Feb. 9. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

FEDERICO CASTELLON—Oils, water colors, and etchings in this artist's first showing in over ten years, featuring his change from Surrealism to Expressionism; through Feb. 16. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—First one-man showing in this country of paintings, bluntly abstract in design, by one of the younger Italian artists; through Feb. 16. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

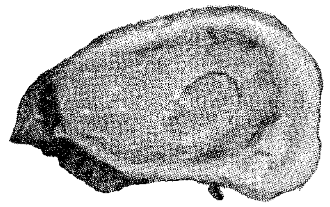
LAMAR DODD—New paintings, sober in mood and solidly designed, ranging from seascapes to city subjects; through Feb. 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.)

LEO GAREL—A series of studies in oil of New York at night, best when they are least panoramic; through Feb. 9. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, animated in pattern, if at times a bit stereotyped in texture; through Feb. 9. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57th St.: About fifty oil paintings by members of the National Association of Women Artists; through Feb. 16. Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 6. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Seldom seen works by a number of veterans of the modern movement, including Mondrian, Ben Nicholson, Morgan Russell, and others; through Feb. 23. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by Tanguy, Roszak, Giacometti, and others, along with a single sculpture by Matisse; through Feb. 9. . . . **PORTRAITS, INC.**, 460 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A loan show called "Portraits of Personalities—Past and Present," with works by, among others, Sargent, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows. For the benefit of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York. Through Feb. 16. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 44 W. 11th St.: Canvases (semi-abstract, Expressionist, and realistic) by about a hundred and forty artists, in the ninth annual show of oils; through Feb. 9. Daily, 1 to 6, and

GUINNESS GUIDE TO OYSTERS



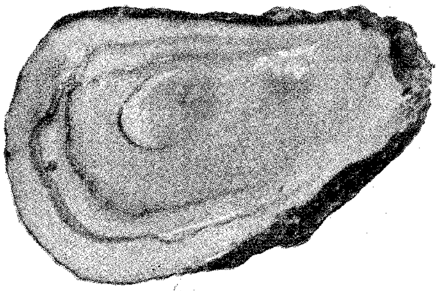
CAPE CODS: An oyster of superb flavor. Its chief enemy is the starfish, which wraps its arms about the oyster and forces the valves open with its feet. The battle lasts for hours, until the starfish is rewarded with a good meal, but alas, no Guinness.

GREENPORT: These oysters have a salty flavor all their own. They were a smash hit with the whalers who shipped out of Greenport in olden days. Oysters contain iron, copper, iodine, calcium, magnesium, phosphorous, Vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin. The Emperor Tiberius practically lived on oysters.

BLUEPOINTS: These delicious little oysters from Great South Bay somewhat resemble the famous English 'natives' of which Disraeli wrote: "I dined or rather supped at the Carlton . . . off oysters, Guinness and broiled bones, and got to bed at half past twelve. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

CHINCOTEAGUES: Many epicures regard Chincoteagues as the supreme aristocrats of the oyster tribe, but some West Coast gourmets prefer the Olympia oyster, which is no bigger than your thumbnail. Both Chincoteagues and Olympias are at their best with Guinness.

OYSTER BAY: Oyster Bays are mild and heavy-shelled. It is said that oysters yawn at night. Monkeys know this and arm themselves with small stones. They watch for an oyster to yawn and then pop the stone in between the shells. "Thus the oyster is exposed to the greed of the monkeys."



LYNNHAVEN: These gigantic oysters were Diamond Jim Brady's favorites. More fishermen are employed catching oysters than any other sea food. The Damariscotta mound in Maine contains three million bushels of oyster shells, piled there by prehistoric Bradys.

ALL OYSTERS taste their best when washed down with drafts of Guinness—what Professor Saintsbury in "Notes On A Cellar-Book" called "that noble liquor—the comeliest of black malts." Most of the malt used in brewing Guinness comes from the fertile farms of Southern Ireland, and the yeast is descended from the yeast used by Guinness in Dublin one hundred and ninety years ago.

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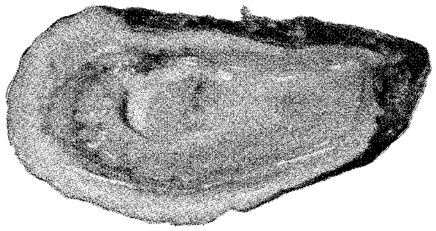
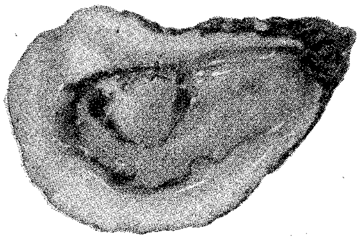
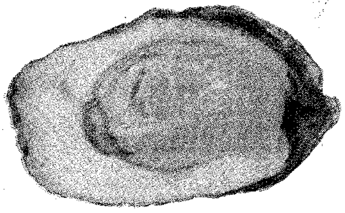


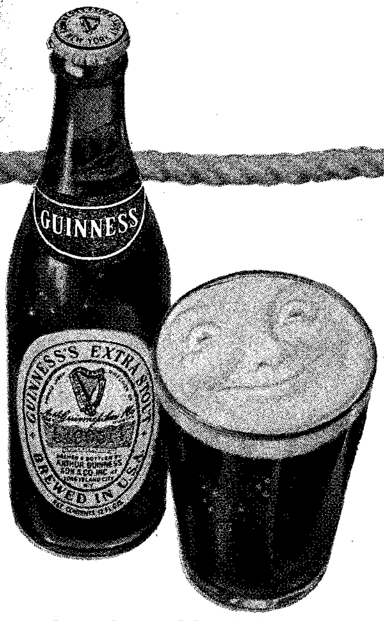
NEW ORLEANS: This was Jean Lafitte's oyster, which is now used in Oysters Rockefeller. Valuable pearls are never found in *ostrea virginica*, the family to which East Coast oysters belong.



TANGIER: This is one of the sweetest and most succulent oysters. It comes from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Pocahontas fed Tangiers to Captain John Smith, with famous results. Oysters go down best with Guinness, which has long been regarded as the perfect complement for all sea-food.



DELAWARE BAY: This was William Penn's favorite oyster. Only 15% of oysters are eaten on the half-shell. The rest find their way into stews, or end their days in a blaze of glory as "Angels on Horseback." One oyster was distinctly heard to whistle.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.

Jack Levine—New paintings, some of them demonstrating interesting variations from his established style; through Feb. 16. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Picasso—Paintings, 1939 to 1945, in a collection that includes a good many that have never been seen here before; through Feb. 28. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

Attilio Salemme—Oils mostly, along with some water colors and drawings; through Feb. 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Saul Steinberg—Ink impressions of Venice, Paris, and elsewhere, all done in his pizzicato manner, in a collection that overflows two galleries; through Feb. 16. (Parsons and Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Edward John Stevens—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, of Haitian and other subjects, by an artist who is rapidly becoming an expert on semi-tropical stylizations; through Feb. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Ary Stillman—Abstractions in oil, painted during the past year; through Feb. 9. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Vlaminck, Léger, Miró—Some early Fauvist paintings by the first-named, in a generally interesting assortment; through Feb. 16. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

J. Alden Weir—An exhibition of paintings, drawings, and etchings, assembled to commemorate the birth of this American artist a hundred years ago; through March 30. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Group show; through March 1. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Jimmy Ernst; through Feb. 23. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Sloan; through Feb. 23. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Maurice Freedman; through Feb. 23. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Carl Holty; through March 1. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 63 W. 44th St.: Carlos Merida; through Feb. 23. Weekdays, 10 to 7. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Nathaniel Pousette-Dart; through Feb. 23. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Carol Blanchard; through March 1.

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings by contemporary American artists, among them Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Stuart Davis, and John Marin, at the Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St., Monday through Friday, Feb. 11-15, from 11 to 10, for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the City and Country School.

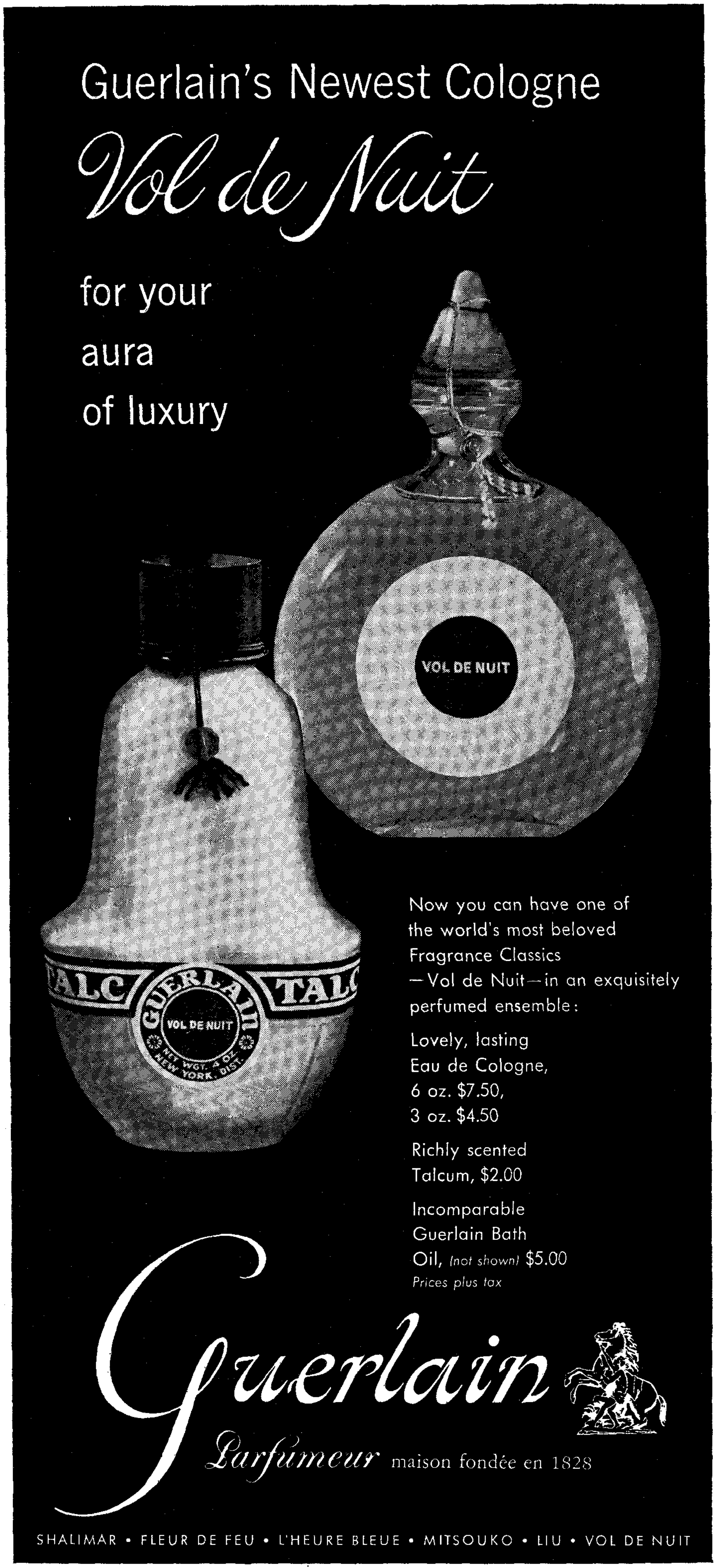
MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from the Harkness Collection; through March 18. . . . ¶ A nostalgic potpourri of memorabilia, from or about the Crystal Palace Fair in London, commemorating its centenary anniversary; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting display of sculptures by American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ "Ribbons and Laces and Old-Fashioned Faces"—an array, got up by the Costume Institute, of Early American portraits and costumes installed in the rooms of the Museum's American Wing. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and sculptures purchased through the Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund, including, among others, a rare and handsome Futurist Umberto Boccioni; through March 23. . . . ¶ Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by Picasso in the first survey in America of his graphic art, along with drawings and lithographs by Odilon Redon; starting Feb. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A retrospec-



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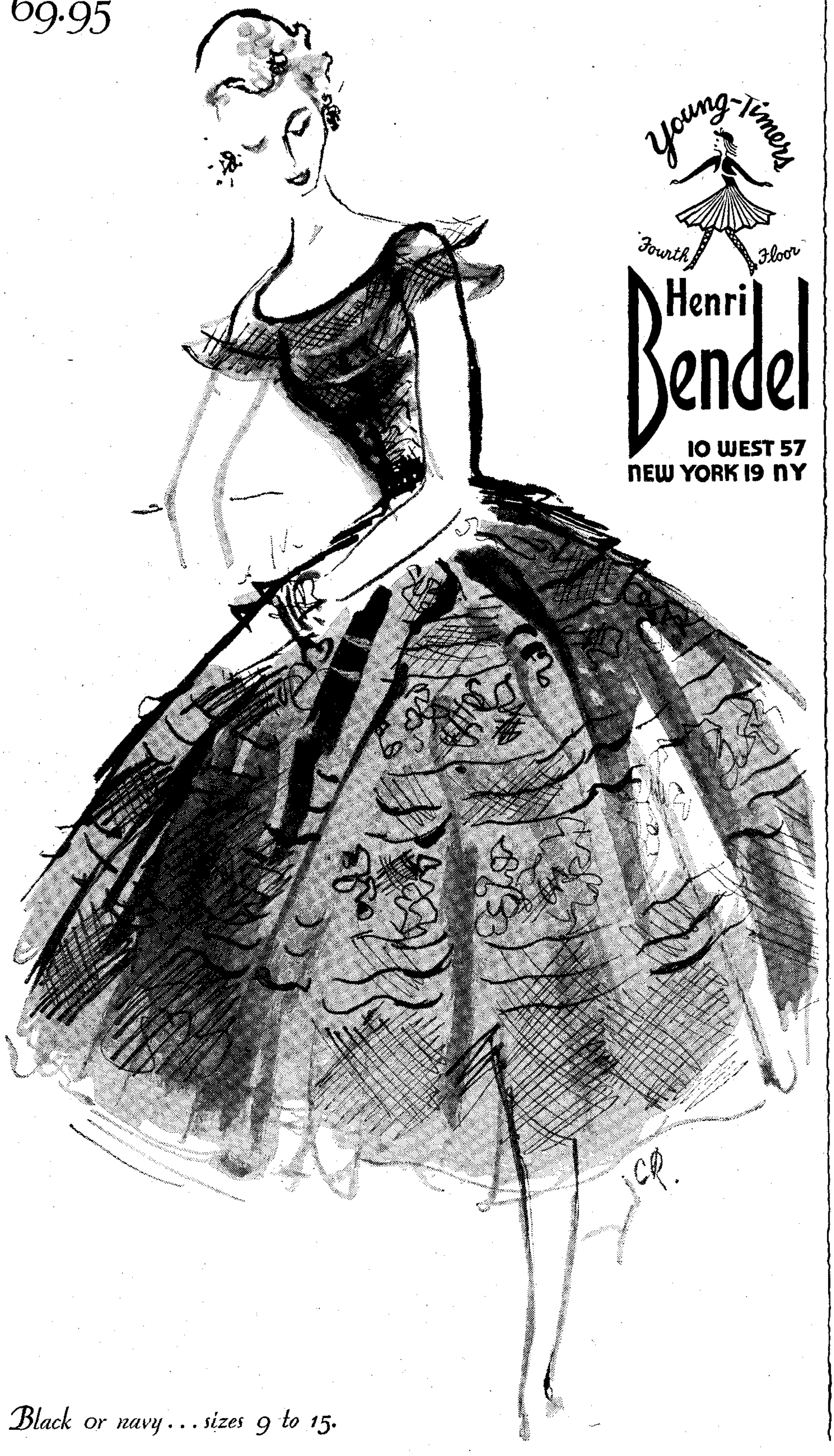

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Black or navy... sizes 9 to 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tive of the works of John Sloan, who died last September. The exhibition comprises ninety-eight paintings, sixty-seven etchings, and forty-three drawings, as well as a number of lithographs and illustrations. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Brian Sullivan, and John Brownlee. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "Otello," with Eleanor Steber, Martha Lipton, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. ... ¶ Monday, Feb. 11, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Nell Rankin, Giacinto Prandelli, and Paolo Silveri. ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Mildred Miller, and Set Svanholm. ... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Hilde Gueden, Jan Peerce, and Renato Capecchi. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Otello," with Eleanor Steber, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Paolo Silveri. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Mildred Miller, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Valentino. (A benefit for the Manhattanville College Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call EN 9-5413.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"Patience." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano); Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Queen's Fund for the Orphans of Greece (with Gina Bachauer, piano; Nicola Moscona, bass; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; and Bidu Sayão, soprano); Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2:30 (with Myra Hess, piano); Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 (both with Frances Magnes, violin); and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:45 (with Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, duo piano).

Boston Symphony—Ernest Ansermet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:45, with Monique de la Bruchollerie, piano; and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30. ... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting a chamber orchestra composed of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, in the first of a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8:40.)

Bach Aria Group—With Eileen Farrell, soprano; Mack Harrell, baritone; and Blanche Thebom, contralto; as well as the Choral Art Society and an orchestra directed by William Jonson. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Hungarian String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

John Creighton Murray—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Washington

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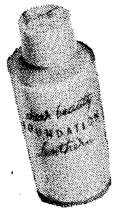

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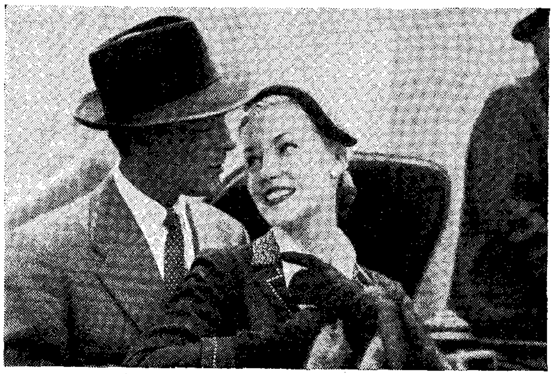

She's 26... people think she's younger!

She's 30... in years, much younger in looks!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New Friends of Music—The Guilet String Quartet; Robert Bloom, oboe; Claude Frank, piano; and Stuart Canin, violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 5:30.)

Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc—Baritone and composer-pianist. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Zinka Milanov—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Musicians' Guild—The Kroll Quartet; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Frank Sheridan, piano; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Herta Glaz, soprano; Carlos Salzedo, harp; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; and Napoleon Cerminara, clarinet. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Schneider String Quartet—The tenth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8:40.)

Phyllis Curtin—Soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Tossy Spivakovsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

New Music String Quartet—Chamber Music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8:40.)

John Ranck—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Solomon—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:40.)

Grace Castagnetta—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Note—Beveridge Webster will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 12, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—The New York Wind Ensemble, the New York Woodwind Quintet, the Sagul Trio, the New Chamber Music Society, and soloists. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 3.) . . . ¶ League of Composers concert, with the St. Cecilia Chorus, directed by Hugh Ross; William Masselos, piano; Paul Doktor, viola; and other soloists. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Composers Forum concert, with Beveridge Webster, piano; Zvi Zeitlin, violin; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.) Tickets to individual programs can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Chico Vejar vs. Johnny De Fazio, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 8. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 10: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships, opening matches: Men's and Women's Singles, starting Saturday, Feb. 16, at 10. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Track—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: New York Athletic Club meet.

. . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 12 and 7:30: National A.A.U. meet.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the **merry-go-round theatre:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Dickens' "The Magic Fishbone," Saturday, Feb. 16. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Mornings at 11 and afternoons at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 9-2585.) . . . **playmart:** "Puss in Boots." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **junior theatre:** "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **junior playhouse:** "Green Sleeves and the Magic Wish." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3, and Lincoln's Birthday at 11 and 3.) . . . **salome gaynor theatre:** "Little Women." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Suzari Marionettes—"Rumpelstiltskin," and a revue. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until the Trusteeship Council starts meeting on Feb. 27. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

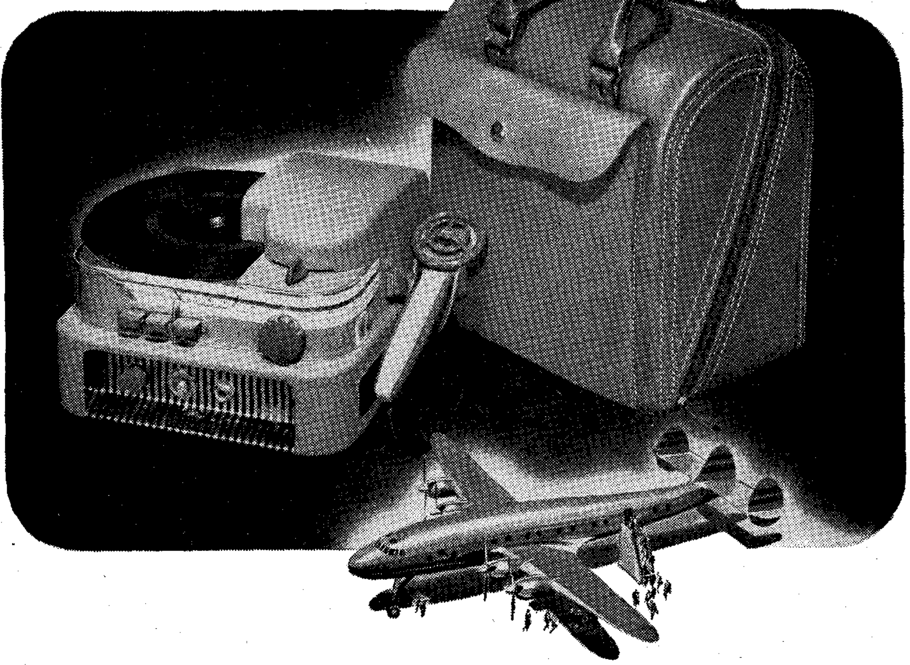
Sinclair Lewis—Chronologically arranged material tracing Lewis's life from his infancy in Sauk Centre, Minn., to his death in Italy last year. The display comprises photographs, school report cards, college papers, letters, newspaper articles, manuscript pages from "Main Street" and other novels, the Nobel Prize medal and citation, speeches, his green eyeshade, his battered fedora, and other memorabilia. Through March 30. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Caruso Exhibit—Some of the opera star's personal belongings that have been stored in crates since his death in 1921. There are, for instance, costumes, the wig he wore in his last appearance at the Metropolitan, caricatures drawn by him, photographs, letters, vocal scores, press books, and numerous right-hand gloves, the mates supposedly having been presented to admirers as souvenirs. Through Feb. 18. (R.C.A. Exhibition Hall, 40 W. 49th St. Daily, 9 to 11.)

Miniature Railway—The New York Society of Model Engineers' annual public showing of the intricate workings of their toy railway, a project so lifelike and infinite in its variety as to make their hobby seem completely fascinating. Starting Feb. 8. (Lackawanna Railroad Terminal, Hoboken, N.J. Weekdays, 5:30 to 10; Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 10.)

Valentines—More than two hundred billets-doux, mostly lacy types popular in the eighteen-forties and eighteen-fifties, although one cutout design with verses dates back to 1790; through Feb. 24. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; porcelains, including Royal Worcester and Dresden; European and American paintings and drawings; silver; and rugs, the property of Louis Effingham de Forest and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at 1:45: French furniture of the Louis XV, Louis XVI, Directoire, and Empire periods, as well as objects of art (including pieces by Carl Fabergé) and decorations owned by Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 9.



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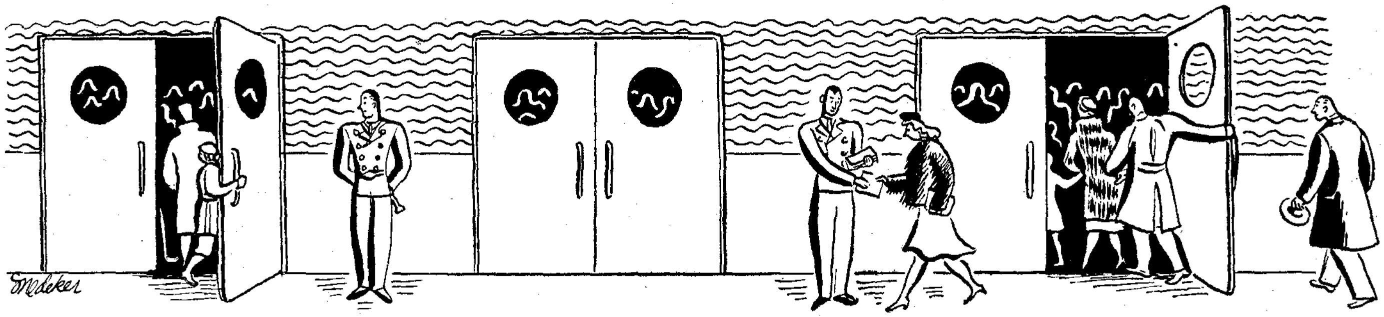

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—An attractive musical film in which Gene Kelly and an excellent cast sing and dance to Gershwin melodies. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 10.)

Cry, the Beloved Country—The race problem in South Africa, brought into sharp focus in an absorbing adaptation of Alan Paton's novel. As a colored preacher who finds no peace on earth, Canada Lee is notably effective. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215.)

Detective Story—A tumultuous view of a police precinct, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. Kirk Douglas is the storied detective, and milling about him are Eleanor Parker, Horace McMahon, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Feb. 13.)

The Greatest Show on Earth—With DeMille at the circus. The plot is close to moronic, but there are entertaining views of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey in action. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Gloria Grahame, Charlton Heston, and James Stewart. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—In this comical British film, a clerk, after twenty years of pondering, finally thinks up a method of doing the Bank of England out of a million pounds. Alec Guinness is splendid as the gentle crook, and so is Stanley Holloway as his collaborator in the deal. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Light Touch—Something about a purloined masterwork and the diverting uproar it causes among art fanciers and crooks as it journeys back and forth between Palermo and North Africa. Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli, and George Sanders are among those present. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Feb. 10-12.)

Miracle in Milan—An Italian fantasy about a boy who not only sees good in practically everything but has a very funny time establishing virtue as a way of life in a Milanese shantytown. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who, in a more sombre mood, was responsible for "Shoe-Shine" and "The Bicycle Thief." (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Oliver Twist—The Dickens novel, converted into a movie by Robert Neame and David Lean, the Englishmen who turned out "Great Expectations." Not quite up to that one, but still very acceptable. Alec Guinness is fine as Fagin, and John Howard Davies makes a persuasive Oliver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 10-13, tentative.)

Quo Vadis—Seven million dollars' worth of first-century guff. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others participate. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Badge of Courage—John Huston's screen version of the Stephen Crane story of the Civil War. A trifle on the simple-minded side, but equipped with enough large battle scenes to make it occasionally interesting. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Feb. 10-12.)

The River—Jean Renoir's masterly interpretation of the Rumer Godden novel about life along the Ganges. Produced by Kenneth McEldowney, an American, the film features Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, an Indian actress and dancer named Radha, and all kinds of other Indians who happen to come within the range of M. Renoir's camera. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 5:40, and Saturday evenings at 11. Reserved seats only.)

Tales of Hoffmann—Opera, ballet, pantomime, and what-have-you, all stirred up into a big British batter that never really rises. With Robert Rounseville, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Feb. 12.)

The Golden Twenties (1950)—Highlights of the twenties from movies and newsreels. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 9, tentative.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Feb. 7.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 11-12.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-la, where people live forever. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Feb. 7.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy concerning a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Feb. 7.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as Steinbeck's ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Feb. 10-12.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Feb. 8.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 9, tentative.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 10: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 11: "The Stars Look Down" (1941), by A. J. Cronin, with Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood, and Emlyn Williams. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Lone Star," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 8: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire.
From Feb. 9: "On Dangerous Ground," Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sailor Beware," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Feb. 12: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature.
From Feb. 13: "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx, William Bendix.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Viva Zapata!," Marlon Brando, Jean Peters.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Feb. 13 (tentative): "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Big Trees," Kirk Douglas, Patrice Wymore.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
MIRACLE IN MILAN (in Italian).

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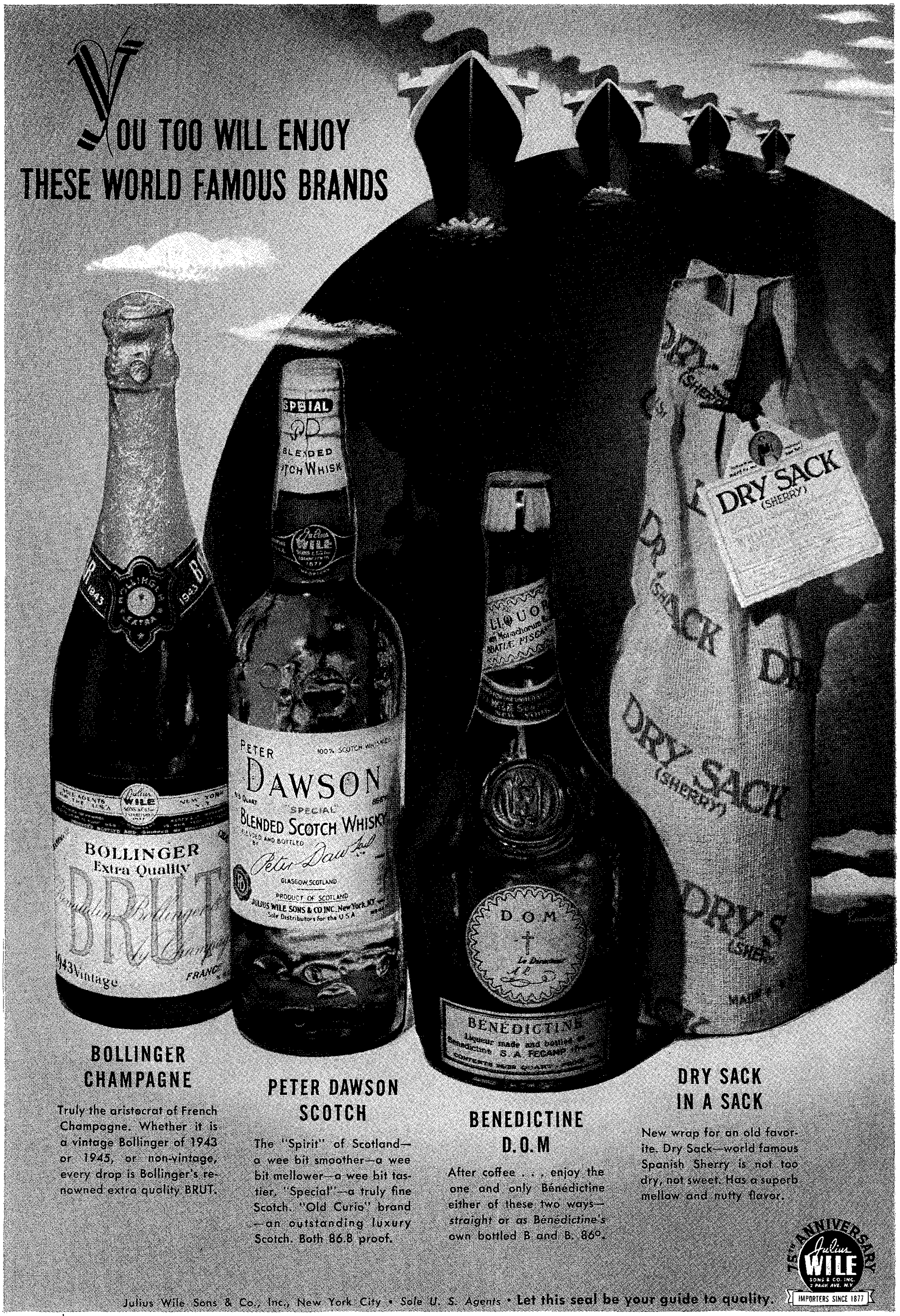
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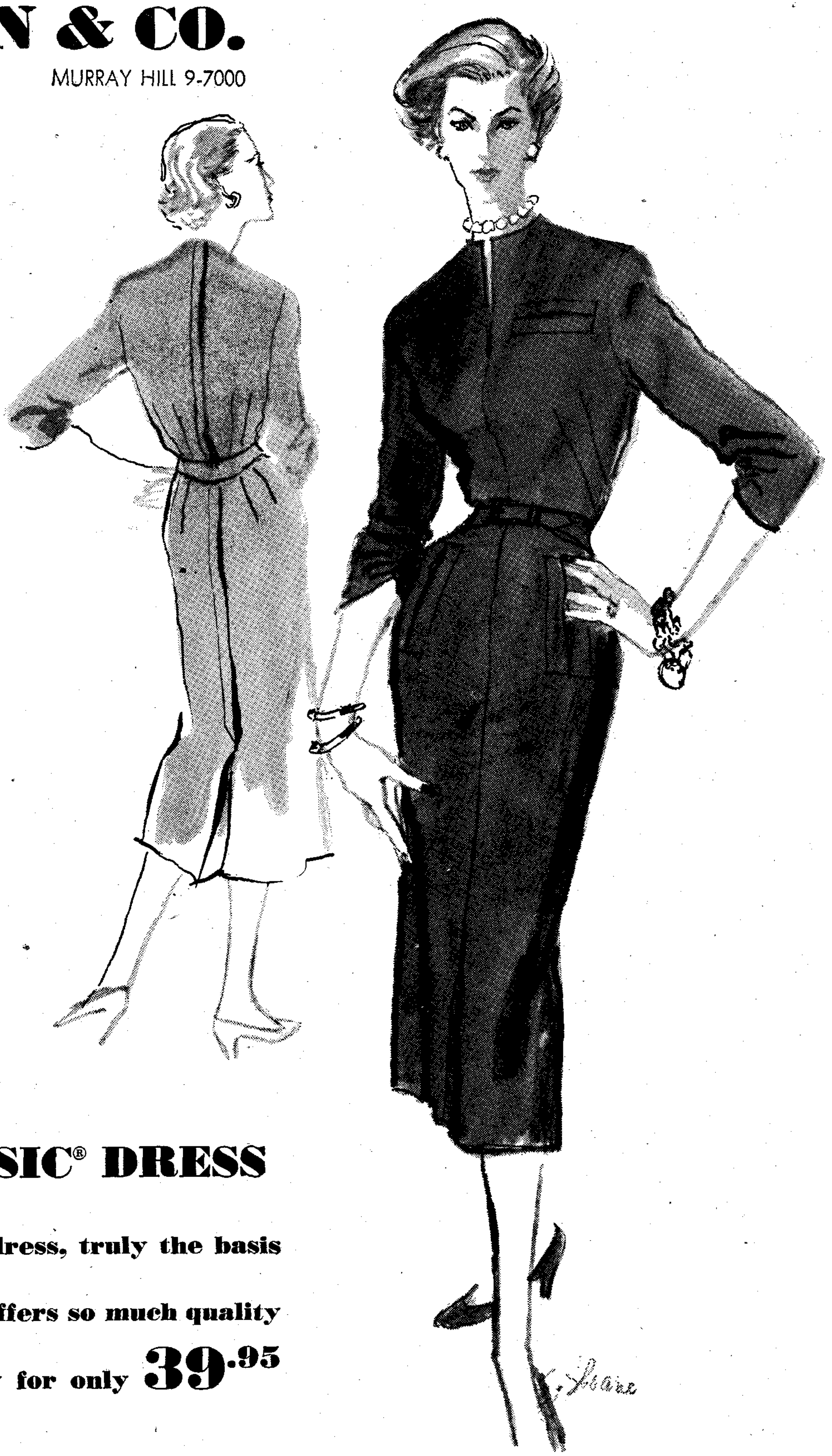

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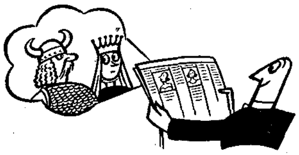
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CHURCH bells heard downwind on a Sunday morning in the country, chimes from a bell tower in a college town at end of afternoon, the seven-o'clock whistle that starts the day in a factory town—these reliable sounds set the tone of the communities they serve. Here in New York we have a new Angelus. It comes at twelve noon—the low growl of the air-raid sirens being limbered up. It is a slight sound, barely noticed by transients, but it is caught and held and multiplied in the ear of residents, an ugly reminder of the infection in our system, the small groan of a world straining to shed its old skin and unable to get loose from it.

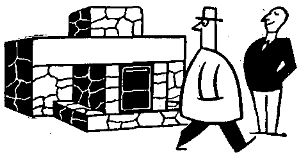
THE society page of the late *Sun*, as some of our more seasoned readers may recall, was an absolute wow when it came to far-flung genealogical detail. Since the *Sun's* demise, in 1950, a prosaic pedigree period has set in, journalistically, with the metropolitan press rarely venturing anything more esoteric than a fourth- or fifth-generation reference to Commodore Vanderbilt. What, then, was our astonishment and joy the other day to find the *Herald Tribune*, in connection with a bride of the previous afternoon, coming up, after a routine mention of Miss Hewitt's Classes, with "She is descended from Rolf the Norseman, who married Gisela, daughter of King Charles of France"! Still, our pleasure was tempered by an ignorance of just what in Tophet Charles this was, so we scrabbled around in the *Nouveau Petit Larousse* until we got the answer: Charles III, generally known as Charles *le Simple*, who was born, a posthumous son of Louis *le Bègue*, in 879 and died, dethroned and in prison, in 929. We wish the *Tribune* had been more precise, and taken notice of these facts as well. "She attended Miss Hewitt's Classes and is descended from Charles the Simple and Louis the Stammerer" is our idea of a *really* good biographical line. As for Rolf, we couldn't find hide or hair of him, but he sounds like a capital in-law for the groom, who is with the Consolidated Edison Company, which never stammers when we call up to complain about the lack of gas heat in our house, and will never be dethroned.



Wood, Wood & Wood

THE fifty-eighth annual convention of the Northeastern Retail Lumbermen's Association found us, along with a four-day crowd of five thousand lapel-identified lumber-trade delegates, pushing past a hundred and nineteen exhibits of walls, doors, windows, shingles, furniture, hardware, asbestos-cement roofing, glass blocks, tools, insulation, and Lord knows what else housed on the ballroom and eighteenth floors of the Hotel Statler. We began our tour with the booth of the Eastern Tile Company, distributor of Rubber Tile, Kencork, and Kentile ("The Asphalt Tile of Enduring Beauty"), gazing at many a square of colored tile (Fleecy Cerulean, Napoleon Gray, Quarry Red, Genoa Green, Veined Carnelian) and inspecting a huge glass jar half full of pennies, which was flanked by a box of knives and a sign reading, "Win This Beautiful Dexter Knife Set. No Catch! Just Guess!! How Many Pennies in the Jar??" "You're *counting!*" an Eastern Tile man accused us. "A woman just came by and put four pennies in it," he went on. "She thought it was for some charitable organization, bless her heart, but that sort of thing throws our count off."

Past an eight-foot length of Bermico Sewer Pipe ("Made from selected wood fibres, spun on machined mandrels, dried, and uniformly impregnated with bitumen") we went; past an assortment of Kaydel Moisture Gauges for testing the moisture content of wood electrically ("Try This on Your Piano. . . . You Will Hear No Note of Protest"); past an outdoor grill called Fyro-Grill, the Outdoor Fireplace Form; until, at last, we reached a nook occupied by the Easi-Bild Pattern Company, of Pleasantville, New York. "We sell a hundred and sixty-nine wood-working patterns enabling laymen to construct anything from a valance to a seven-room house," the proprietor of this alcove flung at us.



We pressed on, and a Gate City Wood Awning Window, consisting of several casement units, caused us to stop before an exhibit marked "Wood, Wood & Wood." "That's not a gag," said a young man whose lapel card proclaimed him to be Daniel S. Wood III. "It's me, my dad, and my uncle."

Young Mr. Wood, who was wearing a tie with an Awning Window painted on it, referred us to an associate, who said, "The old double-hung window gives you fifty-per-cent ventilation; ours gives you a hundred per cent. It's a Florida product. We're bringing the South North. It can be washed from inside, and gives protection from sun, wind, rain, cold, and prowlers."

"Forget about the prowlers," Mr. Wood said to us.

A third W., W. & W. man directed our attention to a cast-iron balcony. "For cottages and mansions," he said. "We've taken ornamental exterior trim out of the blacksmith shop and put it on a national-distribution basis. We give the person building a modest cottage the kind of New Orleans lacy ironwork that formerly only the rich could afford. How do you like that?”

“Twenty years ago, a lumberman would no more have thought of selling ironwork than flying a kite,” said Mr. Wood.

Thirty or forty booths later, we fell into conversation with an exhibitor whose card identified him as Louis Yardumian, from the Georgia-Pacific Plywood Company of Augusta, Georgia. “That’s not my name,” he said cryptically as we were peering at his lapel. He showed us an abrasion machine—a moving carriage with a blade underneath and a four-and-a-half-pound weight on top—which was scuffing the surface of a piece of plastic-faced plywood called GPX. “It’s made 156,156 strokes so far, and there’s no appreciable wear on the GPX,” said the non-Mr. Yardumian.

Bushed, we repaired to the office of Howard Comstock, one of the convention’s officials, and, at his invitation, sank into an old-fashioned wooden chair. A Donald B. Hyde-carded man there said to us, “I’m the biggest birdhouse and bird-feeder manufacturer in the country. Did you know that only a very small percentage of the birdhouses put up are occupied by birds? Birds don’t like most of them. Ours are a hundred per cent occupied. I got into this business because I’m grateful to birds for keeping things in check. If there were no birds, in a year aphids would weigh more than the population of America, and in five years they’d weigh more than the entire world.”

Mr. Comstock introduced us to Norman P. Mason, a past president of the Association. We asked him whether the country has enough wood, and he said yes. “I’ve just visited the Weyerhaeuser timber people in Tacoma, Washington,” he went on, “and they’ve marked out their operations up to the year 2000. The industry is more conservation-minded than it used to be. For instance, it debarks logs before sawing, and uses the bark for the adhesives in plywood. Another change is the greater fabrication of materials before they go to the dealer; windows are weatherproofed, and so forth. Fancy moldings and plinth blocks have given way to plain flush doors; most people have no help nowadays and don’t want to dust around. Wood substitutes—tiles and plastics decorated with gay colors—are increasing, but the frame of the house is still the same solid lumber it always was. That is, if the builder is any good.”

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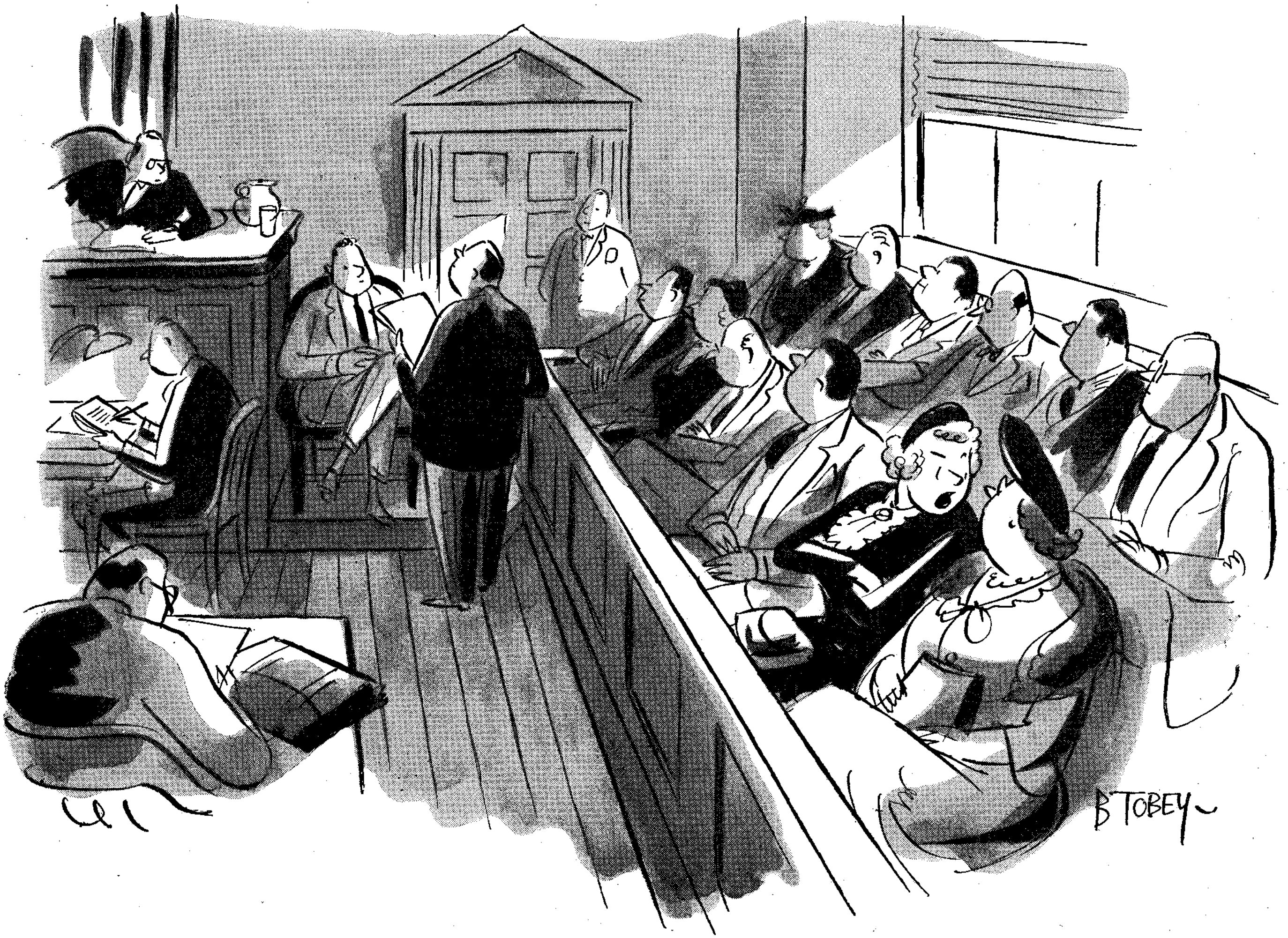
WASHINGTON INTELLIGENCE: A notice displayed in a drugstore on Dupont Circle reads, “For sale—two fine old German Stradivarius violins.”

New President

ALEXANDER M. WHITE, who is rounding out his first eight months as president of the Museum of Natural History, succeeding F. Trubee Davison, is a forty-seven-year-old White, Weld partner who was brought up in Oyster Bay, with side excursions to the Adirondacks, Maine, and the Far West. “I have a sportsman’s interest in the out-of-doors—sailing, hunting, and fishing,” he said when we visited him at his downtown office the other day. “I’m not a scientist, though I hope to go on some of the Museum’s expeditions someday. Trubee Davison asked me to go on its board in 1947, and I served on its management committee for three years. In the spring of 1950, when he announced his intention of retiring, the committee appointed to recommend his successor came around to me after some pulling and hauling, and I said I’d be glad to take the job. This firm—my father and uncle founded it, and I’ve been its managing partner since 1936—has twenty-one partners and a full head of steam, so I am able to work at the Museum part of each week. I suppose people will think I was brought in just to raise money, and it’s true that it costs two million six hundred thousand dollars a year to run the Museum, and that we get approximately eight hundred thousand dollars from our eighteen-million-dollar endowment, and that the balance, except for the substantial amount the city gives us, we have to scratch for. But I’m especially interested in some new kinds of exhibits we’re working out—we plan to show forestry by a habitat-group method, for example—and in our research and development program. This calls for a lot more documentary films; we hope to have a half-hour television show one evening every week in the spring, on a national hookup. Some of our projects—a library building and, ultimately, a twenty-five-hundred-seat public auditorium—will take real money, of course. We like to think of the Museum as a national institution, instead of just a New York one, and in recent years we’ve elected four out-of-town trustees—Columbus Iselin, director of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution; Richard K. Mellon, of Pittsburgh; Edgar M. Queeny, chairman of the Monsanto Chemical Company, of St. Louis; and John Olin, president of Olin Industries, of East Alton, Illinois. And last month we implemented our plan to get a couple of outstanding women on the board by electing Millicent McIntosh, of Barnard.”

Mr. White, a straightforward-looking, pipe-smoking man in a blue button-down Brooks shirt, told us he graduated from Harvard in 1925 and worked for Scribner’s a few years. “Then my father died,” he said, “and I sort of backed into Wall Street. I’ve been here since 1930, except for five years in the Navy. My hobby is cruising and ocean racing; last summer I had a thirty-five-foot yawl built in Germany, and I plan to enter it in next summer’s Bermuda race. Prior to the war, I’d sailed offshore between here and Nova Scotia on a small schooner and in cutters, and had salt air up my nose, so I was ordered to active duty a year before Pearl Harbor. I served for four years as a skipper of small Navy vessels—minesweepers and so on—and then as skipper of two destroyer escorts in the North and South Atlantic. The Navy was really a vacation for me, except the last nine months; I spent them in Washington, attached to Forrestal’s office, on termination jobs with the Division of Industrial Readjustment.” Mr. White was a j.g. at the beginning of his vacation and a commander at the end. While in Washington, he served on a board that was studying friction between the Regular Navy and the Reserve. “There were ten Annapolis men and ten Reserves,” he said. “I think some of our recommendations led to things that made the Reserves feel they were better represented on matters of promotion and such. One innovation, now in effect, enabled Reserve officers with good war records to transfer to the Regular Navy. That helped break the ice jam.”

President White, who lives in Oyster Bay, is married and has three children—a girl at Bennett College, a boy in his freshman year at Harvard, and a girl of fourteen. One Sunday in 1927, after



“Well, I’m not striking it from my record!”

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reading in the *Times* that Walt Whitman’s old schoolhouse at Woodbury, near Huntington, was about to be torn down, he drove over and bought it for sixty dollars. He has moved it to his place and stocked it with some Whitman material he collected while he was at Harvard. He also owns a two-hundred-acre island off Rockland, Maine, where he raises sheep. Some time ago, his caretaker wrote him that two American bald eagles were killing the lambs—what should he do? “I called Bob Murphy, the chairman of the department of birds at the Museum, for advice,” Mr. White told us, “and he said to bait a trap with a young lamb, catch one of the eagles, put it in a cage, and keep it for a month, sneering at it occasionally. By that time, he said, it would be all right to release it, because the eagle would be so angry that it would vacate the island, taking its mate.” As White was pondering this, his caretaker wrote him that he had shot one of the eagles and that the other had left. “Terrible thing for the president of the Museum of Natural History to be party to shooting a protected bird like the eagle,” Mr. W. said, “but I understand it’s legally permissible under the circumstances.”

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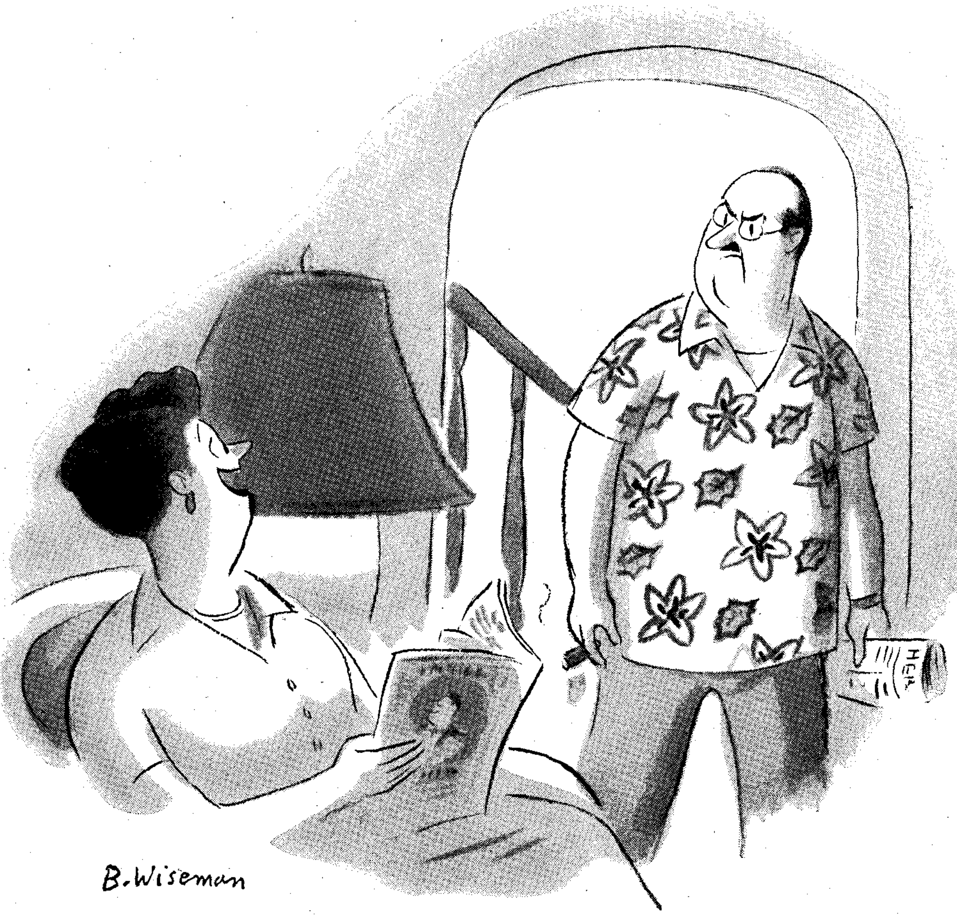
OVERHEARD at the bar of the Times Square Schrafft’s, one middle-aged man to another: “My boy’s doing a terrific job at college. He’s made the best fraternity and Phi Beta Kappa. In fact, he’s made all the keys they got. And when he graduates, if he doesn’t make *magna*, he’ll definitely make *cum*.”

Caravansary

THE burning of Shepheard’s Hotel, in Cairo, must have come as an especially bitter blow to the British military, whose favorite digs it was. On the day of the calamity, the storerooms in the basement, where luggage could be checked for the equivalent of four cents a month, or four dollars and eighty cents a decade, still contained suitcases, cricket bats, and volumes of poetry left there by British officers going off to the wars in 1882 and 1915. The British dominated Shepheard’s again during the recent war, but there was so much flap about the desert campaign’s being fought from the terrace of Shepheard’s that several of the more self-conscious generals moved to less conspicuous quarters. Field Marshal Rommel is said to have had his eye on a particular suite at Shepheard’s when he was rudely thrown back at El Alamein. After the Battle of Omdurman, Lord Kitchener got the suite *he* wanted. Much earlier, Napoleon made his headquarters in a palace that stood on the site of the hotel. The manager’s office in Shepheard’s was built over the spot in the old palace where, in 1800, General Kléber, Napoleon’s commander in Egypt, was assassinated by a nationalist fanatic.

Shepheard’s took its name from Samuel Shepheard, of whom history records that he was English, stocky, and square-bearded, and had a taste for elaborately embroidered tarbooshes. In 1841, nearly thirty years before the completion of the Suez Canal, Shepheard opened a small inn in Cairo, for the accommodation of European travellers setting out on the overland part of their long route to India and the Far East. The inn



"When did they elect you President?"

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was a smashing success from the start, and Shepheard soon took over the palace in which Kléber had been killed. In 1861, Shepheard sold out to a Swiss hotel man named Zech. ("The Swiss are the only people who have taken the trouble to master the art of hotel-keeping," Kipling wrote, following one stay at Shepheard's. "Consequently, in the things that really matter—beds, baths, and victuals—they control Egypt.") Zech's heirs rebuilt the hotel from the ground up in 1891 and added wings in 1899, 1904, 1909, and 1927. One result of these manifold, rather hit-or-miss additions was that the room-numbering system of the hotel was thrown irreparably out of whack; in recent years few guests could find their rooms without a guide.

Shepheard's ranged in height from two to six stories and extended for four hundred and fifty-six feet along the Rue Ibrahim Pasha, which runs from the Cairo railroad station to the Abdin Palace, the residence of King Farouk. (Farouk often stopped by for a snack.) The interior of the hotel was decorated in an engaging, if preposterous, mishmash of ancient Egyptian, Moorish, and Victorian styles. Among the hotel's public rooms were a foyer that was lined with granite pillars copied from pillars in the ruins of Karnak and Philae, and an octagonal Moorish hall with stained-glass windows and Persian rugs, which put impressionable tourists in mind of a harem with a hint of Chartres about it. Shepheard's had two hundred and seventy-three bedrooms and suites and about half that number of baths, and the rooms were furnished, in the best nineteenth-century manner, with brass or iron bedsteads, horsehair settees, and intricately carved wooden washstands.

The chief attraction of Shepheard's was neither its décor, bizarre as that was, nor its food and service, said to have been unexcelled anywhere in Europe, but its reputation as a place where anybody who *was* anybody was sure to put up. Theodore Roosevelt, Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, Mark Twain, Wendell Willkie, and an endless series of Oriental potentates and exiled monarchs registered there. Curiously, Twain called it "the worst [hotel] on earth except the one I stopped at once in a small town in the United States." He didn't specify why he thought so, and he didn't specify which town. The hotel has figured in any number of novels of international intrigue, and it has been frequently recorded that H. M. Stanley wrote "In Darkest Africa" in Shepheard's. The truth is that Stanley wrote it in a nearby villa, just so he *wouldn't* have to write it in the hotel, whose atmosphere he considered too formidable. In the years between wars, it often happened that the place was booked solid a year in advance for the winter season. Even Thomas Cook & Son had trouble making reservations. On occasion, Cook's-tour directors would coax their charges into staying at the Semiramis, a more modern hotel, on the ground that it was more restful than Shepheard's. Nobody could deny that, for, along with its many other superlatives, Shepheard's was famous—was, indeed, admired—for being much the noisiest hotel in the world.

Conditioned

A FRIEND of a suburban couple with three small children dropped in on them of a recent rainy afternoon and found the father pale and shaken and the mother stretched out on a sofa. As soon as the caller was seated, the father, with a wan smile, rushed off to an adjoining room, from which were issuing the sounds of a frightful squabble. "This has been going on for *hours*," said the mother. "Our television set broke down, and Walter and I haven't the faintest idea how to keep the children entertained."

Urban Playwright

JOSEPH KRAMM, author of "The Shrike," the psychiatric play with a hospital background that is one of the season's few resounding successes, did his homework on it six years ago by touring a city hospital for several months in the company of a Brooklyn psychiatrist who was a friend of his. The idea at the time was that the two men should collaborate on a clinical play, but this project never materialized. Around the end of 1949, Kramm, alone, wrote "The Shrike," in eight weeks. In May, 1950, José Ferrer took an option on it; Ferrer let this lapse in August; Aldrich & Myers took it up, and let it lapse when they couldn't get a leading man; Ferrer took it back in the spring of 1951, and relinquished it to Jed Harris that June; Harris, beset with casting difficulties, dropped it last December; Ferrer then seized it for the third time, cast himself in the lead, and opened in New York in it four weeks later. It is the ninth play that Kramm, a forty-four-year-old former actor and director, has written, and the first one of his to be produced. He has just sold another play, a comedy drama called "The Gypsies Wore High Hats," adapted from an unpublished novel by a lady named Sylvia Golden, to Aldrich & Myers. Kramm, who lives on the top floor of a five-story walkup on Eighth Avenue near Eighteenth Street, with his wife, Isabel Bonner—she is an actress and plays a doctor in "The Shrike"—has never been especially well off. If, as seems likely, the play makes him rich, he plans to buy a house in the city. He thinks the country is all right for a visit, but he wouldn't want to live there.

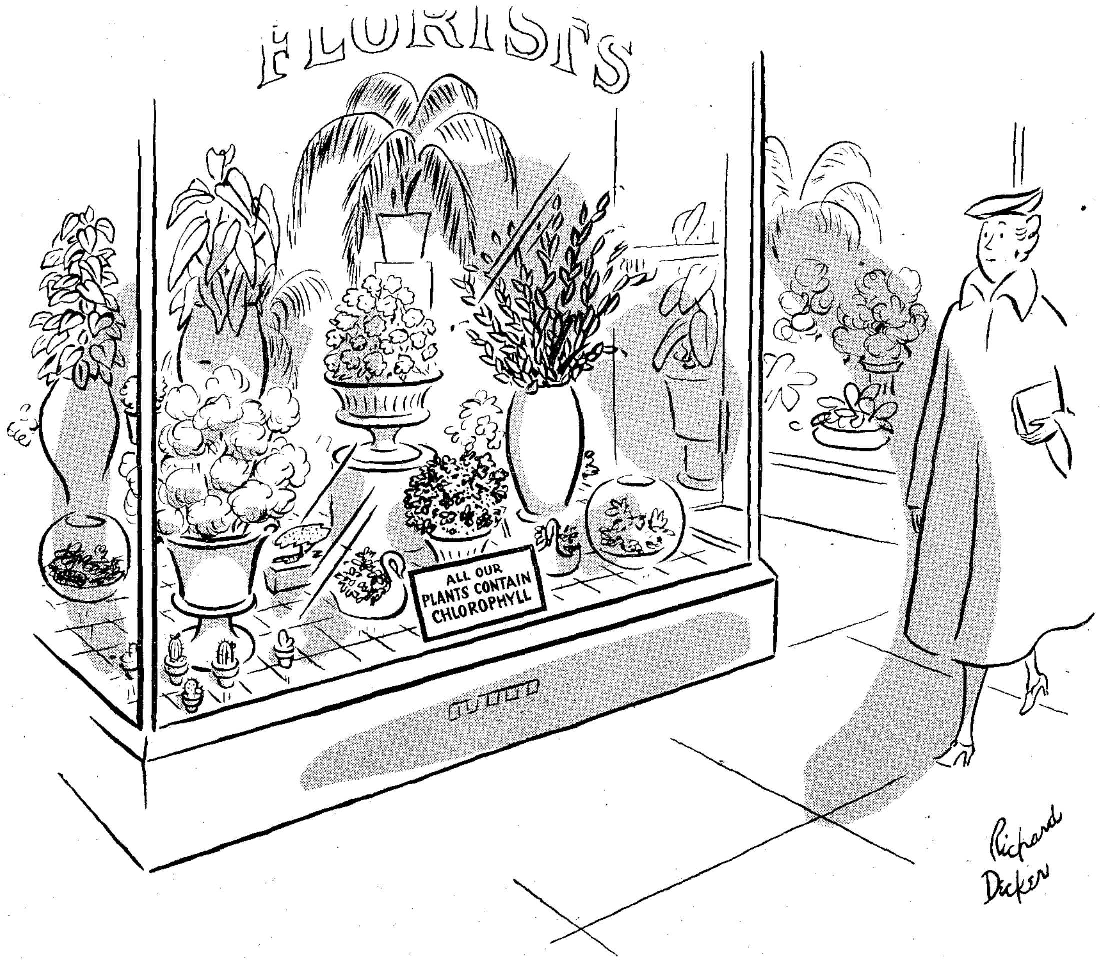
A taxing climb to Mr. Kramm's present abode enabled us to come into possession of these facts, among others. He is a tremendous hulk of a man, with brown eyes, a mild expression, a bold profile, and dark, wavy hair parted in the middle. He was wearing a light-brown corduroy jacket, dark-brown corduroy trousers, and no tie. "My father was a South Philadelphia druggist who felt that his store was a prison and spent a good deal of his time sitting in the prescription laboratory in the back, writing poetry," he told us. "I liked the store, since it carried candy; I ate prodigious quantities, on the house. My mother taught me poetry, which she insisted on my reciting before large gatherings. I don't recall it, but I'm told that at two, on her instruction and urging, I declaimed 'The Little Gingerbread Man' before immense groups of friends and relatives. I suppose my interest in acting dates from that." Kramm graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1928, worked with a Philadelphia stock company, and in 1929 joined Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre here. He stayed with it six years. Subsequently, he played in the Group Theatre's London production of "Golden Boy," had a minor role in a 1940 revival of "Liliom" in New York, and, during the war, served with the Signal Corps. "I was called a cryptographic technician," he said. "I coded and decoded messages. After V-E Day, I was one of the boys who were sent from Europe to the Philippines without a furlough. I was a svelte hundred and seventy pounds in those days. Now look at me. I get completely out of breath climbing the stairs here. They say that hard work makes you thin, but it's the opposite with me, since the harder I work, the more I eat. I'm still crazy about candy, especially Goldenberg's Peanut Chews. I am also inordinately fond of peanut butter, ice cream, and the kind of pineapple cheese pie, beef stew, and cakes you get at the Automat, and I drink lots and lots of soda water. I'm a first-class cook, and so is my wife. My specialty is veal chops with Italian black olives; hers is chicken and pineapple. Sour cream—that's the trick in cooking. Try sour cream on nearly everything, brother, and you come out with a wonderful dish. Have a Tums."

We took one, and Mr. K. went on, "José Ferrer has taught me how to make a particularly delicious omelet. You cook it—in sweet butter, of course—in a very large skillet, very thin. Ferrer thinks I'm too heavy. He has given me 'The Fat Boy's Book,' all about dieting, and one evening he handed me a jar full of peanut butter and said, 'Have a nightcap.' He's a marvellous man to work with. He has a great respect for writers, and queried me on all changes he wanted to make in 'The Shrike.' You know, its validity has been questioned by a few laymen, who think it's too hard on institutional psychiatry, but not a single doctor has found fault with it. Several psychiatrists have said to me, 'Thanks for the sugar-coating.' "

Mr. Kramm, we gathered as we prepared for the long descent to the street, leads a quiet life, reading, writing, playing records, and munching Peanut Chews. "I've been to one night club in the twenty-three years I've lived here," he said. "I didn't like it. I've come to love New York with a feeling I think very few people have. I love to take a section of it and walk around, looking at everything. I've covered most of the town in that fashion. I can't understand why people talk the way they do about the country, where there's no West Side Highway and no George Washington Bridge."

Justice

WE got into a cab the other day and the driver said to us, "What do you know? My last passenger gave me the exact change for his trip, without any tip, and handed me this card." He handed *us* the card, on which was neatly typed, "I was short-changed four dollars by a cabby at the Sutton Theatre on Saturday, January 5th. Until this is made up, at twenty cents a tip, I am paying exact fare only."


FLORISTS
ALL OUR PLANTS CONTAIN CHLOROPHYLL
Richard Decker

THE IDEA OF AGE

WHEN I was a child, people's ages did not matter; but age mattered. Against the serious idea of age I did not match the grown-ups I knew—who had all an ageless quality—though time unspun itself from year to year. Christmases lay far apart from one another, birthdays even farther; but that time was running on was shown in many ways. I "shot out" of my frocks, as my mother put it. By the time that I was ten, I had begun to discard things from my heart and to fasten my attention on certain people whose personalities affected me in a heady and delicious way.

Though the years drew me upwards at a great pace, as if they were full of a hurried, *growing* warmth, the seasons still held. Summers netted me in bliss, endlessly. Winter did not promise spring. But when the spring came, I felt that it was there forever. I had no dread that a few days would filch it from me, and in fact a few days were much when every day was endless.

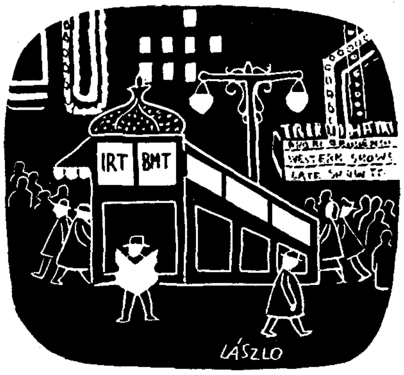
In the summer holidays, when we went to the country, the spell of the long August days was colored, intensified, by the fascinations of Mrs. Vivaldi. My first thought when we arrived at the guesthouse in Buckinghamshire was to look for some sign of *her* arrival—a garden hat hanging in the porch, or books from Mudie's. She came there, she made it clear, to rusticate (a word she herself used, which put a little flushed constraint upon the ladies who kept the guesthouse, who felt it to be derogatory); she came to rest from the demands of London; and she did seem to be always very tired.

I remember so many of the clothes she wore, for they seemed to me unusual and beautiful. A large hat of coarse hessian sacking was surprisingly lined under the brim with gold lamé, which threw a light over her pale face. In the evenings, panels heavy with steel-bead embroidery swung away from her as she walked. She was not content to appeal only to one's sight, with her floating scarves, her fringes and tassels, but made claims upon the other senses, with scents of carnations and jasmine, with the rustling of moiré petticoats and the more solid sound of heavy amber and ivory bracelets sliding together on her wrists. Once, when we were sitting in the garden on a still afternoon, she narrowed her hand and wriggled it out of the bracelets and tried them on me. They were warm and heavy, alive like flesh. I felt this to be one of the situations I would enjoy in retrospect but find unendurable at the time. Embarrassed, inadequate, I turned the bracelets on my arm; but she had closed her eyes in the sun.

I realize now that she was not very young. Her pretty ash-blond hair had begun to have less blond, more ash; her powdered-over face was lined. Then I did not think of her as being any age. I drifted after her about house and garden, beset by her magic, endeavoring to make my mark on her.

One evening in the drawing room she recited, for the guests, the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet"—all three parts—sitting on the end of the sofa, with her pearls laced through her fingers, her bronze shoes with pointed toes neatly together. Another evening, in that same room, she turned on the radio and fixed the headphones over my ears (pieces of sponge lessened the pressure), and very far off, through a tinkling, scuffling, crackling atmosphere, I heard Edith Sitwell reciting through a megaphone. Mrs. Vivaldi impressed me with the historical nature of the occasion. She made historical occasions seem very rare and to be fastened onto. Since then, life has been one historical occasion after another, but I remember that scene clearly and the lamplight in the room with all the beautiful china. The two ladies who kept the guesthouse had come down in the world and brought cupboards full of Crown Derby with them. The wireless set, with its coils and wires, was on a mosaic-topped table that, one day, my brother stumbled against and broke. It disintegrated practically into powder, and my mother wept. Mrs. Vivaldi walked with her in the garden. I saw them going under the rose-arches, the fair head and the dark, both very tall. I thought they looked like ladies in a book by Miss Braddon.

One afternoon I was alone in the drawing room when Mrs. Vivaldi came in from the garden with a basketful of sweet peas. As if the heat were suddenly too much for her, she sat down, quite upright, in a chair, with the basket beside her, and closed her eyes.

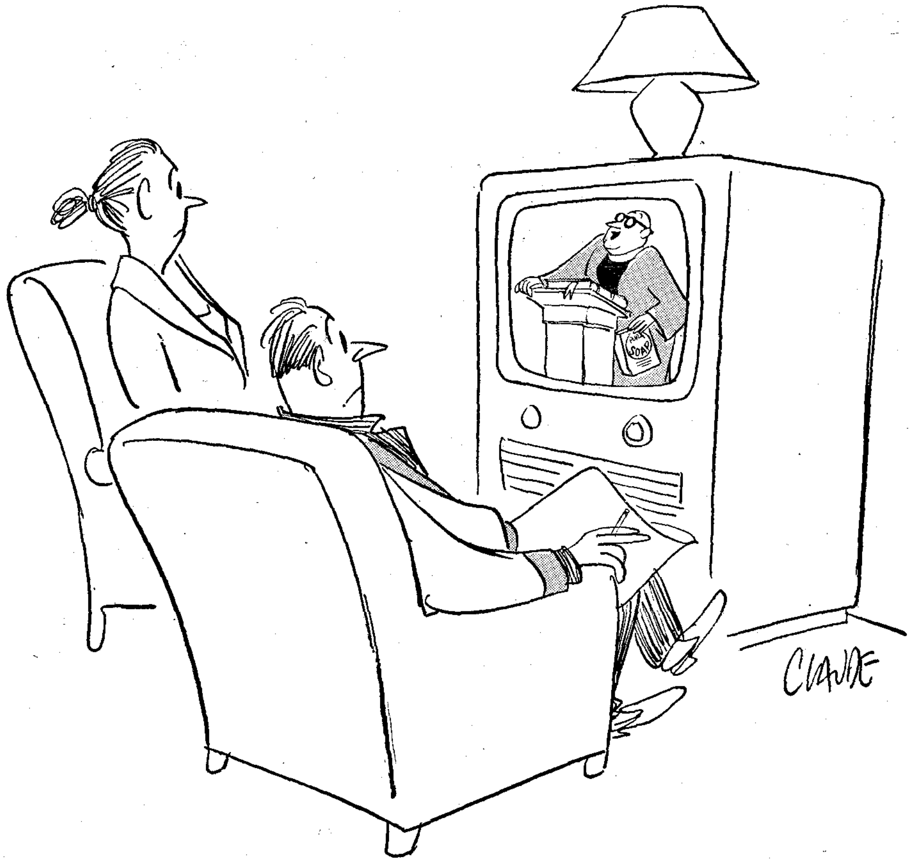


The room was cool and shadowy, with blinds half drawn to spare the threadbare carpet. The house seemed like a hollow shell; its subfusc life had flowed out into the garden, to the croquet lawn, to the shade of the mulberry tree, where elderly shapes sagged in deck chairs, half covered with newspapers.

I knew that Mrs. Vivaldi had not seen me. I was reading, sitting in my ungainly way on the floor, with my body slewed round so that my elbows and my book rested on the seat of a chair. Down there among the legs of furniture, I seemed only part of the overcrowded room. As I read, I ate sweets out of a rather grubby paper bag. Nothing could, I felt, have been more peaceful than that afternoon. The clock ticked, sweets dissolved in my cheek. The scent of the flowers Mrs. Vivaldi had brought in began to mix with the clove smell of pinks outside. From the lawn came only an occasional grim word or two—the word "partner" most of all, in tones of exhortation or apology—and the solid sound of the mallet on the ball. The last smells of lunch had faded, and the last distant clatter of washing-up. Alone in the room with Mrs. Vivaldi, I enjoyed the drowsy afternoon with every sense and also with peaceful feelings of devotion. I liked to be there while she slept. I had her presence without needing to make her love me, which was tiring.

Her presence must have been enough, for I remember that I sat with my back to her and only once or twice turned to glance in her direction. My book was about a large family of motherless children. I did not grudge children in books their mothers, but I did not want them to run the risk, which haunted me, of losing them. It was safer if their mother had already gone before the book began, and the wound healed, and I always tried to choose stories in which this had happened.

From time to time I glanced a little beyond the book and fell into reverie. I tried to imagine my own mother, who had gone out walking that afternoon, alone in the cherry orchard that ran down from hilltop to valley. Her restlessness often sent her off on long walks, too long for me to enjoy. I always lagged behind, thinking of my book, of the large, motherless family. In the cherry orchard it would be hot and scented, with bees scrambling into flowers, and faded-blue butterflies all over the chicory and heliotrope. But I found that I could not imagine her walking there alone; it seemed an incomplete picture that did not contain me. The



"We ought never to lose sight of the fact that the virtue of cleanliness is next only to that of godliness itself. And speaking of cleanliness, I hope that, if you're not already one of the millions of satisfied users of Brite, you'll try this new, all-purpose . . ."

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reality was in this room, with its half-drawn blinds, its large gros-point picture of a cavalier saying goodbye to his lady. (Behind him, a soldier said goodbye in a less affecting way to a servant.) The plush-covered chairs, the Sèvres urns were so familiar to me, so present, as never to fade. It was one of those stamped scenes, heeled down into my experience, which cannot link up with others, or move forward, or change. Like a dream, it was separate, inviolable, and could be preserved. Then I suddenly thought that I should not have let my mother go out alone. It was a revolutionary thought, suggesting that children have some protection to offer to grownups. I did not know from what I should have protected her; perhaps just from her lonely walk that hot afternoon. I felt an unwelcome stir of pity. Until now I had thought that being adult put one beyond the slur of being pitiable.

I tried to return to my book, to draw all those children round me for safety, but in my disturbed mind I began to feel that Mrs. Vivaldi was not asleep. A wasp zigzagged round the room and went abruptly, accidentally, out of a window. It did not leave the same peace behind, but unease. I could see myself—with her eyes—hunched up over my book, my frock crumpled under me, as I endlessly sorted out and chose and ate and brooded over my bag of sweets. I felt that I had intruded and it was no longer a natural thing to be indoors on such a day. If she was awake, I must get up and speak to her.

Her hand supported her head, her white elbow was on the plush arm of the chair. In that dark red chair she seemed very white and fair and I could see long blue veins branching down the inside of her arm.

As I went toward her, I saw, through the slats of her parted fingers, her lashes move. I stood in front of her, holding out the bag of sweets, but she did not stir. Yet so sure was I that she was awake that I did not know how to move away or leave her. Just as my hand wavered uncertainly, her hand fell from her face. She opened her eyes and made a little movement of her mouth, too delicate to be called a yawn. She smiled. "I must have dropped off for a moment," she said. She glanced at the basket of flowers, at the clock, then at my bag of sweets.

"How kind of you!" she murmured, shaking her head, increasing my awkwardness. I took a few steps to one side, feeling I was looming over her.

"So you were here all the time?" she asked. "And I asleep. How dreadful I must have looked." She put her hand to the plaited hair at the nape of her neck. "Only young people should be seen asleep."

She was always underlining my youth, emphasizing her own age. I wanted to say, "You looked beautiful," but I felt clumsy and absurd. I smiled foolishly and wandered out into the garden, leaving my book in the room. The painted balls lay over the lawn. The syringa made the paths untidy with dropped blossom. Everyone's afternoon was going forward but mine. Interrupted, I did not know where to take it up. I began to wonder how old Mrs. Vivaldi was. Standing by the buddleia tree, I watched the drunken butterflies clinging to the flowers, staggering about the branches. Why did she pretend? I asked myself. I knew that children were not worth acting for. No one bothered to keep it up before us; the voices changed, the faces yielded. We were a worthless audience. That she should dissemble for me made me feel very sad and responsible. I was burdened with what I had not said to comfort her.

I hid there by the buddleia a long time, until I heard my mother coming up the path, back from her walk. I dreaded now more than ever that her step would drag, as sometimes it did, or that she would sigh. I came out half fearfully from behind the buddleia tree.

She was humming to herself, and when she saw me, she handed me a large bunch of wild strawberries, the stalks warm from her hand. She sat down on the grass under the tree, and, lifting her long arms, smoothed her hair, pressing in the hairpins more firmly. She said: "So you crept out of that stuffy little room after all?"

I ate the warm, gritty strawberries one by one, and my thoughts hovered all over her as the butterflies hovered over the tree. My shadow bent across her, as my love did. —ELIZABETH TAYLOR

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The First Savings & Loan Association of Oakland today declared its 48th regular dividend of 3 per cent per annum.

William A. Davis, president, said assets at the end of 1951 totaled $17,885,139.

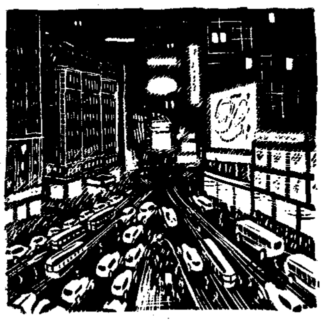
Savings rose $2,873,525 during the year, he said.

About 14 persons were rescued over ladders and others fled by fire escapes. —*San Francisco News.*

All in all, a good year.

WAS MALIK SURPRISED?

AT 5:15 P.M. on Saturday, June 23, 1951, Jacob A. Malik, Russia's chief delegate to the United Nations, made his first talk on the American radio. His speech, which lasted twelve and a half minutes, and which was the thirteenth in a series of fourteen weekly radio programs sponsored by the United Nations on the general subject of "The Price of Peace," is now famous for bringing on the truce negotiations in Korea. On Friday evening, the speech had been recorded on tape in Malik's office in the Soviet Delegation headquarters, at 680 Park Avenue. On Saturday morning, he had been filmed delivering excerpts from the speech, and the pictures were later used in newsreels and on television. During the week following the radio broadcast, a member of the Soviet Delegation, not Malik, complained to me, "Your press ignores everything in the speech dealing with the blame for the present situation and mentions only the last paragraphs." Other members said much the same thing. Except for the last four paragraphs, which took up the possibility of a truce in Korea, the speech was almost entirely a routine praising of the "peaceful" behavior of the Soviet Union and a condemning of the "warlike" actions of the Western Powers, particularly the United States. Were the Soviet Delegation officials really surprised at the reaction of the press to Malik's speech? I think they were, because the day before the speech was delivered, Malik said to me that "the important thing" about his speech was for the world to hear that the Soviet Union always stood for peace. My conviction is that his radio talk was not meant to lead to an armistice conference at all, but was intended merely to further the propaganda setting up Russia as the sole champion of peace among nations.



For more than two years—May, 1949, to July, 1951—I tutored Malik in English, and I was with him when he rehearsed his radio speech and when he recorded it. How I came to get the job of teaching him, as well as other members of the Soviet Delegation, is still something of a mystery to me. My ideology is what might normally be expected of a woman who was born in Boston, attended Wellesley (class of 1925), and then settled down in New York, first as the wife of an advertising man and then of a lawyer. I can't speak Russian. I have, however, always been interested in languages, and in education generally. In 1943, I became a member of the Committee for Refugee Education, a program sponsored in part by the New York Adult Education Council, and a couple of nights a week I tried my hand at teaching English to fledgling Americans from abroad. In 1944, I got a call from Robert J. Dixson, author of a series of English textbooks for the foreign-born; he was, among other things, in charge of the program of English study at Amtorg, the Russian trading agency, which was then located at 210 Madison Avenue. Dixson asked me if I would do some part-time teaching there. I agreed. One day, in the spring of 1947, an Amtorg official wanted to know if I would consider teaching English to members of the Soviet Delegation to the U.N. Again I said I would, and after a brief interview with one of the delegates in an apartment house at West Eighty-eighth Street and Columbus Avenue, where the Russians had their headquarters at that time, I was hired. In December, 1947, the Delegation moved to its present quarters on Park Avenue; the building it occupies was formerly a private residence. I had the job a little over four years. I think one reason I was kept on was that I taught informally and had the remnants of a Boston accent. Another reason may have been that I didn't hesitate to defend the American viewpoint; this attitude, I think, made me less suspect in their eyes. Whatever they thought of me, last September I was abruptly fired. I don't know why. All I know is that when, after a summer vacation, I visited the Delegation headquarters and asked exactly when I should report for the new term, I was told, "We have a teacher coming from Moscow this year," and nothing further. Whether they had or not, I never found out.

During the years I taught at the Delegation headquarters, my students included, at one time or another, not only Malik but such people as General Vasiliev, ranking Soviet member of the U.N. Military Staff Committee, and Vice Admiral Bogdenko, a member of the same committee, along with Mrs. Malik, Mrs. Gromyko, and various aides, translators, secretaries, clerks, and others whose first names I seldom knew. I taught five days a week, from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty and from one-thirty to four-thirty, the time being divided into four classes, which lasted, usually, an hour and a half each. At the end of every month, I submitted a report on each student to the person supervising the educational program, and, as some of my students told me, he passed the reports on to Malik, who summoned the students making low marks to his office and censured them. The term ran, as a rule, from September to July, with examinations in late September and in December, March, and June. The students, most of whom, except Malik, were required to attend classes at least twice a week, cared about observing only such holidays as the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, in November, and May Day, but I insisted on observing the traditional American holidays also.

I gave individual instruction to important people like Malik, Mrs. Malik and Mrs. Gromyko, and the generals and admirals, but met the others in groups of usually four or five. Ordinarily, I had a total of about fifteen students. All of them, except Mrs. Malik and Mrs. Gromyko, had at one time or another been to Soviet language schools, and every one spoke some English; my job was to help them improve it. Classes were devoted to grammar, conversation, and translation and to taking down whatever I happened to dictate. The students' homework consisted largely of doing grammatical exercises and writing compositions in English. They were often absent from class (but rarely, I noticed, from their work at the Delegation headquarters). The excuses they gave me were colds, headaches, stomach ulcers, and even heart conditions. They all seemed to be uneasy, living in America. One student said to me, "I got sick as soon as I landed on American soil."

The students were almost always coöperative. Once, though, when I asked a student to read aloud an article in the New York *Times* about the collectivization of farms in Russia, he looked it over and refused.

"Why not?" I asked.

"It is anti-Soviet," he said, his face white.

"But it's just an exercise in pronunciation," I said indignantly. "Go ahead and read it."

Still he refused. I remembered then that not long before, when we were in the process of moving to the Park Avenue headquarters, a picture of Stalin had

been taken from the classroom in the West Eighty-eighth Street building, temporarily exposing a hole in the wall and some ends of wires, and I had thought that perhaps a dictaphone had been planted there, to check not only on what I said but on what the students said. Now I suspected that there might be a dictaphone hidden somewhere in this room, and that the student had the same suspicion and didn't want to be heard using words unflattering to the Soviet Union. With this in mind, I said, "If you begin by saying, 'As the correspondent of the New York *Times* says,' then it would be all right, wouldn't it?"

His face broke into a smile of relief. "Yes, yes," he said eagerly. He began, in a loud, distinct voice, "As the correspondent of the New York *Times*, who lies, says . . ." and read on to the end of the article.

I had several classrooms in the Park Avenue building. The one for small fry was a large room at the back of the ornate, marble-columned reception hall on the first floor. Above this room, on the second floor, which could be reached by an elevator or a curving stairway, was a spacious conference room. It had glittering chandeliers and a broad soft carpet, and originally, no doubt, was a drawing room. There I at first taught Mrs. Malik and the military, and gave the quarterly examinations. Sessions with Malik were always held in his private office, which adjoined the conference room. The Maliks lived in an apartment on the third floor.

I WENT to Malik's office two mornings a week—from eleven to twelve-thirty—except when he was sick or was busy at the U.N. I found him fanatically and terrifyingly dedicated to his country and the cause of Communism. More than once, he said to me grimly, "History is on our side. We are used to waiting. Time works for us," and he was always criticizing things in America. At the same time, I found him capable of humor and not a little charm. The first time an aide ushered me into his presence (only once was I allowed to walk upstairs unescorted), he rose graciously from his desk, behind which, on the wall, was an enormous portrait of Stalin, smiled at me, and shook hands. I was impressed by his appearance. A man in his middle forties, tall, wide-shouldered, strongly built, and masculine-looking, he was elegantly dressed. I sat down beside his desk, and he told me that he wanted to learn idiomatic English, so he could understand fully what he read in American newspapers and magazines, and converse easily at informal meetings and cocktail parties. I decided then that we should spend most of each lesson just talking. Accordingly, except for the time devoted to my dictating passages, which he wrote down and I corrected, our lessons were made up entirely of conversation, plus work on pronunciation, which, like my other Russian students, he had a great deal of trouble with. Often when I came into his office, he would greet me warmly with the remark "How are you? It is an age since I have seen you!" This was one of his favorite expressions, an Americanism that he seemed proud to have acquired, and he used it even if he had seen me earlier in the day, when, as he frequently did, he came downstairs with Mrs. Malik to go for a short stroll in Central Park. At the end of the session, he would usually rise and give me a friendly but somehow patronizing pat on the shoulder. When he spoke of international affairs, his manner was ordinarily vigorous and forceful. At other times, particularly when there was a crisis at the U.N., he seemed less sure of himself and frequently came out with a nervous "Ha, ha, ha!" If I then asked him to read something aloud, he would beg off, saying hoarsely, "You know my voice. I can't do it." Last spring, after he had suffered a heart attack, he would sometimes say to me, when he didn't want to exert himself, "You know I have a—" and then stop and clutch at his heart in a curiously womanish gesture.

Often we began with my asking him about some movie he had seen or book he had read. The American novel he said he liked best was "Gone with the Wind." Another one he liked was "The Foxes of Harrow." He also enjoyed Mark Twain, who, he conceded, was a great writer, and he read a good deal of American history, as well as a number of guidebooks to help him understand the perplexing life in New York. He was interested in cowboy songs, and he went to the movies frequently with Mrs. Malik (Western movies when he had his choice), but he told me he didn't enjoy any movie very much, because he had to spend most of his time explaining to Mrs. Malik, whose English was quite limited, what the action was all about. From a discussion of books and movies (and, occasionally, radio programs; he listened to classical music) we would go on to some topic suggested by a newspaper headline or by something that had happened at the U.N.

One day, he launched into a tirade against Trygve Lie, whom he denounced for partiality to the Western Powers. When I had stood as much of it as I could, I said, "I think it is time for dictation." Malik stopped talking. I discovered then that calling for dictation was a useful weapon whenever the Russian propaganda grew oppressive.

Once, we were discussing a newspaper article, and Malik said there was no freedom of the press in America. When I countered that in New York alone there were several papers, each representing a different shade of opinion, he replied airily, "That's just to confuse the public."

We started talking about children's games one morning—I forget just what brought up the topic—and Malik said that cops-and-robbers, which American children played with toy guns, was indicative of the warlike spirit in this country.

"Why, don't the children play cops-and-robbers in Russia?" I asked.

"Yes," he admitted.

"And don't they use guns?"

"No," Malik answered, and added, with a perfectly straight face, "They use sticks."

From time to time, he damned so many things in America—from unemployment and racial discrimination to Reno divorces, comic books, and radio commercials—that one day I asked him point-blank, "Mr. Malik, haven't you ever found anything in America that you really like?" He looked at me impassively and said, "I prefer no comment." Once, however, he did say, when he was talking about treatment for his seven-year-old daughter, Svetlana, who is crippled from spinal meningitis contracted in Japan while he was ambassador there, and to whom he is devoted, that the American doctors "had helped very much." Another time, when we were discussing some international affair, he looked at me and said, almost enviously, I thought, "You are lucky. Your country has never been invaded." On still another occasion, pointing to a picture of an American diplomat in a newspaper, he commented, "A typical American." When I asked him what he meant by that, he said, sarcastically, but also, it seemed to me, a little wistfully, "Well-fed, healthy, self-confident."

I hadn't been teaching him very long when he inquired, one day, "What makes Americans stick together?" I gave him a familiar answer—that Americans are united in a love of freedom—but that didn't satisfy him, and thereafter he often spoke of the diverse elements in the American population and asked the same question.

Frequently I would acquaint him with some new American expression. One day, after he had kept me and my escort waiting in the hall outside his office for at least fifteen minutes before he was ready to see me, I told him I was going to take up with him the idiom "cooling your heels." After I had explained what it meant, he smiled.

We looked through a book of proverbs during one lesson. Among those we read was "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

He looked at me with astonishment. "That isn't an American proverb, is it?" he asked.

I was surprised that he didn't recognize it. "No, it's a Biblical proverb," I said. "One that's sometimes used in America."

"You mean that a capitalist country would permit a thing like that to be printed?"

"Yes," I said.

He shook his head, unbelievingly.

Now and then he talked to me about Japan. He was ambassador there from 1942 until Russia declared war on Japan, in the closing days of the Second World War. "There are three things wrong with Japan," he confided to me one day when he was in an expansive mood. "First, the flowers do not smell; second, the women do not kiss; third, the birds do not sing." Then he went on to describe, not fluently but quite feelingly, how varied and sweet-smelling were the Russian flowers in the deep, wet meadows, and how in spring the lovers roamed arm in arm in the mystic Russian woods, while the nightingale sang the soft night through.

"The father bird must sing to the mother bird, who is sitting on eggs in nest," he explained. "When he stops to sing, she flies away."

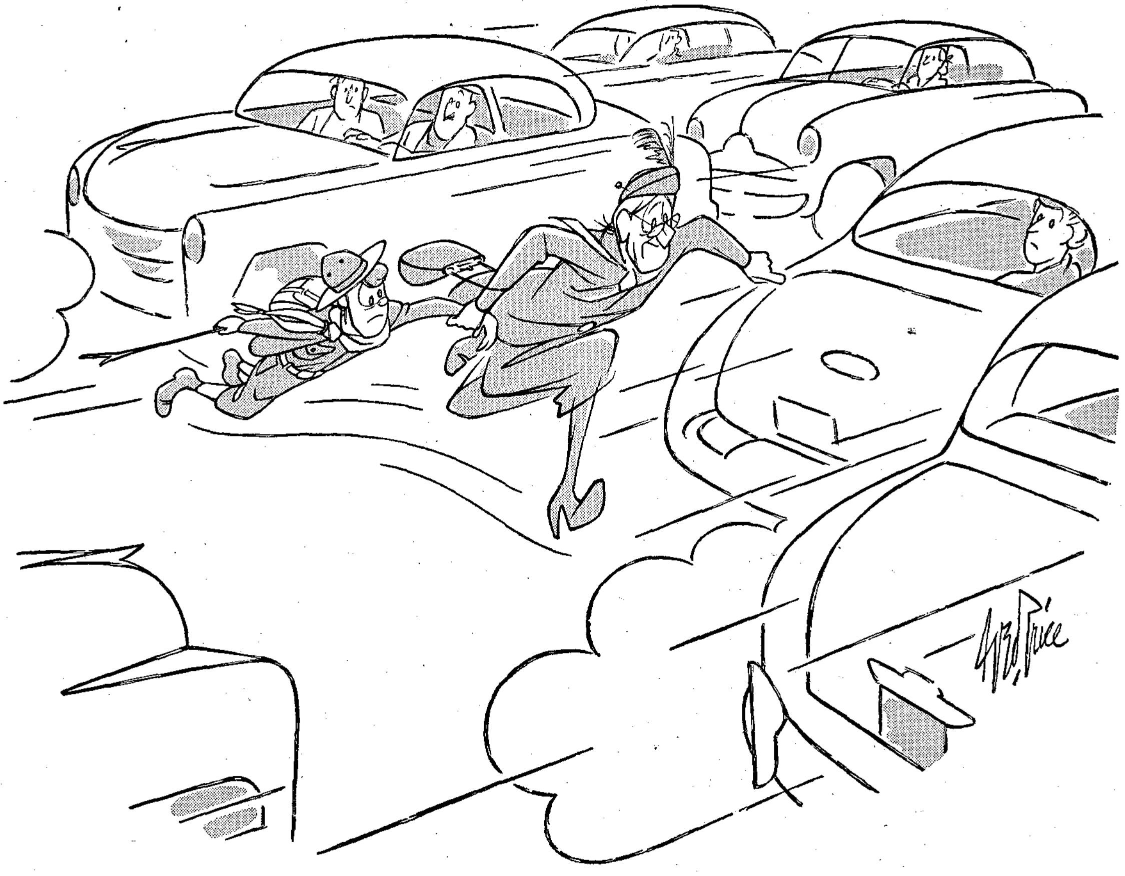
" 'Stops singing,' " I corrected him. "But that was really very good, Mr. Malik. You spoke better than I ever heard you. It was beautiful!" Then I added, "You know, I have never seen a nightingale."

He threw up his hands in a characteristic fashion, and then extended them toward me in a gesture of welcome. "So come to the Soviet Union!" he urged.

"Well, it sounds very easy from here," I said, "but there is always the small matter of a visa. Your country doesn't welcome visitors from other lands."

"Capitalist propaganda," he said, good-naturedly.

About two months before Malik's radio speech, he began making practice talks in English during his lessons. After one of them, a long

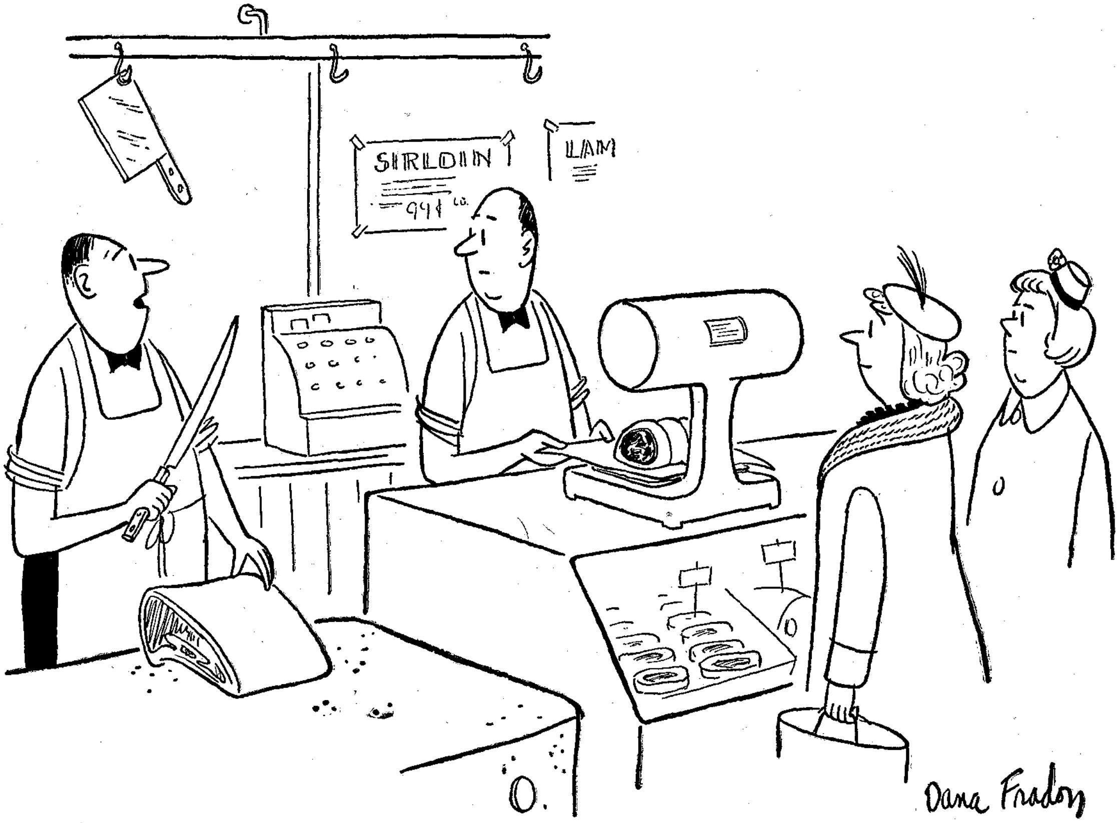


and vindictive diatribe full of "warmongers," "Wall Street ruling classes," "Fascist imperialists," "criminal slanderers," and the like, my face must have shown how I felt.

"You don't like my speech?" he asked slyly, looking at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"The English is all right," I answered flatly. "I think it is time for dictation." He smiled and obediently took up pencil and tablet. "No matter how well you speak English, Mr. Malik," I added, "you and I will never speak the same language. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I understand," he said. "It is a sad fact."



"Boy, you're not kidding! My wife goes to the grocery store and buys a pound of coffee, some butter, eggs, bread, and a few canned goods, and by God if it doesn't kill a five-dollar bill!"

IN 1950, I began teaching Mrs. Malik. She is a tall, rather heavy, but not unattractive-looking woman who wears—or wore then—expensive hand-knitted suits. At my first meeting with her, in the conference room, Malik was also present. It was not long after one of the occasions when he had flounced out of the U.N. Security Council, and I suppose he had time on his hands. He introduced us and, pulling up a chair beside us, remained throughout the lesson. Mrs. Malik seemed very self-conscious. Soon after we started, I asked her, in order to see how badly she did with the "w" sounds, to repeat this sentence after me: "The weary women went to work." She did, and the "w"'s became "v"s.

"Not *vimmen!*" Malik shouted. "It is *vimmen!*"

"No! Women!" I shouted back, and then we all laughed.

Malik sat in on the next three or four of Mrs. Malik's lessons, usually leaving before they were over. As soon as he was gone, she would gain composure and her English would improve. During her fifth lesson, I said to him, as pleasantly as I could, "Your wife gets along better when you aren't here."

"Ah, vimmen, vimmen!" he said, lifting his hands, and with a look of lordly condescension he sauntered jauntily out of the room. He never again sat in on one of her lessons.

Soon after that, Mrs. Malik and I began having our sessions in the Malik apartment. It was much cozier there, and with a minimum of English but with many dramatic gestures, accompanied by some helpless laughter, we communicated with each other reasonably well. Being a large woman and hard to fit, she was particularly interested in finding out about the best places for her to buy clothes. She also talked about hair styles and asked where I thought she could get the best hairdo. By the time she gave up her lessons, shortly before the Maliks returned to Russia last July, she had at least increased her wearing-apparel and hairdressing vocabulary.

One day while I was with her, Mrs. Malik called her maid into the room and said something in Russian. The maid left, and returned in a moment bearing a silver tray, upon which were a paper napkin and, on top of that, a woman's handkerchief. She extended the tray toward Mrs. Malik, who picked up the handkerchief fastidiously. It all seemed oddly unproletarian.

AT twelve-thirty on Friday, June 22nd, of last year, a hot and muggy day, just as I was finishing a lesson in the conference room, one of Malik's aides appeared and asked if it would be possible for me to stay on that afternoon after my last class. I said I was sorry but I had planned to spend the weekend with friends in the country, and had even cancelled my last class so that I could get away early.

The aide bowed and left the room. In a few moments, he returned and said, "Mr. Malik asks as a special favor to him could you stay just an hour or two longer after your last class, please."

I thought for a moment. It had been announced in the newspapers that Malik was going to make a radio speech the next day. I guessed what he wanted me for. "All right," I said. "I'll telephone my friends."

After lunch, I had a class on the first floor with two fairly young men, both of whom were ordinarily lively and full of fun. That day they were apathetic from the heat. We had a very unacademic lesson, as I remember. Only a week of teaching remained before term end and the usual quarterly examinations. "There will be no homework," I announced, dismissing them early, and they cheered like small boys and left the room.

Then I sat alone quietly, waiting for one of Malik's aides to come for me. About fifteen minutes passed. Growing restless, I walked out into the reception hall. No one accosted me. After more than four years, their suspicion of me had lessened to the point of allowing me to wander along the hall of the first floor alone.

Near the back of the hall, there was a tired-looking girl at a desk, who was talking in Russian over the telephone. I walked up to her. "I'm waiting for Mr. Malik," I said impatiently.

"One moment," she said to me, hanging up the phone.

One moment, several moments went by. Nothing happened. The girl smiled and waved toward a dark-brown leather couch along one wall, under a large picture of Lenin. I remained standing, being suddenly seized with an obsession that if I were to sit down on that hot and sticky-looking couch, I would never be able to get up again. I walked up and down in front of the doors of various offices along the hall. They were all shut tight. Not even the sound of a typewriter disturbed the tomblike stillness. Then I went back to my classroom. On a table, together with a number of other Soviet periodicals, was a copy of *Crocodile*, the Russian satirical magazine. I turned its pages absently until my attention was caught by a double spread in the middle. On one page was pictured a huge tree, from a twisted limb of which hung the naked body of a Negro; on the other, a gaunt white man in a shabby coat with the collar turned up was shown huddled forlornly at the foot of a New York skyscraper.

While I was examining these pictures, one of Malik's secretaries appeared—a thin, bespectacled, narrow-shouldered man named Startsev. "Mr. Malik is waiting for you," he said, smiling. "Please come with me."

"What does this say?" I asked, pointing to a Russian caption beneath the pictures.

" 'Life in the United States of America,' " he translated, and grinned broadly.

I followed him out of the room and up the wide main stairs, covered with frayed carpeting, to the second-floor hall. Startsev knocked gently not at the door of Malik's office but at the door of the conference room, opened it for me, and went on down the hall. I entered.

Malik rose from a long table in the center of the room. "How are you?" he said, coming over and shaking my hand heartily. "It is an age since I have seen you!"

He motioned me to a chair across the table from his, and we sat down. The room, which had an air-conditioning unit, was pleasantly cool. Malik wore a beautifully tailored light-gray suit, and his blue eyes, which can be very cold, were warm and friendly. Above

his stiff white collar there were the beginnings of a double chin. In a genial, almost ingratiating manner, he talked about New York's terrible summer weather. Only the quick, compulsive "Ha, ha, ha!" every now and then revealed that he was quite nervous.

I listened for a while and said, "But you didn't ask me to come up here and discuss the weather, Mr. Malik."

"Oh, but I like your company. I like to talk with you," he parried. "So charming lady."

"Now you are being the diplomat," I protested. "It's one of the hottest days of the year and I could be on my way to the country!"

"It is your contribution to cause of peace," he replied, with a smile. "I record my first English speech for radio today. *Ha, ha, ha, ha!* You will help me," he added.

"Yes," I said. "The papers have announced it will be broadcast tomorrow. Well, where is it?"

"Ah," he sighed. "It is not fully translated yet."

"What time are you going to record it?" I asked.

"At five o'clock," he said, looking at his wristwatch. I looked at mine. It was then close to three. He said he was also scheduled to have pictures taken later that afternoon, for use on television and in the newsreels. He explained that the speech, which I assumed had been sent to him from the Kremlin, had been translated from the Russian by his own staff, and that as a double check, to make sure the exact meaning was retained, it had been turned over to the official Russian translators at the U.N., and that he expected it to be delivered momentarily. "So we will just sit and talk together," he said, ending with the same sharp, distraught little laugh.

I knew Malik had a new grandson, and after he had returned to the topic of the weather, and we had exhausted it, I asked him about the little fellow.

"I have not seen him up to now," he replied, and added, "It makes a man feel old to have a grandchild."

I had recently become a grandmother for the second time. "I find it a very rejuvenating experience," I said.

"Ah, you!" he exclaimed, and we exchanged reassuring compliments about how well we carried our years.

I remembered the day I had first heard about the marriage of one of Malik's two sons, in Moscow. Mrs. Malik was having one of her lessons with me in the room where I was now sitting. Malik was there, too. During the lesson, the Maliks were called out of the room three times. The first two times Mrs. Malik returned, her face was flushed and unhappy. The third time, she was holding a handkerchief to her eyes and Malik was urging her along. He nudged and patted and pushed her in an affectionate, concerned, and half-apologetic way. They sat down and Mrs. Malik wept openly, her large bosom heaving.

"It is our son in Moscow," Malik explained to me. "He telephoned. He is married with his sweetheart." He bent over his wife, murmuring some words in Russian—soft, comforting sounds—but her tears still fell. There was an embarrassing silence. Then he spoke to her in a sterner voice. I couldn't understand what he said but it was perfectly clear what he meant—"Enough of this nonsense. Pull yourself together and get on with your lesson!" She let out a few racking sobs and then, wiping her eyes and with a great effort at control, pathetically resumed her work.

NOW, as Malik and I waited for the speech to be brought to him, I saw that his nervousness was increasing. He fidgeted in his chair; he crossed and uncrossed his legs; he got up several times and paced the floor; and as he forced himself to make conversation, his voice became husky.

"Why don't we just rest awhile," I said. "We don't have to talk."

At that moment, there was a knock at the door. An aide entered with one sheet of paper in his hand and placed it before Malik, whispering something to him in Russian, and then left. They always whispered in front of me; why they did this, since I don't understand Russian, was puzzling.

"We have the first page," Malik said.

"Don't you have a copy for me?" I asked.

"I am sorry," he answered. "There is only one."

"Well, I'll just come and sit beside you," I said.

"Please, a pleasure!" he said.

He helped me move my chair around to his side of the table, and, with heads bent over the page of typescript, we tackled it together. First, I let him read the page through aloud, and made no comment. Then I asked him to start over again.

"*It is perfectly obvious that radio broadcasts on the subject 'The Price of Peace' should serve the cause of strengthening peace and assisting the forces which stand for peace in their noble struggle to prevent war*," he read, making frequent mistakes in pronunciation, especially of those bugbears, the 'v,' 'w,' and 'th' sounds. "*All the nations of the world realize the supreme value of peace to mankind.*"

"I think it would be better to take it sentence by sentence," I said. "I will read, and you repeat after me."

Painstakingly, we went over it.

The second page was delivered to us, and then the third and the fourth. (I supposed the entire speech had arrived from the U.N. but was being gone over once more by Malik's staff.) Finally we had all the pages; there were sixteen of them, as I recall. I read and read, and Malik repeated and repeated. At intervals, secretaries or aides came into the room and stood quietly, trying to gain his attention. He ignored them. Messages were put before him. He brushed them aside without looking at them. Several times I interrupted him with the suggestion that he rest for a few moments. At last he agreed. "My voice," he complained, clutching his throat.

"I have something very good for that," I said. "I'll be back in a minute."

I went downstairs to my classroom and found a package of honey lozenges in my desk, and then, without escort, came back upstairs into the conference room.

"You are so kind," Malik said, taking a lozenge. I took one, too.

After a few minutes, we started again at the beginning of the speech, with me reading a line first and him repeating it.

"It is much better now," I remarked, when he had read a few paragraphs. "It is coming along fine."

"You help me very much," Malik said, and continued reading: ". . . *a revival of Japanese militarism, the mad armaments race, and the expansion of armed forces in the countries of the North Atlantic Pact and especially in the United States—these are all current features of the aggressive policy of the Western Powers. The most fragrant manifestation of this*—"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" I broke in. "The word is 'flagrant,' not 'fragrant.' You keep on saying 'fragrant'! It is really a very funny mistake."

"Flagrant, flagrant, flagrant," he intoned. "Flagrant, fragrant. What is the difference?"

I explained, and he laughed and went on reading.

"*The Soviet Union threatens no one*," he presently read, in such a belligerent tone that I stopped him again.

"If you really mean that—" I said.

"What do you mean *if* I really mean it?" he interrupted, glaring at me with suspicion and irritation.

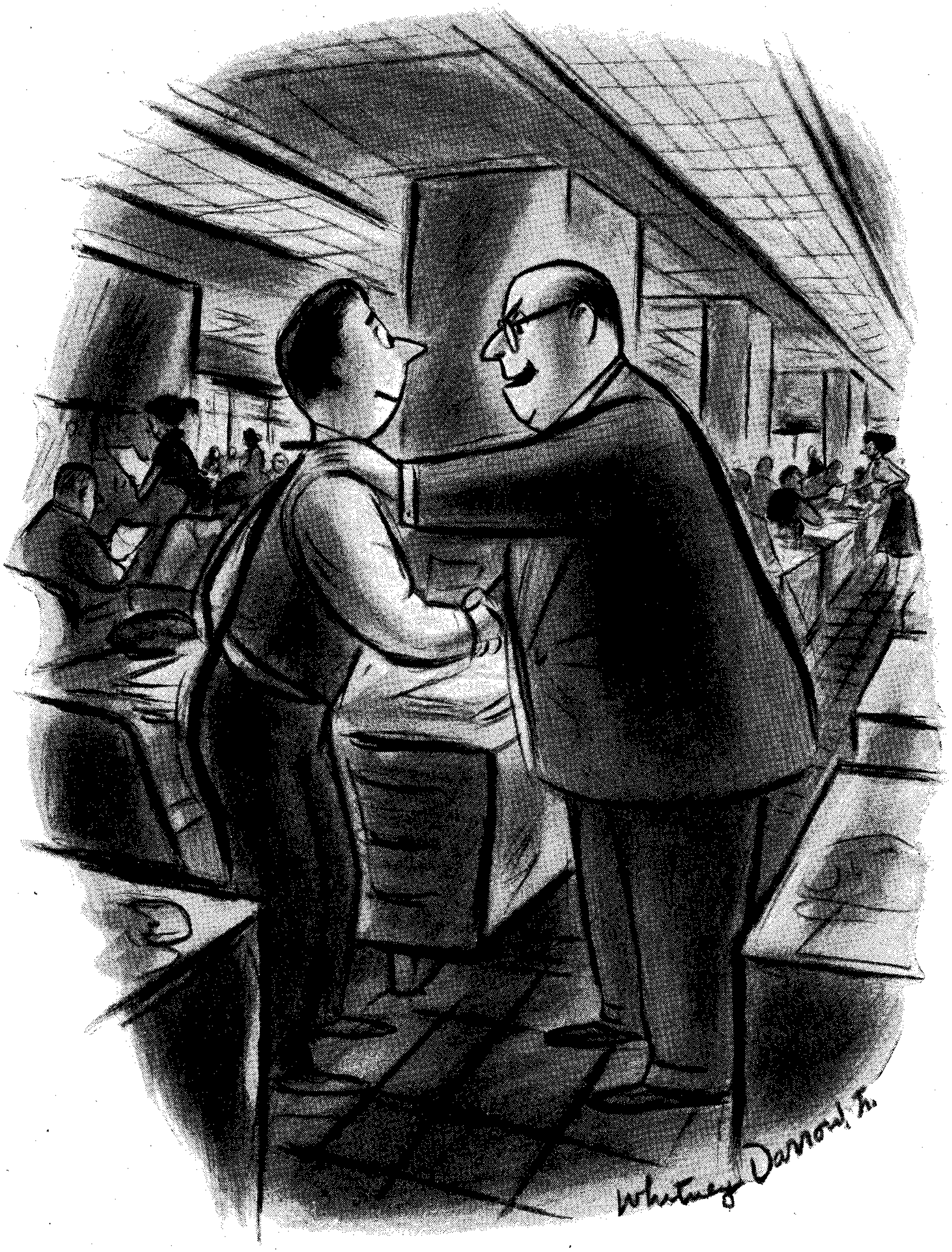
"What I was trying to say was that it doesn't seem in the least as though you have peaceful intentions when you say that line. You sound as though you were just about to shoot someone. I'm only suggesting that you say it with less hostility."

He repeated the phrase. His tone wasn't much better, but I let it go.

"*The Soviet peoples believe that, as a first step, discussions should be started between the belligerents for a cease-fire and an armistice providing for the mutual withdrawal of forces from the Thirty-eighth Parallel . . .*" he read, nearing the end of his speech. "*I think that, surely, is not too great a price to pay in order to achieve peace in Korea.*"

He put the typescript aside, and I remarked how wonderful it would be to have peace in Korea.

"Yes," he replied quickly, "but the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We're pleased with the way you're taking hold here, Nesbitt, and you'll be glad to know that as of the first of the month we're giving you a desk nearer the windows."

important thing is for the world to hear that the Soviet Union always stands for peace!"

BY that time, it was close to six o'clock. Malik said that he was to be allowed about twelve minutes on the radio. I timed him as he read the speech over again. He ran between two and three minutes overtime. He read the speech twice more, speaking faster each time, but his rendering was still too long.

An aide entered unobtrusively. There was a whispered conversation in Russian.

"All right," Malik said abruptly, in English. "He can come in now."

The aide left. Presently the door was held open to admit a dark-haired, breezy young American.

"I'm from the United Nations Radio Division," he said, extending his hand toward Malik.

"Ah, yes, how do you do?" Malik said, rising and shaking his hand. I waited for him to add, "It is an age since I have seen you," but instead he turned to me. "And this is"—he paused for a second—"my assistant," he said, with a smile that I thought might be mischievous. "Please sit down. I am sorry I kept you waiting so long but—" He pointed to the typescript lying on the table.

"I'd like to go over your speech with you before we begin to record it, Mr. Malik, if you have no objection. I'm particularly concerned with the timing," the radio man said. He took out a watch and laid it on the table.

"Of course," Malik agreed affably.

I sat back and let them carry on. Again Malik read the speech.

"It will have to be cut a couple of minutes. I am sorry," the radio man said. "It is too bad, but we don't have enough time. We don't want to touch it ourselves, sir. We will leave that up to you and your people here. We want you to make the necessary deletions, Mr. Malik."

Malik said there was nothing he could cut out.

"There will have to be some introductory remarks by the announcer, you see," the radio man explained. "We have to say a few words about you before you begin to talk."

"Oh, you can omit all that. That is not important," Malik said. "Or, better, you could cut somebody else out," he added with a laugh.

"I'm afraid that isn't possible," the radio man said, smiling.

Malik pressed a button on his desk, summoning a secretary, handed the speech to him, and gave him some instructions in Russian.

"We are setting up the television apparatus in the other room," the young American said when the secretary had left. "If you don't mind, the technicians could come in here and get the tape recorder ready."

"Please," Malik said.

Two young men entered with a tape recorder and placed it on a table near Malik.

Now I can leave, I thought, and I stood up. "You won't need me any more, Mr. Malik," I said. "There is nothing more I can do for you now."

He rose and put one hand on my shoulder. "Please don't go away. Please, you stay," he said, and he seemed to me like a child about to be abandoned by its mother. "You give me confidence," he pleaded, softly and almost intimately. I sat down again.

An aide returned with the typescript. Some lines had been crossed out. Malik glanced over it. "All right," he said. The aide disappeared.

Again Malik read the speech aloud, making the same mistake with "flagrant" and three or four lesser errors. Each time, the young American corrected him courteously and smiled at me. Malik read on. He was now looking tired.

"I think we can begin with the recording," the radio man said.

There was the whir of a reel turning. The operator gave a signal and Malik started to read. He read the speech ten times, with frequent pauses for rest, before a satisfactory recording was made.

During one of the intervals, Malik asked whether it would be possible for him to hear how he sounded. The operator said it would, and there was a rapid "quack, quack, quack, quack" of the tape being rewound. It sounded for all the world as though Mickey Mouse had been let loose and was running wild in the ordered, rigid dialectical domain of Marx and Lenin.

Two of Malik's chief assistants were called into the room, and we all listened with grave attention while a part of the speech was played back. Everyone seemed pleased. It was after eight o'clock by then. There was some discussion as to whether there would be time for filming Malik when the speech was finished; it was decided that it would be better to wait until morning.

At last, about nine o'clock, the recording was completed, and with sighs

AFTER STUDYING THE JOB-AGENCY WANT ADS IN THE SUNDAY PAPER

A coll mn, yng, with heavy exp am I,
But rds and sewage? Not my line, nor drnge.
I'd dvlp autom machy, were I a ME.

Though gd at figs, I don't think I could mnge
As an asst compt, right now, to qualify.
Perhaps I ought to be an air trnee,

Or else a stk man, or an anal chem
Someplace where sals are hi & the oppty
For advncmt is ex. I envy them

Their jobs—the mech supt and the archl drafts,
The plant mgr, the ind dsgr, the crafts
Whose bkgrd's full of diesel const equip—

And yet such work is not my dish of tea.
No more could I play topflight safety dir
Than acct, or IBM tab opr, or ship

Clk to an A-1 mfg co. I see
Myself 10 yrs from now: A jr engr
Of sales with estab meat hse. Q.E.D.

—FRED R. MILLER

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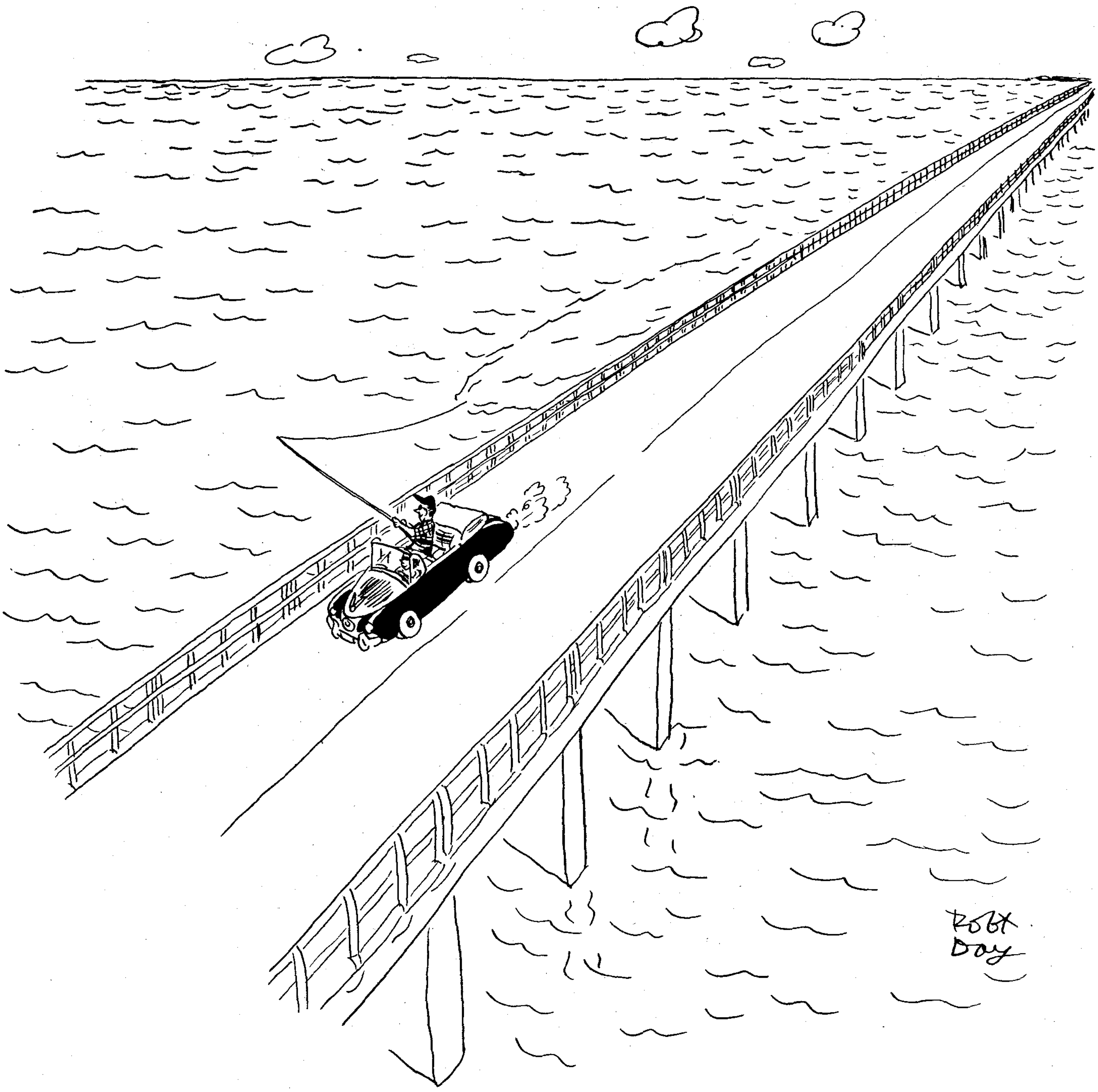


of relief we all got up. Malik led us into his office. Some of the furniture had been moved out to provide space for the television equipment. The floor was covered with loose wires, making it hazardous to walk around. Huge lights had been put up; they stood dark now and at odd angles in the room, which was full of people. There were introductions to some of the U.N. film-division staff, who had been waiting around for hours. Everyone was tired except Malik. He seemed to have got his second wind.

"You cannot go yet," he said as several of us prepared to leave. "You must all stay." And he led us back into the conference room. A table covered with a white cloth had been set up, and upon it were trays of canapés and bottles of vodka. I suddenly realized that I hadn't eaten anything but a honey lozenge since noon. Greedily I consumed several tiny caviar-topped canapés and swallowed a fairly large glass of vodka. The effect on my almost empty stomach was instantaneous. I felt disembodied and light-headed. "Goodbye, everyone," I called out, my voice sounding high-pitched and unnatural.

Malik seized my hand and held it for what seemed an unconscionable time. "Thank you again," he said.

"Good luck tomorrow," I piped, extricating my hand from his powerful grasp.

"But you will be here in the morning!" he stated.

"You don't need me any more, Mr. Malik," I protested. "It isn't necessary for me to come."

"Please," he said, taking my hand again. "I do need you. You encourage me so much."

"All right, I'll come," I promised wildly, and, leaving the others still drinking vodka, I fled. I then called my friends in the country, explained the situation to them, and spent the night in town.

THE next morning, about ten o'clock, I returned to Malik's office, to find him and the U.N. film group already there.

"We worked until three this morning!" Malik said, walking over and greeting me cheerfully. He looked singularly refreshed. Just whom he meant by "we" and what the work had been I didn't know. I assumed it had involved cutting the radio speech to fit the television and newsreel time.

Technicians were busy moving cameras, lights, wires, and microphones. The windows were closed, and the air-conditioning unit, which made a noise, was shut off. At a signal from one of the men, everyone was quiet. Malik walked stiffly to his desk, put some papers on it, and then sat down; he was dwarfed at once by the immense portrait of Stalin on the wall behind. The supreme dictator of the U.S.S.R., in a simple soldier's uniform unadorned save for one star over the left breast pocket, his face slightly turned to one side, gazed serenely over our heads.

The cameras were turning and moving closer to Malik, who, outwardly calm, like a seasoned actor, was reading excerpts from his radio speech. Once, he fumbled over a word. Someone called "Cut!" and the cameras stopped. There was a short rest. The heat from the lights was terrific.

"It must be awful to be a Hollywood star," Malik quipped, obviously enjoying the spotlight.

Again a signal was given, and Malik took up where he had left off. This time he gave a really fine performance, but it was spoiled near the end by the sound of an airplane flying overhead. Again someone cried "Cut!" Malik threw up his hands and vanished from the room. The rest of us helped ourselves to bottles of Coca-Cola, which had been placed on one of the tables.

When Malik returned, there were several more retakes, and pauses to let him rest. Then he began his conclusion. "*The Soviet peoples believe that, as a first step, discussions should be started between the belligerents for a cease-fire and an armistice providing for the mutual withdrawal of forces from the Thirty-eighth Parallel. Can such a step be taken? I think it can, provided—*"

The loud, shrill sound of sirens could be heard, drowning out Malik's firm, convincing voice. It was now twelve o'clock, and the Saturday-noon air-raid sirens were screaming throughout the city.

"And you say your country is not preparing for war!" Malik remarked, again throwing up his hands and leaving the room.

He came back a few minutes later, and the final part of the speech was refilmed, this time without a hitch. At the end, Malik stared into the camera in front of him, which ground on for a moment or two and then was silent. He then posed for some shots that a young U.N. press photographer asked for. There was a lot of talking. I bade him goodbye.

"I'll see you again," he replied, and I escaped for my belated weekend in the country.

The next morning, the local papers carried sensational headlines: "SOVIET ASKS END OF WAR IN KOREA;" "USSR FOR TRUCE PARLEY;" "BELLIGERENTS TO QUIT PARALLEL." Many readers, doubtless, were surprised at the news.

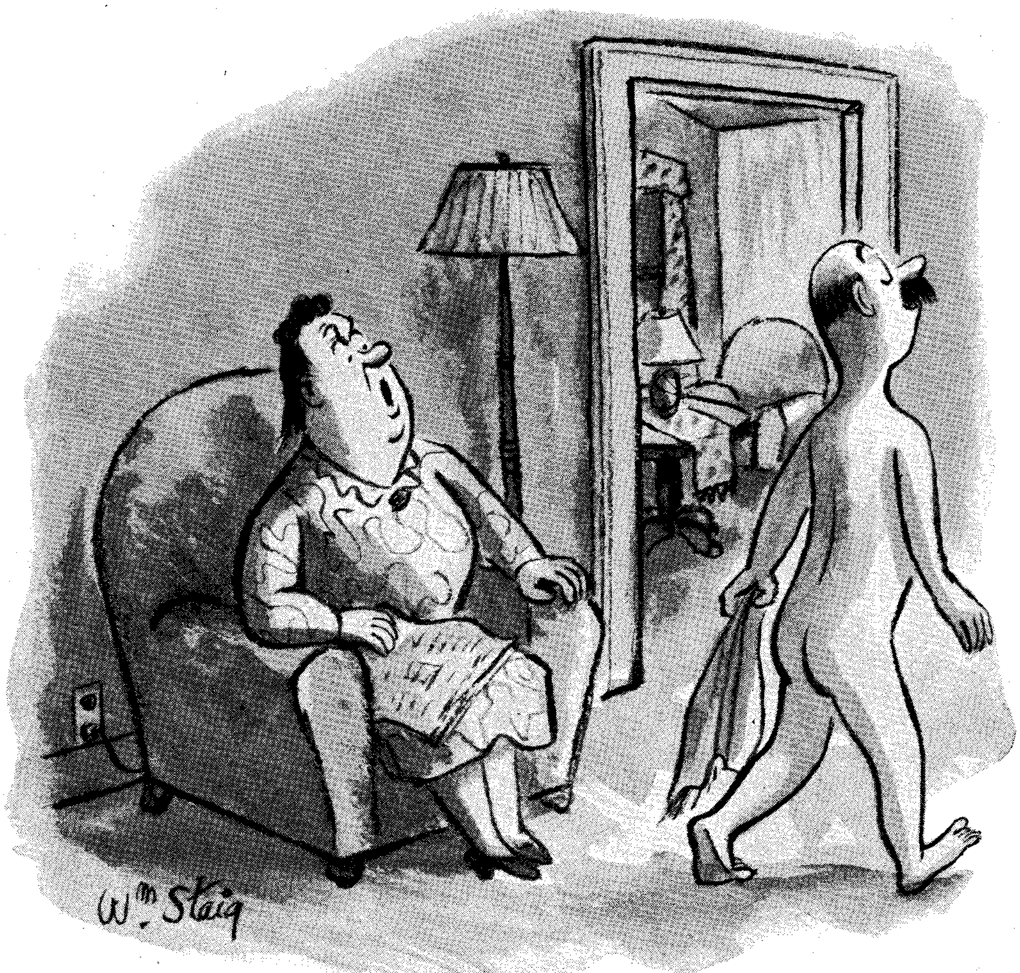
As I've said, the most surprised people, I suspect, were the Russian delegates themselves, and perhaps Malik was the most surprised of them all. He had no idea, I feel certain, that the American press would take what was to him a routine propaganda speech and present it as a solid Soviet appeal for peace in Korea.

During the next week, the last of the school term, he didn't meet with me for his lessons. He also, I understand, refused to see newspapermen, who wanted him to clarify the statements he had made in his radio talk. He did, however, appear at the Waldorf-Astoria for the traditional banquet that he, as the retiring president of the U.N. Security Council, was expected to give for the other Council members, and on July 6th he and his family sailed for home.

I never saw Malik again after that morning when he was filmed reading excerpts from his speech. At the Soviet Delegation headquarters the following Monday, one of his assistants told me that Malik would not be available for his English lesson. "He is indisposed," the assistant said gravely.

"That's what you're telling the newspaper reporters, isn't it?" I asked, smiling. "But you don't have to tell me that. I understand."

—Lillian Anshen Seidel



"Please! There happens to be a lady present."

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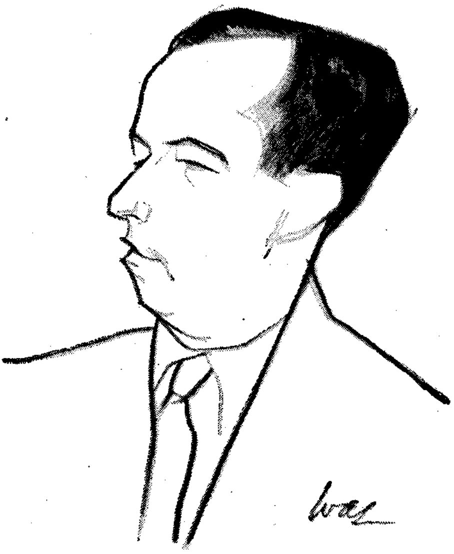
A Correction

The name of the son born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Dutton of 33 Fisher Avenue Nov. 16 at White Plains Hospital was incorrectly listed as Frederick Alfred in Saturday's edition. The correct name is Richard Allan Sutton Jr.—*White Plains Reporter Dispatch.*

Anyway, a son was born; that's *sure.*

PROFILES

WHITE SALES AND ARISTOTLE—II



Richard Weil, Jr.

ON the day, in May, 1928, that the late Percy Straus, who, with his two brothers, Jesse and Herbert, owned the department store then known as R. H. Macy & Co., announced to his twenty-year-old nephew, Richard Weil, Jr., that his elders had decided to favor him with a job in the firm, the young man announced, in his turn, that he was far from impressed. "Anyone who couldn't get to the top of your business in ten years ought to get out of it," he told Uncle Percy, as he reluctantly agreed to give Macy's a year's trial, adding that at its conclusion, no matter what his progress in the store, he pretty much expected to quit and become a writer. In estimating the rate at which it should be possible to forge ahead in the department-store business, Weil was speaking in general, rather than personal, terms, and, as it worked out, he was speaking rashly. It took him eleven years as a Macy employee to become president of Bamberger's, which the company operates in Newark, and it was ten years more—including, to be sure, two spent in the Army—before, in 1949, he moved into his present post as president of Macy's New York, as the store on Thirty-fourth Street, together with its four suburban branches, is now called. Today, Weil, a lean, slight, nervous man of forty-four, with big, penetrating brown eyes and a brusque and sometimes dictatorial manner, directs the operation of the largest department store in the world. Even so, he can't rightly be said to have yet reached the top, for his cousin, Jack Straus, is president of R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., a vast, sprawling parent organization that controls all the Macy merchandising enterprises, which extend from Herald Square to the Pacific.

In sounding off to Uncle Percy, Weil concedes, he may have been in error. Such concessions are infrequent in Weil's life, as in the lives of most intellectuals. For Weil of Macy's is an oddity in retailing—a devotee of logic, theory, and other aspects of intellection. "Bob's thought a lot about thinking," one of his vice-presidents has said, using the nickname that, for no very good reason, has clung to Weil during the better part of his life. Some comments in the trade have been less respectful, but no one denies that Weil at least, as a competitor of his has put it, "makes like a deep thinker." Although Weil has written, in a book of his called "The Art of Practical Thinking," that "thinking is for living, not just for some minor segment of living like business," in practice he lavishes almost all his mental powers on that minor segment, on one occasion citing the great French mathematician Poincaré in a preamble to some obiter dicta on advertising techniques, and, on another, referring casually to the mercers' bazaar in fourteenth-century Paris to confound Bernard De Voto in the course of a controversy they carried on in the pages of *Fortune*. A few years ago, it occurred to Weil that he lacked a clear conception of the basic principles of Macy advertising. Calling in his copy chief, a woman with a distinguished reputation in her field, he quizzed her for two hours. "It was hell," she reported later. "I've been twenty years in this game, and nothing like that ever happened to me before. He kept asking me what my *theory* of advertising was and what my *logic* was in doing this and that. The more he asked, the less I knew." She restored her self-esteem by leaving Macy's for another job, at twice the salary. After indulging in a few more stillborn Socratic dialogues with members of his advertising staff, Weil said to his publicity director, in real bewilderment, "I just don't see how you can turn out any ads at all. These people are incredible. They don't seem to care a thing about the theories and logic of advertising."

When Weil signed on with Macy's, as a learner on the store's Executive Training Squad, there were few people, either inside his austere family or outside it, who felt there was much hope of his ever becoming a conspicuous asset to the store. He had just doubly disgraced himself by being thrown out of Yale toward the end of his sophomore year, for getting mixed up in an accident that involved gin, girls, and an automobile, and by losing his shirt immediately thereafter, while gambling at Monte Carlo. In his more serious moments, he was something of an aesthete, with a passion for first editions and a kindling interest in Aristotle, whose logic he admired intensely. It is true that when some of his fellow-learners on the Training Squad discovered his family connections (his mother, Mrs. Minnie Straus Weil, was a sister of the three august Straus brothers who guided Macy's to its present position of eminence), they came to the cynical conclusion that the road ahead might be smoother for him than for them, but people who knew the Strauses knew that nepotism was one of their lesser weaknesses. It was to the astonishment of nearly everyone, therefore, that Weil, almost from the day he became a member of the squad, proved to be one of its most conscientious learners. In the fall of 1928, he was made head of stock for Linens & Towels; the following May he was promoted to assistant buyer for Blankets & Bedspreads; and in January, 1930, he became blanket buyer, thereby joining the inner circle at Macy's; even today, when there are twelve thousand workers in the New York store, only two hundred or so have the rank of buyer or higher. There is some difference of opinion—or memory—in the trade about how seriously Weil applied himself to the matter of buying blankets. A minority of his associates think he was still a good deal of a dilettante, but the majority remember him as an admirably sedulous young buyer, who installed new methods in the department that are still in use, and pulled off such coups as purchasing a huge lot of all-wool blankets to sell at a record low price of a dollar ninety-eight apiece. Both factions agree that he asked a great many questions ("He was always wanting to know things a buyer normally wouldn't want to know," one of his erstwhile superiors recalls) and that he democratically insulted everybody, from stockboys to manufacturers. One of the latter finally told him off, saying, "O.K., I just make blankets and you're a Straus and a wise guy and someday you'll be president of Macy's, no doubt, but you still can't walk all over me." Weil is grateful to the man for his accurate prophecy, and has since endeavored never to walk over any part of him.

In 1932, Weil became assistant manager of the Bureau of Adjustments, which handled complaints. There he stayed for four years, during which he rose to be head of the Bureau, finding in it great scope for his talents. The possibilities for disputation, at which Weil excelled, were rich, for every complaint meant that someone—the customer or the salesclerk or the buyer or the manufacturer—was at fault, and, in an ideal case, all four of them at once. Weil rewrote most of the Bureau's form letters to unhappy customers in terms at once so masterful and so affectionate that a number of his versions are still standard. In handling the Bureau's main job, that of deciding who was at fault, Weil resorted to pragmatic investigatory work as well as dialectics. Secret-service stuff has always fascinated him, and under his guidance the old familiar B. of A. took on certain F.B.I. overtones, which some of his subordinates still recall with bitterness. Others, with more of a liking for undercover work, insist that he was a good boss to work for—loyal to his co-workers, just, informal, stimulating, and occasionally even patient.

IN the spring of 1936, Uncle Percy summoned Weil to a conference. It bore a certain resemblance to the conference, eight years earlier, at which Weil had grudgingly consented to give Macy's a whirl:

UNCLE PERCY: "Bob, we have decided to transfer you to Bamberger's. And I suggest it would be better if you moved to New Jersey. Most of our Bamberger people find it advisable to live in the state."

WEIL: "I don't want to live in Jersey, and I prefer not to go to Bamberger's."

UNCLE PERCY: "But we prefer that you do."

WEIL: "Then I resign."

UNCLE PERCY: "I accept your resignation."

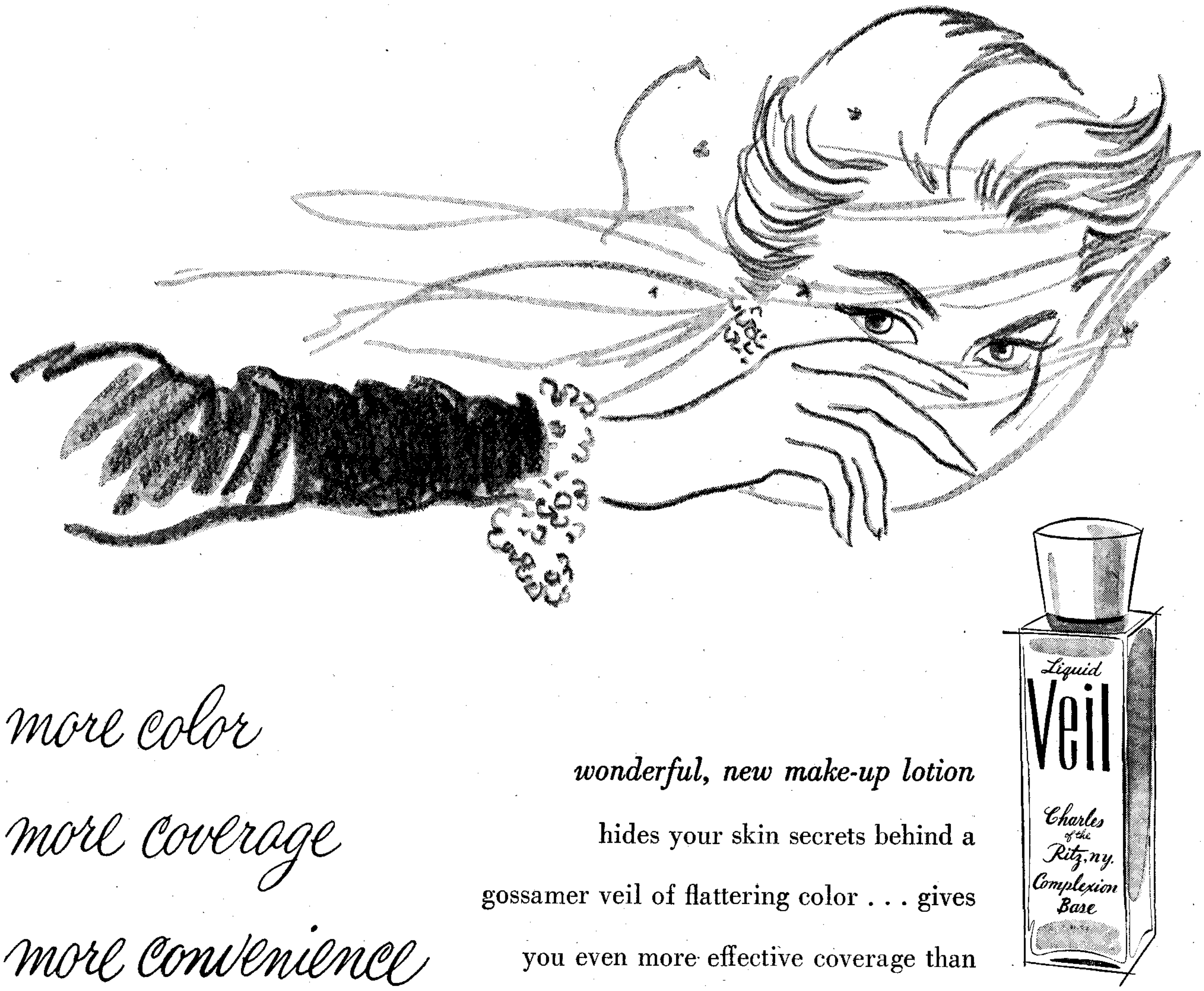
That seemed to be more or less that. When Weil got home that evening, he shouted to his wife, "Oh, boy, I've resigned! We're free!" By next morning, however, everyone had cooled off. Weil let himself be talked into giving Bamberger's a try—just for a year, of course.

Weil spent seven years at Bamberger's, serving, successively or simultaneously, as advertising manager, publicity director, vice-president, assistant to the president, secretary, treasurer, and president. Although he had been born and brought up in New York and loved the city, he bought a house in New Jersey—in Englewood, where he still lives, with his wife and two children—and commuted to Newark by car, often not setting foot on Manhattan for weeks at a time. Bamberger's was then the fourth-largest store in the country; founded in 1892 by Louis Bamberger, it had been built up by him and a brother-in-law, Felix Fuld, to such heights of prestige that it dominated northern New Jersey far more than Macy's did New York City. Like the Strauses, Bamberger in his day was a public figure as well as a successful merchant; his store was an institution comparable to the Newark City Hall, and considerably more dignified. Bamberger's relations with its customers were avuncular, rather than commercial. "Bamberger's will take it

Charles of the Ritz

creates

LIQUID VEIL

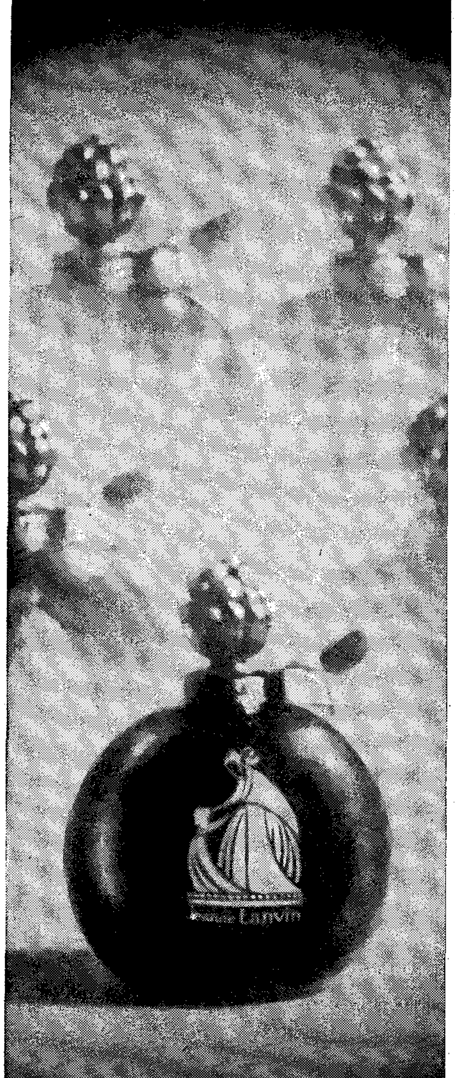

Liquid
Veil
Charles of the Ritz, n.y.
Complexion Base

more color

more coverage

more convenience

wonderful, new make-up lotion hides your skin secrets behind a gossamer veil of flattering color . . . gives you even more effective coverage than heavy make-up bases . . . so easy and convenient to apply because it spreads as easily as a blush and leaves your skin satiny smooth . . . without shine . . . without being drying to the skin. In seven "natural" complexion shades. $3, the bottle (plus tax)



ARPEGE

MY SIN

BY

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

back” was the store’s unofficial slogan, and it has been suggested that some Jersey women used to wear their Bamberger clothes to a couple of bridge or garden parties and then exchange them for new outfits. The Strauses bought the store in 1929, and in the course of trying to run it from New York caused it to lose much of its intimate hold on Jersey shoppers. There is a saying in the trade that it takes a long time to kill a great name in retailing, but by 1936 it was generally agreed that the Strauses were doing a pretty good job of it with Bamberger’s. In exiling his nephew to Newark, Uncle Percy was perhaps motivated by the hope that having a member of the family on the spot would help arrest the decay. Weil undoubtedly did this, but it is a matter of dispute how much more he did. He himself inclines to the belief that it was a lot more, and it is a fact that between 1939 and 1943 Bamberger’s annual sales were greater than they had been during any of the nine preceding years. Unenthusiastic critics, however, point out that the period from 1929 to 1938 was almost entirely a period of depression, and that Weil, who became president of the store in 1939, took over just as the war boom was beginning. They add that while Bamberger’s sales increased twenty-six per cent between 1939 and 1943, the sales of Macy’s New York increased twenty-nine per cent in the same interval.

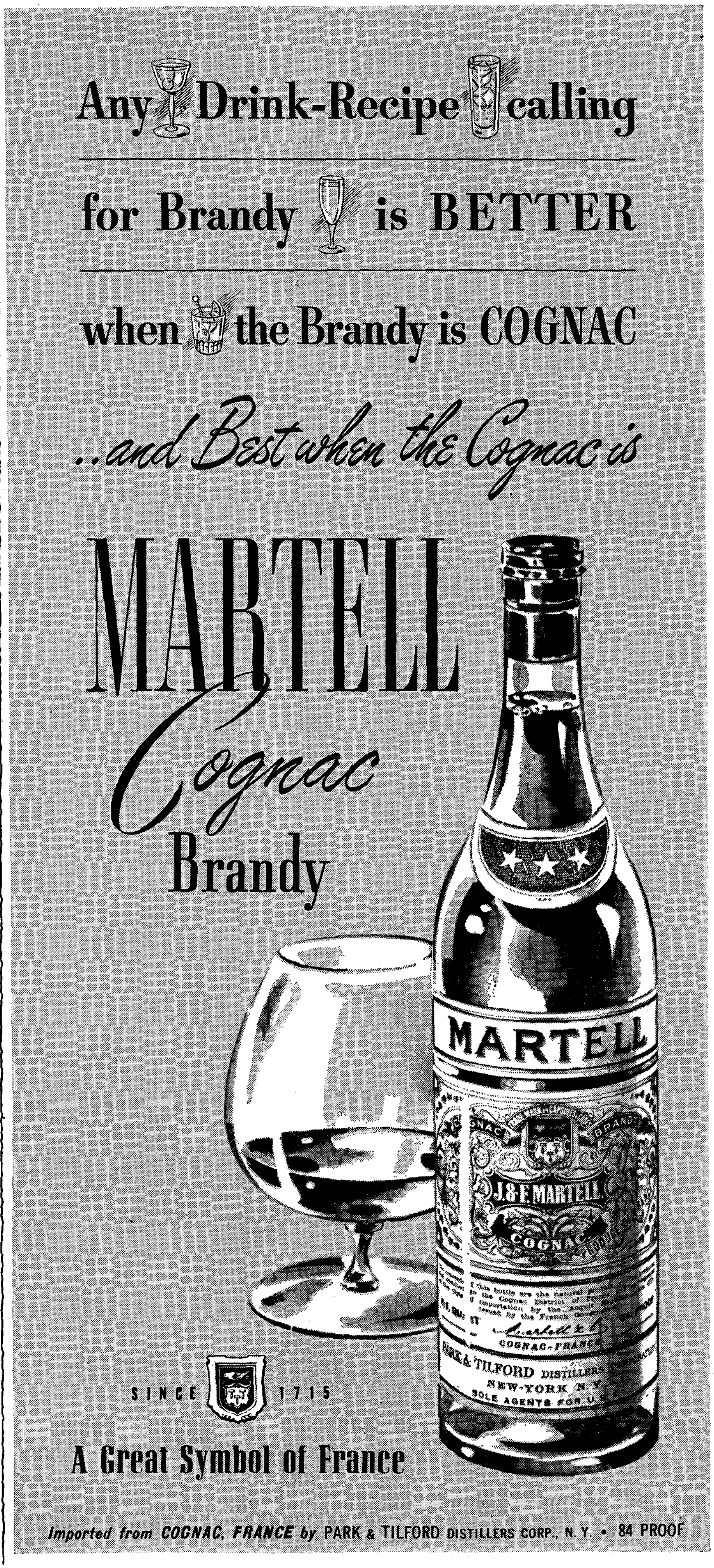
WITHIN a year after Weil was made president of Bamberger’s, all but eight of the store’s twenty-eight chief executives had been transferred to other posts or simply relieved of their jobs. Weil believes that character and general intelligence are the important qualities to look for in picking executives; experience and special skills interest him very little. Like Henry Luce, who used to hire poets right out of Yale or Princeton and set them to writing about the price of steel rails, Weil thinks that a smart fellow can do anything he puts his mind to and that a brilliant amateur is likely to be more productive than a prosaic expert. Consequently, among the new executives in the Bamberger hierarchy were the former head of General Motors in China and a theoretical mathematician who had worked with Einstein. More conventional choices were John C. Williams, whom Weil brought over from Macy’s, and who ultimately succeeded him as president of the New Jersey store, and Edna McClure, a fashion authority, who became the first woman vice-president in Bamberger history. Before doing any hiring, Weil worked out an elaborate chart on which, in the course of interviews, he rated candidates for such qualities as “Intuition” and “Intelligence: (a) Extensive, (b) Intensive.” The charts were so helpful that he was able to select several of his new executives after talking to them for only half an hour. All but one of his choices, he says, turned out well. The thing that has always annoyed him about the exception was not so much the failure as the fact that he couldn’t logically explain it. “I still don’t know why he flopped,” Weil says. “I didn’t learn anything at all from that mistake.” It bothers him.

What was perhaps Weil’s most imaginative idea at Bamberger’s didn’t materialize. He tried to persuade Mortimer J. Adler to leave the University of Chicago and come to Bamberger’s as Vice-President in Charge of Thinking, in which post his only duty would be to instruct his fellow vice-presidents in the art. Adler chose to stay put at Chicago, but he did do some lecturing at meetings of Bamberger executives. His efforts were supplemented by Weil, who took up most of one Administrative Board meeting with a lecture on how to think. The reaction, later recorded in “The Art of Practical Thinking,” would seem to have been remarkably favorable; out of the twelve executives who were present, he reported, only two “actively resented” his remarks, three were “indifferent,” and seven—a clear majority—were “really interested,” most of them sufficiently so to undertake remedial reading under their president’s guidance. “To my sympathetic eye, they are already keener thinkers,” Weil added, referring to the majority. Discipline of the brain paid off; the really interested executives presently stepped up their departments’ sales.

Weil wrote “The Art of Practical Thinking”—he says it took him two weeks—in 1939, just after he became president of Bamberger’s. Although the critical reception of the book, which was published by Simon & Schuster, was tepid, it sold almost eleven thousand copies. Addressed, as set forth in its pages, to “people engaged in thinking for high stakes,” it is in the classic style of the know-how book—breezy, confidential, omniscient, each chapter peppered with nods and becks toward the next one, where the *arcanum arcanorum*, the true philosophers’ stone, will be found. It is jam tomorrow and jam yesterday, but never jam today. The first part of the book is a fast tour of logical theory, from Aristotle to Adler, in which the author’s attitude toward the giants of thought is a curious mixture of condescension and awe. He introduces one of the founders of metaphysics as "another of these ubiquitous Greeks, named Heraclitus," and boils down Ferdinand Schiller's "Formal Logic" and "Logic for Use," a total of some nine hundred pages, to two pages, presenting his synopsis as "the milk out of the coconut of Schiller's logic." Yet the note of awe is necessarily present, too, for those ubiquitous ancients and verbose moderns did undeniably have the know-how. After quoting a passage from Schiller's preface to "Formal Logic," Weil remarks, "This is pretty strong medicine and from a strong medicine man. He is a seasoned and recognized scholar, an experienced teacher, and, what is more, not only a logician, but a philosopher."

Possibly the most interesting section of Weil's book is drawn from his experiences as advertising manager of Bamberger's. It describes how he applied logic to advertising, a subject generally considered impervious to it. Advertising men, for all their panoply of consumer research and acceptance polls, have mostly gone about the actual creation of an ad in the same primitively instinctive way a poet goes about the writing of a poem. Weil and his subordinates, on the other hand, proceeded in the spirit of a team of scientists trying to isolate a virus. They considered department-store advertising *de novo*, asking themselves teleological and epistemological questions that up to then had not been raised in the profession. They combed everything from Japanese prints to comic strips for art techniques, established optimum proportions for various types of ads, and investigated prose styles with Flaubertian patience. They even worked out a rigid formula for allocating space prominence to various items of merchandise, thus arousing the indignation of the store's buyers, who were accustomed to the usual collective-bargaining procedure, whereby each buyer insists on all the available space for his wares and the resulting conflict is settled by compromise. Nothing distresses Weil more than having to accept another person's stated position as brutal truth rather than as a logical gambit to be countered by superior logic. It has been said that there were times when he found it necessary to resort to his non-logical prestige as a member of the Straus clan in order to bring his buyers into line.

The most distinctive feature of the new Bamberger advertising that developed as a result of Weil's study was that the text was written in the first person


Any Drink-Recipe calling
for Brandy is BETTER
when the Brandy is COGNAC
..and Best when the Cognac is
MARTELL
Cognac
Brandy
MARTELL
J. & F. MARTELL
COGNAC
SINCE 1715
A Great Symbol of France
Imported from COGNAC, FRANCE by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. • 84 PROOF

singular. In arriving at this approach, Weil reasoned that since ads are written by an "I," and since nothing—not even merchandise—interests people as much as other people, ads employing this pronoun not only would embody logical principles but would be of maximum interest. Once Weil had hit upon this device, he and his associates went on to consider two questions: What group of shoppers was the store primarily interested in catering to, and what writer had a style that could most certainly be counted on to appeal to that group? The first answer was easy: women. The second took a good deal more thought, but at length they decided that Eleanor Roosevelt's "My Day" column came closest to what they had in mind, and set about modelling Bamberger's prose on it. All this, Weil admits, did not come about in quite so orderly a manner as he might have wished. Months of both intensive and extensive practical thinking yielded very little. "Finally, the copy chief had a brainstorm," Weil has since said. "One day at home he typed off a masterly eight-page solution of the problem." The copy chief, who was Robert Strunsky, son of the late Simeon Strunsky of the *Times*, might appear to the outsider to have arrived at his solution by the old-fashioned sloppy method of hit-or-miss thinking, but Weil argues that his brainstorm became possible only because months of logical thought had created the proper climatic conditions.

The new Bamberger style was generally applauded in trade circles and won a number of professional awards. "In the first two years after its introduction, it was the most widely copied advertising style in America," Weil wrote in "The Art of Practical Thinking." Almost everybody admired it except the Strauses. They thought it was lousy. But since they were unable to bring up enough logical artillery to discourage Weil, the style stayed—until he left to enter the Army. Then it was dropped with what struck his supporters as indecent haste. It has not been revived, nor does Weil intend to introduce it at Macy's, which, he says, is too big for that sort of thing.

If the development of the Bamberger advertising style was a dramatic triumph for practical thinking, the Syracuse branch store—or "Weil's Folly," as it is sometimes called—was an equally dramatic defeat. In 1939, the Macy executive committee was considering plans for expansion. The course favored by the majority was that of simply buying up and operating some already existing stores, as Macy's had done with Bamberger's. This, it was argued, would be likely to yield safe, though not spectacular, returns, but its lack of imagination filled Weil, a member of the committee, with ennui. He came forward with a more Napoleonic plan. Why not, he said, see how a community would react if Macy's opened a department store in its midst offering nothing but Macy best-sellers? Thus, in essence, if $2.34 men's shirts sold best at Macy's, the new store would stock only those shirts. The economies, Weil was sure, would be sensational. Macy's New York would become a huge mercantile laboratory and its swarming customers unwitting guinea pigs, from whose reactions could be predicted the reactions of their provincial brothers. Since every item in the new store would be a pretested best-seller, there would be no wasteful fooling around with unprofitable lines; identical merchandise could be bought on a scale that would mean enormous discounts; management costs would be low, for the executives of the new store would have little to do except keep the floors swept and deposit the receipts in the bank. It was, beyond question, a genuinely new idea in merchandising—"a cooky-cutter operation," Weil called it, pointing out that neither Sears, Roebuck nor W. T. Grant nor any other of the big chains had ever gone so far toward standardization.

Although Weil's fellow committee members were skeptical, they voted to give the idea a try. In November, 1940, a best-seller-only store was set up in Syracuse—a city that appealed to Weil's sporting blood, because it had always been a particularly tough place for chain stores. The store was a ghastly fizzle. Several factors, involving human nature, rather than logic, were responsible. For one thing, Syracusans were offended because their dwarf version of the world's biggest store offered for the most part only goods that were on the cheap side—which, of course, they might have expected, inasmuch as it has always been well known that the best-selling lines at Macy's—and, for that matter, at most large department stores—tend to be the less expensive ones. For another, the suspicion got around Syracuse that Macy's was using the store to dump its less popular merchandise, a suspicion that was, of course, completely and dishearteningly the reverse of the truth. But the main difficulty seems to have been that Syracusans wanted to make their own choices; even if they were all going

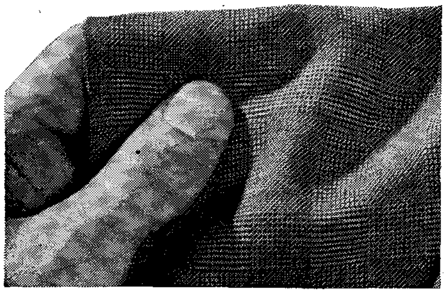
The finest suit you've ever owned

Hunt & Winterbotham

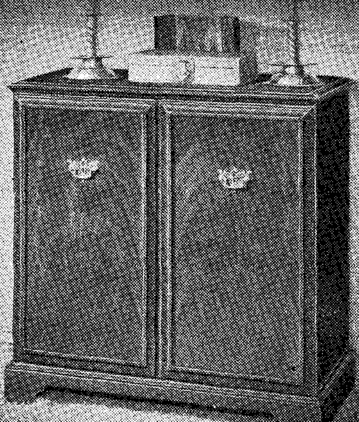
Funny thing about our famous collection of British Woollens—you will look only once to see the makings of *the finest suit you've ever owned.* But when you wear that suit, others will look twice! From such fabrics as Spangle Weaves, Worsted Fleeces, Hand Woven Shetlands, and specialties too numerous to mention, you have more than 1,000 patterns to choose from.

You can see our woollens at many of the top stores and custom tailors in many cities. May we tell you where? Write to HUNT & WINTERBOTHAM, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York 17. *The most famous name in British Woollens.*

Styled by LaViale



Quality of tone,
picture and cabinetry



the magnificent
Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph
BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY

The
Famous
OLIVER R.
BARRETT
LINCOLN
COLLECTION
Public Auction Sale
FEBRUARY 19 AND 20
AT 1:45 AND 8 P.M.
On Exhibition from
February 12
PARKE-BERNET
GALLERIES, Inc
980 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 21
Illustrated Catalogue: 800 lots, incorporating portions of Sandburg's writings on Lincoln, sent on receipt of $3.50. *Address Dept. N*

to end up buying the $2.34 shirt that the guinea pigs in New York had chosen, they felt that they had an inalienable right to go through the ceremony of personal selection first. Although this attitude, as Weil emphatically points out, was illogical, the Syracusans were unwilling to surrender man's one remaining freedom in an age of mass culture—the freedom to arrive at uniformity through individual choice.

Word that the Syracuse venture was a fiasco came as something less than a blow to Macy's competitors, and even to some of Weil's Macy associates. Practical businessmen enjoy few things more than seeing a theorist stub his toe on a fact. The "I told you so"s were summed up by one retailer in the sentence "Never in the history of merchandising was there such a bright idea with so little chance of working." Weil, however, did not seem to be perturbed. "It was *not* a failure," he has said. "Speaking quite impersonally, I think it was a totally inconclusive experiment." His reasoning in this respect is a good deal like his reasoning when, shortly after leaving college, he ran into a three-day losing spell at Monte Carlo. At the end of the third day, he still believed that the system he was using was a sound one and that it would surely work on the fourth day. But at the end of the third day he was cleaned out. The Macy executive committee didn't argue about whether or not the Syracuse experiment was conclusive, but after a year or so of it, though the firm was hardly cleaned out, they decided, as Weil had done, to quit.

FOLLOWING the attack on Pearl Harbor, Weil began to think about getting into the Army. He had been sympathetic toward Roosevelt's collective-security program, and he believed the war was a necessary one. He also had a less ideological motive. A lover not only of gambling but of fast driving and the more vigorous forms of sport, he had always hankered after a life of excitement and peril. Having found this conspicuously lacking in the humdrum department-store world of inventories and white sales, he felt that the Army could fill, or might be made to fill, the gap. Weil devoted as much ingenuity to getting into hazardous service as some of his fellow-citizens did to keeping out of it. His first problem was passing the physical examination; he was underweight and suffering from stomach trouble. A course of determined eating and milk-drinking patched him up well enough to get by the Army doctors, and he was commissioned as a captain, and

BONWIT TELLER

THE BOW TIE DRESS...
important, all day or any day for the look you love. It's done in an elegant silk faille by Roseville...and could be your good little black, or navy 10 to 18 sizes 49.95 New York Chicago Cleveland Boston White Plains Palm Beach

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
TERRY SAUNDERS • DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, West 44th St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1 80. Matinees
Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.

R & H

Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEATRE, West 44th St.
Eves: at 8:30: $6.00 to 1.80. Wed. Mat. at 2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

"Wonderful Theatre... a Musical Jamboree!"
—Atkinson, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
JAMES BARTON in
PAINT YOUR WAGON
Book & Lyrics by
ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by
FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with OLGA SAN JUAN
TONY BAVAAR JAMES MITCHELL
Scenery OLIVER SMITH Costumes MOTLEY
Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
EDNA BEST BASIL RATHBONE in
"JANE"
HOWARD ST. JOHN IRENE BROWNE
PHILIP FRIEND
by S. N. BEHRMAN
Based upon an original story by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Directed by CYRIL RITCHARD
CORONET Thea., 49th St. W. of B'way, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

assigned to Colonel William Donovan's Office of Strategic Services—an agency that appealed to his weakness for secret-service stuff. The next problem—a more difficult one—was how to avoid a desk job in Washington; in view of his administrative experience, he had a hunch that he was slated for the Pentagon. After considerable maneuvering, Weil extracted from Donovan a promise to assign him to some overseas post where he would see action. Still, the new captain had some uneasy moments before he finally got out of the country. Once, he discovered that Robert Wood Johnson, a friend of his, had asked Donovan to release him, so that he might help him run the Smaller War Plants Corporation; Donovan refused Johnson but then unchivalrously tried to persuade Weil to take a job as an O.S.S. administrator. At last, in August, 1943, Weil forced Donovan's reluctant hand by threatening to ask for transfer to the Officers' Replacement Center, a Sargasso Sea in which officers that no one could think up any particular use for eddied around, likely at any moment to be sluiced off to a front-line command. The threat resulted in orders to proceed by plane to Cairo.

Once overseas, Captain Weil advanced with determination toward the bright face of danger. He was assigned to the big O.S.S. base in Bari, Italy, where he was promoted to the rank of major and, as service officer, helped organize the smuggling of arms and supplies to Partisans behind the German lines in the Balkans, and presently, when word went around that the O.S.S. liaison officer with Tito's forces in Yugoslavia was due to be replaced, he saw his chance for the sort of thing he really wanted. Since Tito's headquarters was completely surrounded by Germans, it could be reached only by parachute. Weil got himself sent to a British parachute-training school in Palestine, and he managed to keep up with his classmates, who were all that he was not; namely, young, husky, and without dependents. In January, 1944, he was dropped by parachute into Yugoslavia, with orders to report to Tito's headquarters.

Weil spent two and a half months in one or another of Tito's mountain hideouts. He spoke no Serbo-Croatian, and Tito, though he read English easily, hesitated to try speaking it, but the two found that they had in common some fluency in French, Italian, and German. Although they got on well together, Weil says he saw enough of Tito's way of doing things to be glad he isn't one of the dictator's subjects. (Weil was the only Allied officer Tito trusted enough to issue a blanket pass to. "All Partisans will give Colonel Weil every possible assistance under any circumstances," it read, bestowing upon the bearer a promotion he had not yet received from his own superiors.) Weil sized up Tito as a national patriot, rather than an international-minded Communist, and he predicted, in a special report to President Roosevelt, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the State Department, that if a conflict should ever arise between Russian and Yugoslav interests, Tito would prove disappointing to Stalin.

In December, 1944, for his services on both sides of the Yugoslavian border, Weil received the Legion of Merit, with an accompanying citation that read, in part:

> Colonel Weil [a promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel had come through by then] so successfully supervised large clandestine shipments of arms, supplies, and troops to the Dalmatian Islands and the mainland beyond, that not a single ship or cargo was lost. . . . Upon [one] occasion, Colonel Weil led a mission in an heroic attempt to evacuate a large number of Air Corps nurses, officers, and enlisted men who had crash-landed in Balkan countries; during this mission, his plane was severely damaged by enemy ground fire.

Weil is inclined to minimize the dangers he faced as a soldier. "If you're parachuting from a plane and you aim at the ground, you can hardly miss it."

WEIL was still overseas when, in 1944, Uncle Percy, the last of the famous three Straus brothers, died; by that time Jack Straus had already taken over the high command at Macy's. A year later, when Weil returned, he was welcomed back into the family enterprise, no longer as its deputy in Jersey but as a vice-president of R. H. Macy & Co., with his offices in the New York store. In June, 1949, the mammoth organization was split up and the New York Macy's became an entity in its own right, with Weil at its head. In taking the job, he disregarded strong warnings from his physician, who, in the summer of 1948, had treated him for two attacks of coronary thrombosis, both so severe as to be almost fatal. After two such strokes, most men are willing to devote their remaining years to just keeping alive, but Weil has always insisted on living fully or not at all. Doctor or no doctor, he drinks, plays golf and tennis, and keeps regular office hours; his only compliance with medical advice has been to give up smoking.

Weil's accession to the presidency of

Macy's New York was followed, perhaps coincidentally, by an exit of top executives comparable to that of his Bamberger days. John O'Gara resigned as general manager, to take a position in the State Department; William Howard resigned as publicity director, to become a vice-president of the advertising firm of Young & Rubicam; and Beardsley Ruml retired from the chairmanship of the board, to devote more time to his other activities. Since then, changes of another sort have also been made in the store. Macy employees no longer get turkeys from the management at Thanksgiving, and the buyers no longer get annual bonuses. Weil sees both steps as logical ones. The turkeys were an expensive hangover from the old, paternalistic days of the three Straus brothers; they cost some sixty thousand dollars in 1948, the last time they were distributed. It is Weil's contention that the employees now speak for themselves through a strong union and no longer need the boss's largess. Bonuses for buyers were another survival from a less sophisticated age, when it was believed that individual effort was the main factor in business success; Weil doesn't think they make sense, in view of the fact that a department's sales fluctuate more or less automatically with the fluctuations of the general business index. Having abolished bonuses, he evened things up to his own satisfaction by raising his buyers' salaries. He claims no originality for this (indeed, many other stores have done likewise, before and since) and dismisses it as "kindergarten stuff."

One of Weil's pet projects as president of Macy's New York has been to improve the quality of the store's advertising, for it was widely thought to have fallen off since the early thirties, when Kenneth Collins and Margaret Fishback made Macy ads as famous in the trade as Gimbel ads are today. Most stores spend on the physical production of their advertisements about fourteen per cent of what they spend on buying space to print them; in recent years Macy's has spent an average of only about twelve per cent. During Weil's tenure at Bamberger's, he spent eighteen per cent; he is now spending fourteen, and may again spend eighteen. The question is what sort of advertisements that fourteen or eighteen per cent should go for. With his new advertising director, Victor Ratner, Weil is currently laboring to create a distinctive Macy prose style, comparable to, but not like, the style he developed in Newark. Macy's has none now. "We want to put it across that Macy's is the biggest, most nearly

ALDRICH & MYERS with Julius Fleischmann, present
OTTO PREMINGER'S PRODUCTION
"NOTHING BUT FUN" —CHAPMAN, NEWS
"THE MOON IS BLUE"
A New Comedy by F. HUGH HERBERT
NEW YORK — HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
starring BARBARA BEL GEDDES • DONALD COOK • BARRY NELSON
CHICAGO — HARRIS THEATRE
with LEON AMES • MAGGIE McNAMARA • BIFF McGUIRE
NATIONAL COMPANY
with HIRAM SHERMAN • MARCIA HENDERSON • JAMES YOUNG
Feb. 11th to 13th—VICTORY Theatre, Dayton, Ohio

"The most civilized comedy we have had on marriage for years."—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
JESSICA TANDY and HUME CRONYN
in the JOSÉ FERRER Production
THE JAN de HARTOG'S comedy Fourposter
Evgs. 8:40—Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $3.60, 3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl. MAIL ORDERS FILLED
BARRYMORE Theatre 243 W. 47 St., N. Y. 19

"A SOLID BROADWAY HIT!"—LIFE Magazine
"Best New Play of the Season"—WATTS, Post
JULIE HARRIS in
I am a Camera
a new play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
adapted from the stories of CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
with WILLIAM PRINCE
EMPIRE, B'way, 40 St. Evgs 8:40. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2.40

"UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY!" —BROWN, Sat. Review of Lit.
Leland Hayward presents
"REMAINS TO BE SEEN"
A New Comedy by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
JANIS PAIGE—JACKIE COOPER
James Rennie-Warner Anderson
MOROSCO THEATRE W. 45 St. Mats Wed. & Sat.

STALAG 17
"HILARIOUS!" — GUERNSEY, Herald Tribune
48th ST. THEA., E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"STILL THE BEST MUSICAL SHOW OF THE NEW SEASON!"—Morehouse, Wor-Tele & Sun
ARTHUR LESSER presents
BERT LAHR
DOLORES GRAY
in "Two on the Aisle"
Hilarious Musical Revue
with ELLIOTT REID and KATHRYN LEE
"A 4-ORCHID SHOW!" —WALTER WINCHELL
MARK HELLINGER THEA., B'way at 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

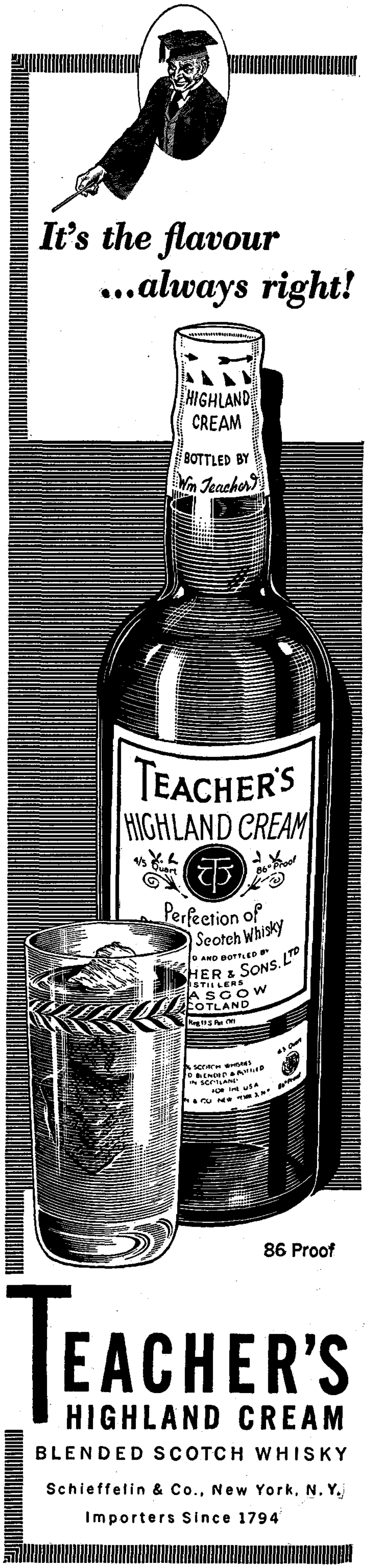
S. HUROK presents
EMLYN WILLIAMS
AS
Charles Dickens
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
GOLDEN THEATRE, 45th St. West of B'way

"GREAT FUN" —KERR, HER.-TRIB.
KATHARINE CORNELL
BRIAN AHERNE GRACE GEORGE
in SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY
"The Constant Wife"
with JOHN EMERY Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
NATIONAL THEATRE W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with RICHARD EASTHAM
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
CECIL B. De MILLE'S
"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"
Color by TECHNICOLOR
plus SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

SPEAK FRENCH
in 12 LESSONS!
Essentials for social life, dining, travel, business. It's fun, it's easy! Personalized instruction by Parisian with new revolutionary method assures fluency.
Mme. Dulac, MUrray Hill 5-4160



perfect department store in the world—that it's an institution," Ratner says. "But that it's fun, too—like Ingrid Bergman. She's a lady but she's sexy. It's easier to describe it than to do it." At some point in the struggle, Weil is confident, logic will show the way.

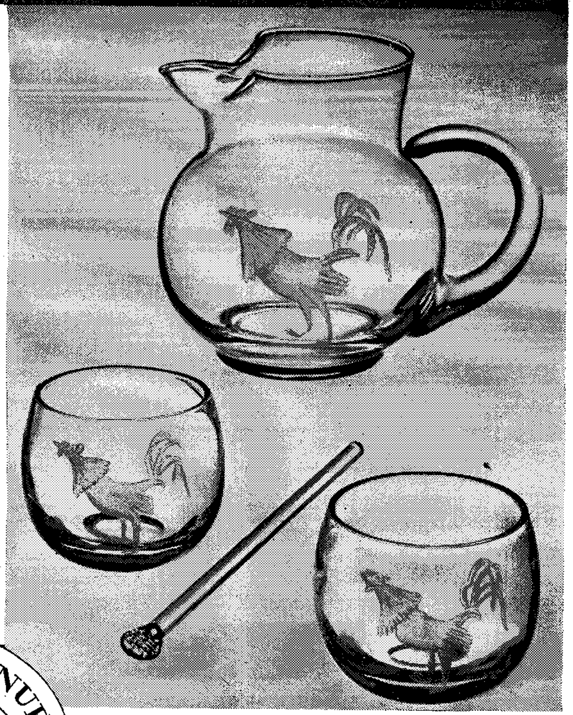
Weil believes that for two decades prior to his taking over Macy's New York the store had been coasting along on momentum, growing about as much as the New York market grew but not getting a perceptibly bigger share of that market. "A really great store grows faster than its environment," he says. "Macy's did that in the twenties, and it will do that again in the fifties. If it doesn't, I'm a failure." He sees the New York store as theoretically capable of selling three hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of goods a year, in contrast to last year's sales of about a hundred and ninety million. This calculation is based on the assumption that every selling day would be as busy as the days in the fortnight before Christmas. Weil realizes that this is a pipe dream, because of things like summer, people's reluctance to give one another presents all the year round, and their possible objection to shopping constantly in the atmosphere of the Christmas rush. But he feels that such refractory facts will yield somewhat to logic. There is quite a gap between a hundred and ninety million and three hundred and fifty million, he points out, and part of this, at any rate, he expects to be able to think out a way to fill.

There are those who hold that Macy's New York is in some ways too big already, on the ground that any large organization tends to become a bureaucracy, in which people are governed by regulations, rather than reason, and no one feels up to making decisions on his own. However that may be, a lot of things are being decided at Macy's these days. Weil loves to decide things, and since becoming president he has been deciding the big ones steadily, and with an unequivocal briskness that his subordinates find bracing; he also insists that the subordinates accept plenty of authority, along with the responsibility it entails, and expects them to make lesser decisions without bothering him. One of the characteristics of a bureaucracy is a never-ending round of committee meetings, which are necessitated when the point is reached where no one dares decide anything as an individual; some Macy executives used to spend over half their time at such meetings. Weil has reduced committee meetings to a minimum, and has speeded up such meetings as there are. He has achieved the latter feat partly by means of a talent for keeping meetings focussed strictly on the matter in hand and partly by means of a conviction that discussion is a waste of time if the topic under consideration is properly in the realm of taste or emotion, not of logic and facts. In arriving at a figure for the annual advertising budget, for example, the usual department-store procedure is for the advertising manager to propose, say, four per cent of estimated gross sales as a reasonable one. The controller counters with one per cent, and after hours of passion and statistics everybody agrees to split the difference and fix the appropriation at two and a half per cent of the gross. Weil, opening his first annual meeting on the advertising budget, declared that it was essentially an emotional question, in which so many imponderables and variables were involved that one man's opinion was just about as good as another's. "Since there are no referents, gentlemen, our problem is, strictly speaking, insoluble," he said. "I suggest we set an arbitrary figure and adjourn." Which was done—the figure, of course, being supplied by Weil.

Weil's willingness to decide almost anything sometimes gets him into difficulties. "He treats the whole world as if it were Macy's," a relative of his has said. A few months after Weil became president of Macy's New York, for instance, a Catholic customer wrote to the store denouncing Paul Blanshard's book "American Freedom and Catholic Power" as an attack on the Catholic religion and asking that the store stop selling it. Weil read the book and rather agreed with Blanshard's claim that he was criticizing not the religious beliefs of Catholics but only the social and political policies of the Church. A few days later, Weil had lunch with a friend, not a Catholic, who also criticized the book as an attack on the Catholic religion, and offered page references to support his contention. Weil read the book again, paying particular attention to the pages cited, and this time agreed with the letter writer, and with his friend. He sent down word that the book was to be removed from Macy's counters and put on "special order," which means that if a customer asked for it, Macy's would order it for him from the publisher. There was an immediate protest from liberals—an especially loud one from the *Nation*, which had published part of the Blanshard work, as a series of articles, and which accused Macy's of yielding to Catholic pressure. Macy's declared that it was only adhering to ordinary commercial practice, but since the book was by then a best-seller, this defense was not impressive. There was no denying, however, that the *Nation* was incorrect in assuming that Macy's had yielded to Catholic pressure; on the contrary, the only Catholic who raised the issue was the original letter writer. Of forty-odd letters Macy's subsequently received on the subject, all were from people who objected to the book's being taken off the counter. Weil was by no means happy about the Blanshard controversy, and has indicated that he will think twice before he assumes the role of censor again.

WITHIN the past twelve months, Weil has had two big opportunities to vary the day-to-day routine from which most department stores rarely budge. He seized both enthusiastically. The first came last May, when the United States Supreme Court ruled that manufacturers could no longer compel retailers to sell their products at a fixed minimum price, and thus removed the legal underpinning from New York's Feld-Crawford Act and similar so-called fair-trade laws in forty-four other states. As a free-market philosopher, Weil was delighted. He at once took the offensive, with a dramatic two-page newspaper advertisement that began, "NOW YOU CAN BUY 5,978 'PRICE-FIXED' ITEMS AT LESS THAN PRICE-FIXED PRICES—AT MACY'S . . . AND MORE TO COME," and went on, "For 14 years Macy's has faced a curious dilemma—on thousands of items in this store. On a lot of trademarked merchandise. On many famous-name products. On certain national brands. . . . It was as frustrating as if—as if you wanted to sell your lawnmower to your neighbor—and your neighbor wanted to buy it—and you named a price he liked—and suddenly the manufacturer who made the lawnmower popped up and said, 'Whoah! You can't do that. You'll have to charge $5 more. It's the law!' . . . For under laws passed 14 years ago, it's been actually *illegal* to lower a price on thousands of products you want. . . . The Court's decision was a windfall. . . . Nothing nicer ever happened to Macy's. We are delighted. . . . Macy's makes the most of it."

The "most" turned out to be quite a lot. On the day the Macy advertisement appeared, the *Wall Street Journal* reported, "Mr. Weil conceded that 'a flurry of price-cutting around the city might follow the move,' but expected the situation to stabilize after a few days"—a prophecy that ranks with



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • NEW GUEST AND GIFT SHOP

COCKTAILS A DEUX

For the most relaxing hour of the day, we suggest our handsome cocktail mixer and brace of glasses. All engraved by hand with S.F.A's exclusive cock, and very sparkling decor when two's company. 10.50 for the set. Mail and phone orders filled.

Also available in our Beverly Hills store.

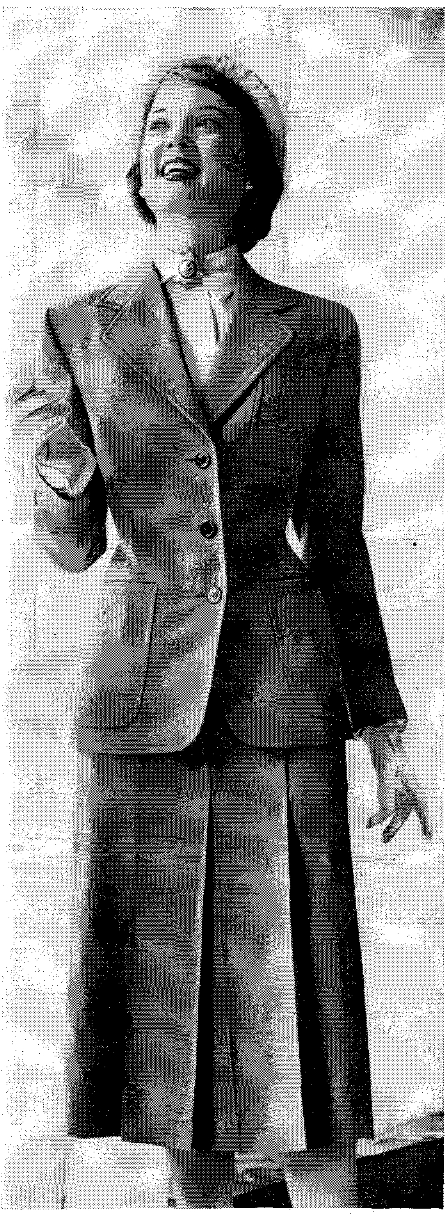
SAKS' FIFTH AVENUE * GUEST and GIFT shop * 14 EAST 50th STREET

"What I like best about Sportsman is the type of man who uses it"
SPORTSMAN SHAVING LOTION

Sportsman Shave Lotion makes a man feel really clean, refreshed and invigorated. You'll like Sportsman's pleasing aroma, too, as have millions of other men—and their friends.

Sportsman SHAVING LOTION

4 OZ. $1.50



Franklin Simon

american-scene suit...tailored with real town and country flair by Jackfin in a wonderful new rayon flannel. Finished with hand-bound buttonholes, it comes in grey, brown or blue. 10 to 20. **25.00**

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Hoover's about prosperity being just around the corner. The "flurry" lasted a good six weeks; it spread all over the city and, with less intensity, the whole country, bringing out such battalions of ardent shoppers locally that the police were called upon to control them. Gimbel's took up the challenge instantly, cutting under the new Macy prices. Macy's cut back under Gimbel's, then Gimbel's under Macy's, and so on—*with other stores getting into the act*, too—until Mixmasters had tumbled from $46.50 to $26.59, Palm Beach suits from $29.95 to $16.87, Underwood typewriters from $92.50 to $65.99, and "From Here to Eternity" from $4.50 to $1.33. Bayer aspirin tablets fell from fifty-nine cents a hundred to four cents, and Macy's own aspirin, basically the same, by government standards, also dropped to four cents—from nine cents. At Macy's, the crowds in the first weeks were so enormous *that the losses on price-cut items* were more than balanced by profits on the increased sale of other items, but as the crowds fell off, so did the store-wide sales volume, and before long Macy's found that the price war was becoming expensive. Weil was not bothered by the loss, however, for he believed that the publicity was well worth it. The price war gradually ceased to be news, and nowadays Macy's states that it is selling all its merchandise—except for a few items, on which the store enters into *agreements with the manufacturer* in order to be assured of continued supplies—at six per cent less than its competitors charge.

The price-war furor had barely subsided when, in September, Weil staged "Italy-in-Macy's USA," more commonly known as the Italian Fair—a special showing of Italian food, glass, ceramics, leather goods, fabrics, furniture, clothing, and other merchandise, which occupied much of the store's fifth floor and was visited by some seven hundred *and fifty thousand* people in the two weeks it lasted. Everything was for sale, and practically everything was sold. A ton and a half of Italian cheeses went in the first two days, and most of the other items moved so fast that even though the Fair opened with a million dollars' worth of stock on hand, it became necessary to rush replenishments from Italy by plane. The Fair was not Weil's idea but that of the Italian government, which worked it out with Leo Martinuzzi, Macy's vice-president in charge of imported goods. Still, the whole project was developed in strict accordance with a characteristically Weilian hypothesis—that Macy's knows

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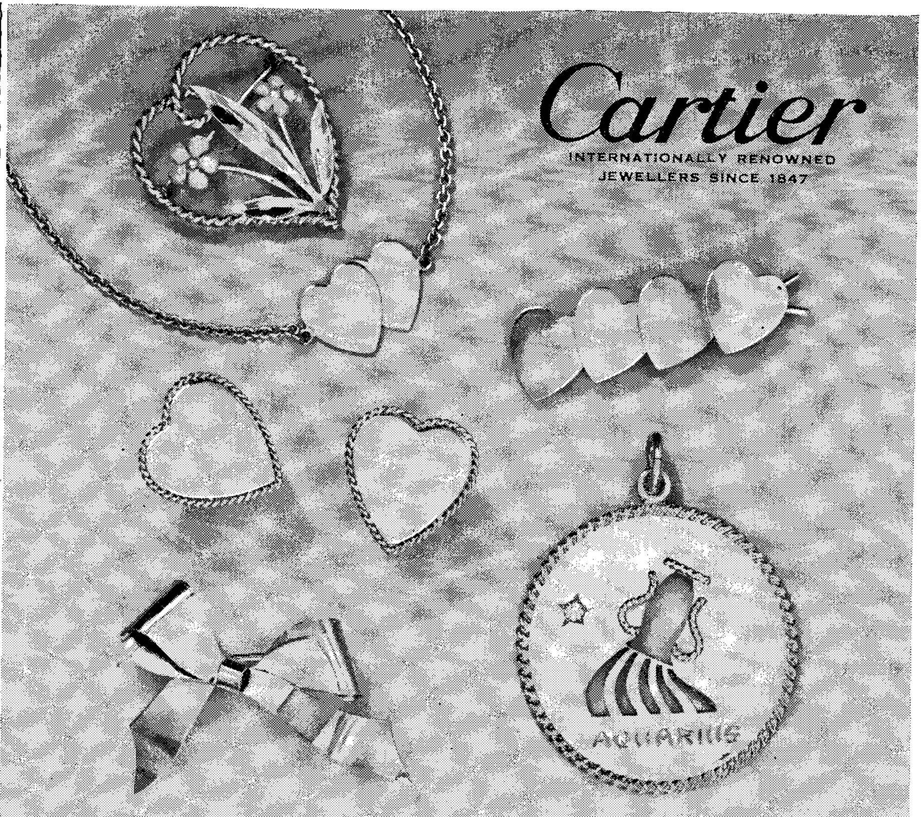
best, particularly if the head of Macy's is Weil. Convinced that Macy's was better informed than Italian manufacturers about what would interest the American public, Weil dispatched thirty buyers to Italy last spring to purchase whatever they thought would sell over here and to recommend changes, whereever advisable, that would make the merchandise more acceptable to American tastes. (More than half the things that showed up at the Fair had been redone in line with Macy ideas.) Duplicates of the goods shown at the Fair continue to be sold throughout Macy's New York, as well as in Macy's subsidiaries and in eleven independent stores affiliated with Macy's in foreign buying. Ordinarily, one of the most closely guarded secrets among retailers is their sources of supply, and this is especially true in the case of imports, but Weil decided that international good will, and enhanced institutional prestige, came before dollar profits, and with a lordly gesture defied precedent by giving away on request a twenty-two-page pamphlet listing the names and addresses of the Italian firms that Macy's considered best able to produce what Americans want.

In the light of Weil's congenital reluctance to accept the other man's point of view, it is a curious fact that he has always got on well with trade-union leaders. "*There's* a guy I enjoy talking to," Abe Lew, who runs the Bamberger union, an affiliate of the A.F. of L., has said of him. "I've been in union work twenty-two years, and I've seen a lot of businessmen, but Bobby Weil is something different. A very brilliant mind, and he gives you the problem face up." By "giving you the problem face up," Lew means that Weil does not resort to the usual trading approach of "If we give you this, what will you give us?" He starts off by readily conceding everything that he thinks the union ought to get, and he expects the union to be equally direct and dispassionate in making concessions. Sam Kovenetsky, who is the head of the Macy union, a C.I.O. affiliate, is more moderate in his approval of Weil, no doubt because he still has to bargain with him, but he, too, calls him Bobby and appears to like him. He sees him about once a week, and appreciates his informality. In pre-Weil days, the union sometimes had to go so far as to stage a mass sitdown of shop stewards outside the executive offices in order to get a top-level hearing, but no longer. On one occasion, a colored girl who was working as a packer was refused a selling job on what seemed to Kovenetsky



Valentine Gifts in Gold – from Cartier – Heart brooch with blue enamel forget-me-nots, $34; link bracelet with two hearts, $19; four hearts hair barrette, $21.50; bow-knot brooch, $17; heart earclips, $45; Zodiac Aquarius charm with diamond, $95.

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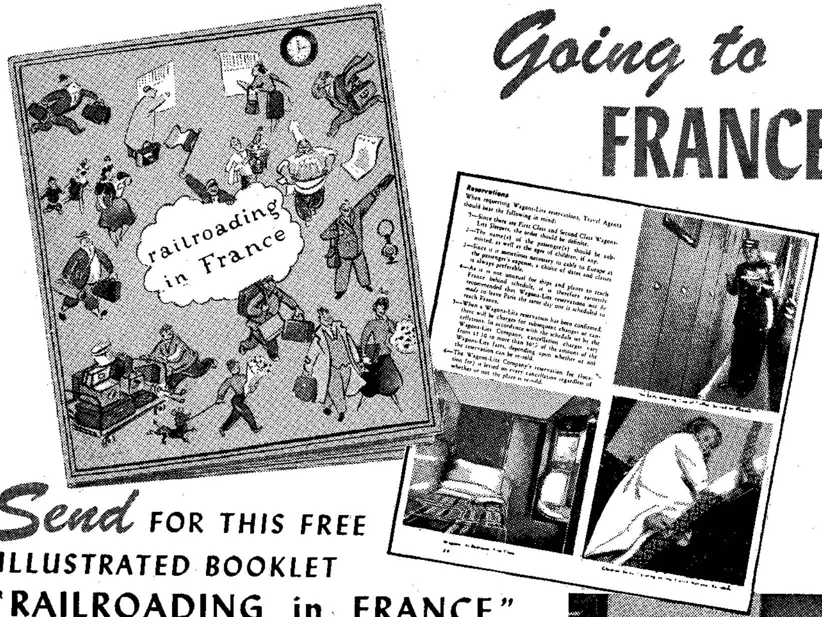

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flimsy grounds. He went to Weil. "Look, Bobby," he said. "Here's this nice girl and they won't let her sell because they say she isn't the Macy type. What is the Macy type, anyway?" "Sam, I haven't ever been able to find that out myself," Weil replied. "We'll give her a three-month trial in selling. Let me know how she makes out." The girl made out all right and kept the job. For a long time, Macy's paid higher wages, on the average, than any other store in the city. Last year, the other unionized stores met the Macy starting wage ($35.50 a week), but the average wage for Macy employees below supervisory or executive rank is still higher than the rest. New York department-store wages are peculiar in that the richer the customer is, the poorer the salesgirl. This is because the fashionable Fifth Avenue stores, such as Lord & Taylor, Altman's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Best's, are not unionized, their salesgirls being socially conscious, to be sure, but in a different way from the people who organized Macy's, Gimbel's, Saks-Thirty-fourth Street, Hearns, Stern's, and Bloomingdale's.

IT is too early for anyone to judge how well the Weil administration is doing. In a store the size of Macy's, quite a lot of time must pass before new policies have an effect. Indeed, there are some people who feel that Macy's is so big it simply *cannot* be controlled by a human will—that the store must have a secret destiny of its own, which even a Weil cannot direct. He himself is not troubled by any such doubts. "I should be able to get things into some kind of shape within three or four years after moving in here," he said the other day. "If it takes longer than that, I'm just no good."

Weil does not expect to be proved worthless. He would like, as soon as he can get Macy's New York running in a way that suits him, to put in less time at the office, and do some travelling (he is most eager to go to Japan) and some writing. "I want to write one of everything, just to see if I can," he says. "One novel, one play, one book of essays. I've already written a poem, a short story, and a book of exposition." He realizes that a novel, unlike "The Art of Practical Thinking," will take more than two weeks to produce, and is prepared to spend as much as six months on the job. Weil also has his own ideas about how much time he should spend at Macy's. "American businessmen have the foolish notion that an executive has to be at his desk at least five eight-hour days a week," he says. "Actually,

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long hours are a sign of incompetence. No job should take a first-rate man more than three days a week after he has mastered it." By this criterion, Weil himself has never been first-rate, nor is it by any means certain that he will ever become so. But whether he does or not, since it is his criterion, he will remain sure that it is a good one.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Weil.*)

•

DAFYDD AP GWILYM RESENTS THE WINTER

(FREELY ARRANGED FROM THE PROSE TRANSLATION BY NIGEL HESELTINE)

Across North Wales
The snowflakes wander,
A swarm of white bees.
Over the woods
A cold veil lies.
A load of chalk
Bows down the trees.

No undergrowth
Without its wool,
No field unsheeted;
No path is left
Through any field;
On every stump
White flour is milled.

Will someone tell me
What angels lift
Planks in the flour-loft
Floor of heaven,
Shaking down dust?
An angel's cloak is
Cold quicksilver.

And here below
The big drifts blow,
Blow and billow
Across the heather
Like swollen bellies.
The frozen foam
Falls in fleeces.

Out of my house
I will not stir
For any girl,
To have my coat
Look like a miller's,
Or stuck with feathers
Of eider down.

What a great fall
Lies on my country!
A wide wall, stretching
One sea to the other,
Greater and grayer
Than the sea's graveyard.
When will rain come?

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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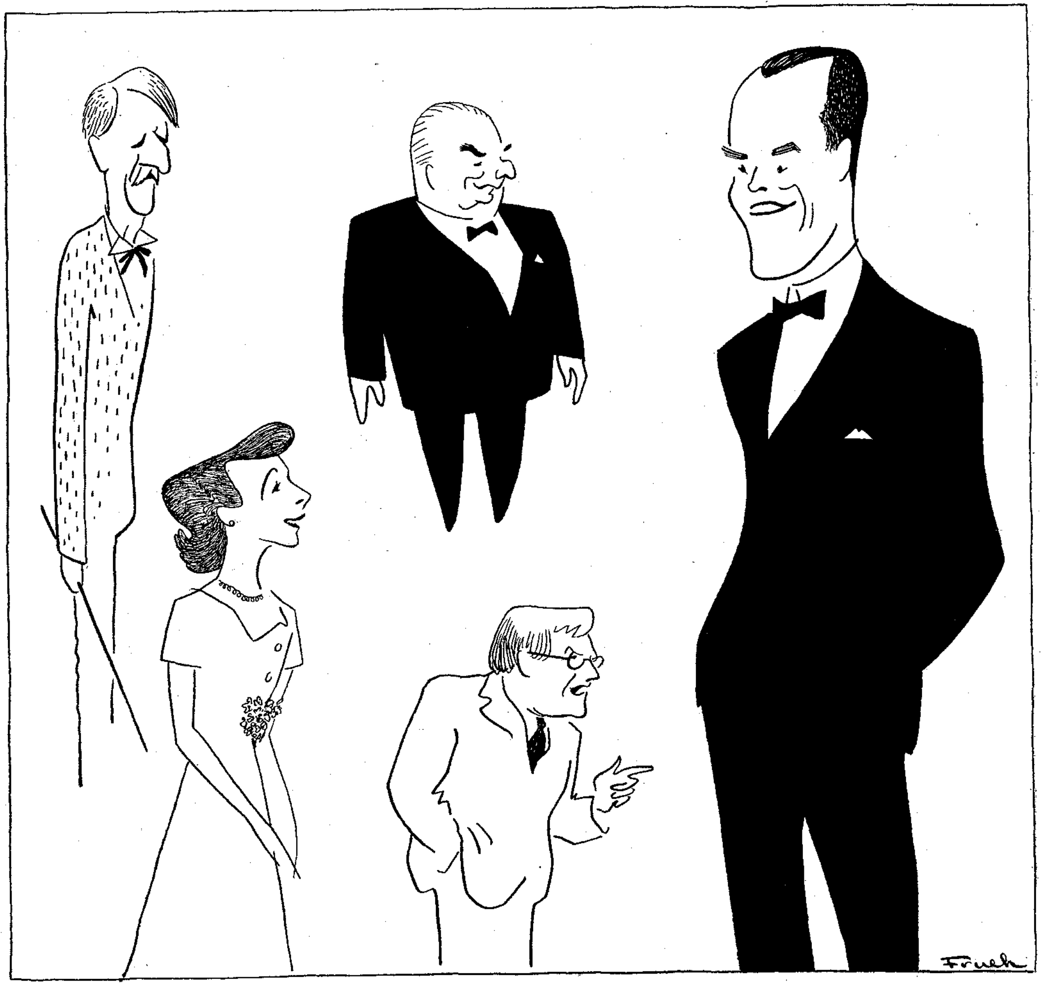
THE THEATRE

ONE GIRL OVERBOARD, ONE SURVIVOR

PLAYS named "Gertie" and "Jane" were introduced to Broadway theatregoers last week. To speak first—it's not altogether feasible to speak well—of the dead, "Gertie," which began and ended its local life at the Plymouth, was the work of Enid Bagnold, the well-known English novelist. Its principal qualities were immobility and complexity—a combination that is thought of as being exclusively the secret of English playwrights, though I have no doubt that something of the same effect can be achieved by any playwright who is really a novelist at heart. In "Gertie," as in her popular book "National Velvet," Miss Bagnold created a needy English country family as cute as a barrel of gibbons, whose members were given to pelting one another with clumps of quaint, but diverting, prose, mostly in the nature of intratribal character analysis. In print, this kind of thing often makes fine entertainment. In the theatre, the talk tends to form a sort of narcotic cloud as it rises from the lips of the largely stationary players and floats out over the audience.

Miss Bagnold's play did not improve when confusion, or plot, was superimposed on inertia. Into the home of her bright, though impoverished, family—consisting of an absent-minded scientist who wrote books about crystals, and his three grown children, one frustrated, one complacent, and one ambitious—the author brought, for sensationally unconvincing reasons, two sensationally unconvincing Americans, a man and a woman. The man, a Broadway producer, was the ex-husband of the woman, who was a talent scout, or script sleuth, or something, for a Hollywood movie studio; the producer was following the sleuth around, on the theory that what he called her "flair" might lead to some useful piece of dramatic property that he could steal. Having, with the introduction of this pair, entirely abandoned the field of observed phenomena, Miss Bagnold allowed "Gertie" to fall slowly and garrulously to pieces. Before and during the disintegration of the play, it was possible to salvage some enjoyment by watching the performance, in the title role, of Glynis Johns, a highly attractive girl who had never been seen before in America except, according to her program biography, in motion pictures. Miss Johns has the gift, rare in actresses outside the special world of Dagmar, of nonchalance—of playing it down, of throwing it away. It's true that "Gertie," with its low-pitched, wandering style, was not the play best calculated to show off this gift. It's hard for an actress to throw it away when the author has beaten her to the punch. Among those who struggled in support of Miss Johns during the brief run were Albert Dekker, Polly Rowles, and Patricia Wheel.

S. N. BEHRMAN based "Jane," the new comedy at the Coronet, on a short story of the same name by W. Somerset Maugham. He based the tone of the play's language, I would guess, on a conviction of his own, which he has put to work many times before now, to the satisfaction of a great many audiences, that every line of dialogue in a play about rich and educated people should be coated with at least half an inch of polish. As a result, while



"POINT OF NO RETURN"

The oversize young man here is Henry Fonda, who can't quite make up his mind whether he wants to be vice-president of a bank. The others, who have various opinions on the subject, are, from left to right, John Cromwell, Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. Paul Osborn's adaptation of the J. P. Marquand novel is at the Alvin.

some of the lines in "Jane" are funny and some are not, they all have the same sort of surface quality; all of them are delivered—by the members of an efficient cast, who are not paid to scratch beneath this surface—as though they were bon mots; and the audience laughs reflexively, though cordially, at each invitation. This audience reaction (I am judging by the audience at the first night; I doubt if those that follow will be any tougher) is a tribute to the infectious power of Mr. Behrman's belief in the universal wittiness of the upper classes.

Just the same, if you put a strong lens on "Jane," I think you will find that the silken flow of the writing is pieced out here and there with ribbons of dental floss. "My heart goes out to you," says one lady to another, in, I think, the third act. "Does it? Why?" asks the second lady. "I don't know why, but it does," says the first lady, with hardly a moment's hesitation. At another point, someone speaks of the need of getting a certain cad out of a certain garden, which inspires someone else to remark that if you were to try to eliminate all cads from gardens, you would have your hands full. If you were to eliminate all exchanges like that from plays like "Jane," you would have your hands full making plays like "Jane" last two hours.

However, anyone who shares Mr. Behrman's enthusiasm for dialogue per se will probably enjoy himself at the Coronet. There are two fine performances, by Edna Best and Howard St. John, and two others, by Basil Rathbone and Irene Browne, that are faintly ridiculous, but amusing. There is a plot, which came to Mr. Behrman, by way of Mr. Maugham, from "Cinderella" and "Come Out of the Kitchen." Miss Best evolves from a dowdy Liverpool housewife into the glowing belle of London society. The change, as supervised by the director, Cyril Ritchard, is perhaps unnecessarily spectacular. In the first act, Miss Best wears what looked to me like a suit of frontiersman's buckskins borrowed from a Buffalo Bill show. It's surprising that they didn't ask her to paint a mustache on her lip, to hammer the point home.

—John Lardner

•

Athens, Ga., Jan. 11—Eighteen University of Georgia football players, 11 of them freshmen, were dropped yesterday because of scholastic efficiencies.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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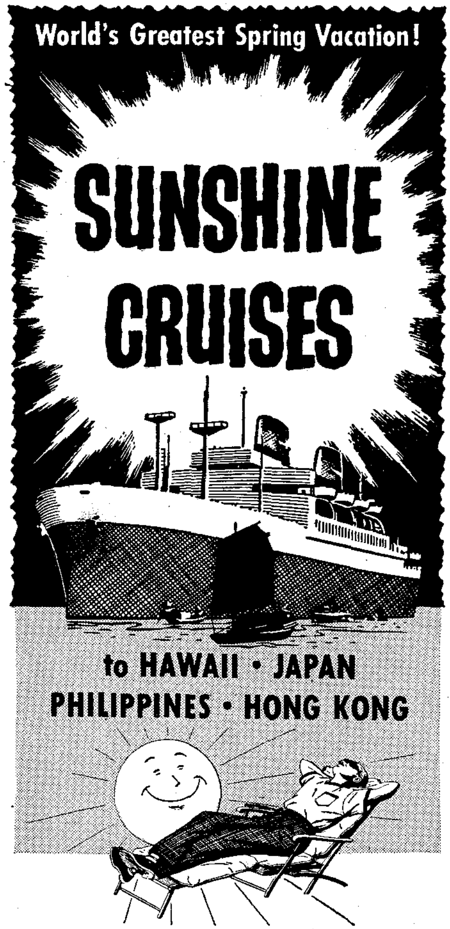

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LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 1

ENGLAND has just had the second part of the Conservative prescription for regaining her economic health, the first part having been written in November, when Richard Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, cut the patient sharply back on foreign foodstuffs, foreign sunshine, and other extras of existence. This time, Mr. Butler wound up his list of bitter-tasting remedies with the dry statement that the third, and most dismal, dose—the budget—will come on March 4th this year, instead of its usual date in April, at the end of the financial year. As there has not been such an early Budget Day since 1900, this seems a good, dramatic way of persuading the English, who like things to move at their traditional pace, that the situation is too grim to delay on. This week's preliminary list of cuts into everybody's standard of living was pretty persuasive, too, but many of the political correspondents in the press gallery pointed out that while Mr. Butler had mopped up the goods, all right, he had not restricted the public's supply of spending money, and that until the budget tackles the latter job, the mad dog of inflation can be expected to chase its own tail more giddily than ever.

From now on, housewives will get few of the helpful imported dividends that have cheered up the monotony of the rations (and the Chancellor warned that the rations themselves will be cut if the economic situation goes into another alarming nose dive, like the one last summer). Mr. Butler also took a bang at the civil services, which are to be cut by ten thousand workers, and blighted the hopes of families who thought that they were getting near the head of the queue for new automobiles by slicing the number of cars for home customers this year to sixty thousand—just over half what it was last year. When Mr. Butler announced that the annual tourist allowance that Britons can take out of the country would be halved—to twenty-five pounds—the Labour benches roared with delight at the glum Tory faces, as though foreign jaunting were still the unique privilege of the nineteenth-century milord, who used to scatter guineas freely around Europe while writing witty travel diaries. As a matter of fact, the habit of hopping abroad annually for a couple of weeks of somebody else's steaks, sunshine, and scenery has caught on with the British of all incomes, and the new reduction has brought loud cries of pain from affected parties across the Channel and from the travel agencies, which have since been busy trying to balance twenty-five pounds against rocketing Continental prices and make the result look like a nice, relaxing holiday. The gravest criticism of this measure comes from those who feel that the Chancellor, in return for a comparatively small saving, has more or less written off people's ability to move around freely and make contacts with the rest of the world, which has already been curtained off into too many compartments.

The Socialists were not so amused over the establishment of charges for the hitherto free Health Service medicines—with which citizens have been enthusiastically treating their innards at state expense—and for dental work for adults, who up to now have been standing treat to their teeth so expansively that harassed dentists have hardly had time to get around to the young. The big surprise was Butler's statement that he had no intention of monkeying with the Education Act and economizing by bringing youngsters into the classrooms at a later age or ending their school days earlier. The Socialists had been so sure this move was coming that their expressions for a second looked plain sheepish rather than relieved, but they were soon treating it as a victory they had wrested from the Government single-handed.

The Opposition attitude toward the Government's handling of the financial crisis seems to be that the crisis is, of course, serious, but not so serious as Mr. Churchill and his Ministers are making out, and that world conditions, rather than anything to do with Labour's policies over the last six years, are responsible for Britain's failing fortunes. Hugh Gaitskell, in the debate following Butler's statement, accused the Government of being "stampeded" into "adopting prewar policies" by newspaper talk about the increasing softness of the country's moral fibre, and so on. He also quoted, amid loud laughter from his own benches, various juicy extracts from the Conservatives' election speeches, including Lord Woolton's cozy remark "We need a better diet, and I believe that we can get it,"

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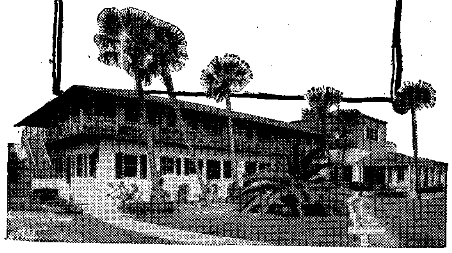

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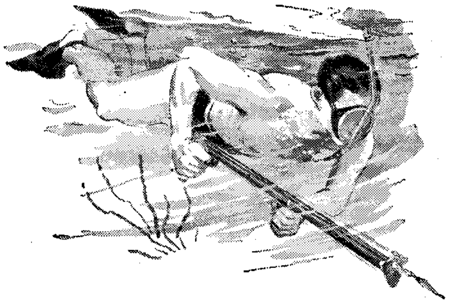
which the Government side heard in gloomy silence.

Lots of Conservatives uncomfortably suspect that in following Mr. Churchill's new, conciliatory policy of turning the other cheek their party is in considerable danger of falling on its face. Gaitskell said in the debate that there are "millions of people in this country who feel that the Conservatives got themselves into power under false pretenses," but he conveniently omitted to say that if Labour had got back in, its own, equally sunny election promises would have been caught in quite an embarrassing fix. Not for the first time, the ordinary citizens outside Westminster seem to provide—in the way that they are grumbling but still showing every intention of plodding along under this new installment of disappointments—a more edifying sight and sound than their politicians.

WHILE Tuesday was Mr. Butler's day, Wednesday focussed on the Prime Minister, and his first statement concerning his visit to the United States, about which people here have been feeling both pleased and worried. The pleasure was caused by the general impression that Mr. Churchill's visit had been at any rate a personal success, and the worry by the line in his address to Congress stating that in the event of a breach of any Korean truce that may be reached, the British would join the United States in "prompt, resolute, and effective" action. This was interpreted—particularly, of course, by the extreme Left—to mean that the Prime Minister had committed Britain to retaliatory toughness with China if need be, a possibility that causes great uneasiness among numbers of British who are neither Left nor extreme. Mr. Churchill's speech here was a neat little example of the art of seeming to give a whole lot of information while actually giving practically none. It did, however, quiet misgivings here (more or less, anyway) with the assurance that nothing new had been cooked up during the Washington trip. The Opposition will certainly have something to say in next week's foreign-affairs debate, when Britain's serious new trouble spot around the Suez Canal will also come in for anxious discussion.

THE book-publishing trade is worried for fear one of the things people will economize on in their personal budgets is books, for they will probably soon jump in price, like the more mundane necessities of life. An-

A&F



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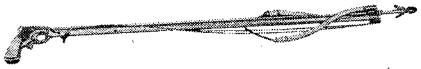

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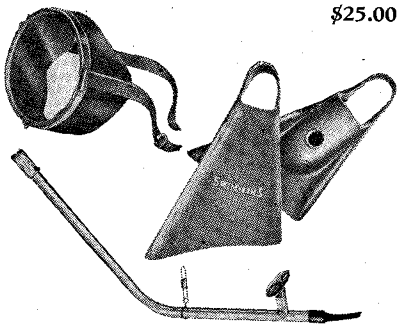

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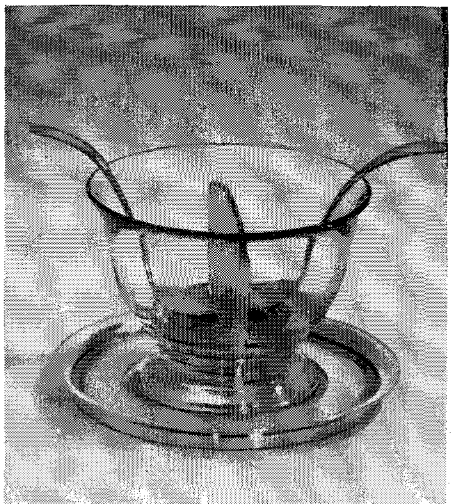
other section of the reading public is also feeling the financial draft, to judge from the agitation caused by the venerable and famous London Library's recent notice to its members that, subject to their approval at a general meeting called for this week, the subscription will be bumped up—for the first time since 1926—to meet rising costs. This great English literary landmark, which inhabits one of the tall old houses in St. James's Square, is more like a select club than a library, and still has on its staff an almost equally celebrated landmark, Mr. Frederick James Cox, an elderly Londoner who not long ago chalked up his seventieth year of service there and is a walking anthology of rich anecdotes concerning the famous figures who have used the Library. All the literary and political great of the past century have been members. The Library was founded by Thomas Carlyle, who was driven to irritable action by the slowness of the Library of the British Museum in digging up the books he wanted, by the early hour at which it threw the readers out every day, and by his conviction that research was best done in one's own study. Under Carlyle's cherished plan, London Library readers may take away up to fifteen volumes at a whack (if they have the strength), including rare and valuable works they could not otherwise browse through by their firesides. T. S. Eliot is today's president, and Winston Churchill is a vice-president. Since many of the members are scholars or students, and since the possessors of modest fixed incomes are the hardest-hit group in England today, there is some anxiety over how the proposed new rise will affect the destiny of what, as the *Times* lately said in an article on the occasion of Mr. Cox's seventieth-anniversary festivities, "many people would call the greatest and most civilized private library in the world."

IT is hard to remember any musical event here—even the recent presentation of Britten's "Billy Budd"—that has made such news as Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," produced the other night, for the first time in England, at Covent Garden. All the papers gave it excited headlines, as though it were a startling electrical storm that had taken twenty-six years to roll over here from the Continent. None of the critics had anything but praise for the performance, which was superbly conducted by the Opera House's guest maestro Erich Kleiber. Kleiber was Berg's old friend and directed the first performance of "Wozzeck," in Berlin



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in 1925, before the Nazis drove him out and banned Berg's music. His staunch stand on this strange, much-debated work of genius made one admiring London critic call him a sort of musical Captain Carlsen. In any case, he brought his particular craft in triumphantly last week, when the first-night audience gave him, his orchestra, and the singers (including Marko Rothmüller, a fine Wozzeck) a huge ovation. For the first time in any country, incidentally, Georg Büchner's all-important words, which unfold the tragedy of creatures crushed by abject poverty of mind and pocket, were sung in English, in an excellent translation by Vida Harford and Eric Blackall.

The most important of the new British films is a version of Joseph Conrad's "An Outcast of the Islands" made by Carol Reed, the brilliant director of "The Fallen Idol" and "The Third Man." Conrad and the gorgeous East between them seem, oddly, to have bemused the sharpest eye in the British movie business. The Ceylon settings, however, are a handsome pictorial treat, which almost compensates for the slow going. Reed has found a new, exotic star to play the part of the native girl for whom the ne'er-do-well Willems (Trevor Howard) sells his mean little soul. She is a spectacular Arab called Kerima, who looks lovely and says (and how restful it seems) sweet, beautiful nothing.

As a postscript to this news of London's entertainment, it should be noted that "South Pacific" has now settled down as a solid, busting-all-records success at Drury Lane. When it opened in November, most of the critics, after conceding that Mary Martin and the music were delightful, took the plot apart as solemnly as though it were a previously undiscovered Ibsen that might better have been left undiscovered. In spite of this somewhat cool reception, the musical is sold out until well into the spring. All but six members of the cast are British, which makes the management smile a bit when they hear envious remarks in the audience connecting the notable biceps of the Seabees chorus with American steak.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

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—Richard Armour

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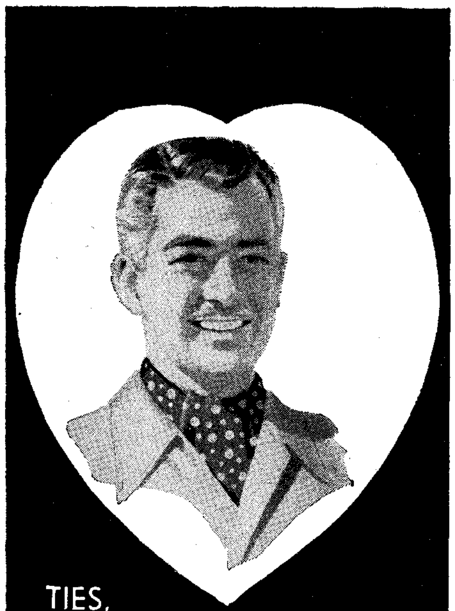

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

In the Wild Blue Yonder

WESTERN THRILLER

IT is quite a package that Nunnally Johnson, as producer and writer, and Jean Negulesco, as director, have presented us with in "Phone Call from a Stranger," one of those films that throw together a disparate group of worried characters and then reveal in flashbacks what's eating them. While it tends to maunder in its later reels, the picture works up a reasonable turn of speed at the start when it has most of its principals ensconced in an airplane braving weather that would intimidate an eagle. Among those bouncing around in tumultuous space are a strip-teaser (Shelley Winters), whose marriage has been almost wrecked by her mother-in-law; a dipsomaniac doctor (Michael Rennie), who is shattered by the memory of an automobile accident caused by his drinking; a loud and obnoxious salesman (Keenan Wynn), who is really one of nature's noblemen beneath his offensive exterior; and a broody lawyer (Gary Merrill), who is trying to decide whether to leave his wife because, after twelve years of marriage and a couple of children, she has briefly let herself go with a philanderer. While all these people are whizzing through the skies, they get rather loquacious, and in no time the lawyer has become the confidant of the doctor and the strip-teaser. Before he can make any headway with the salesman, the plane encounters what I believe are called "unusual atmospheric conditions" and comes down with a crash that leaves us only our legal man to pull all the strands of the plot together. By phoning relatives of the various deceased, he spins out the affair for what seemed to me a terribly long time, and then, of course, returns to the woman he loves—probably by oxcart.

Since "Phone Call from a Stranger" isn't very strong on subtlety, none of the actors is asked to demonstrate anything complicated in the way of emotion. As the lawyer, Mr. Merrill is manly; as the doctor, Mr. Rennie is nervous; and as the salesman, Mr. Wynn is frolicsome. It is just possible that Miss Winters' interpretation of the strip-teaser is *too* simple, for there were times when I began to think she wasn't all there. However, she snaps out of this nonsense often enough to avoid being actively annoying, and the other ladies in the cast—Bette Davis as the salesman's long-suffering wife; Evelyn Varden, as Miss Winters' deplorable mother-in-law; and Beatrice Straight, as Mr. Rennie's forlorn wife—go about their work with a nice competence.

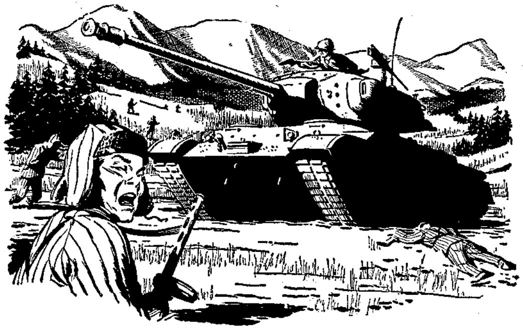
"ST. MATTHEW PASSION," an Austrian film based on Bach's oratorio and edited by the late Robert Flaherty, consists of a series of black-and-white photographs of paintings dealing with the Passion of Christ, by da Vinci, Velásquez, Titian, and other Old Masters. While the accompanying music sounded fine to me—it's played by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Vienna and sung by the Vienna Choir Boys and several excellent adult soloists—the picture itself, despite all kinds of camera tricks, never really moves, and so, in a way, is a complete denial of the purpose of celluloid and screen. Another drawback, of course, is the absence of color. All in all, an unfortunate experiment.

IN "Invitation," Dorothy McGuire plays a rich young lady whose heart is so weak that she seems to be headed for an early grave. Her father (Louis Calhern), to please her—at least, I think that's his idea—pays a young fellow (Van Johnson) to marry her. But when Miss McGuire, following several bouts of melancholia, admits to herself that where there's no love there's no life, Mr. Johnson says she's got him all wrong, since, with the passage of time, he's come to love her even more than he originally loved Papa's money. This makes Miss McGuire feel so good that she stops breathing like a winded plater (her heart, you know) and prepares to live happily ever after with Mr. Johnson, God help her.

"LONE STAR" is, as you might surmise, about Texas. It is also about the love affair of an adventurer (Clark Gable) and a lady editor (Ava Gardner), who don't get along for a while and then start sizzling in each other's arms. . . . Vincent Price, Victor Mature, and Jane Russell are the disinterested participants in something called "The Las Vegas Story." From left to right they play a Park Avenue cad, a detective keeping an eye on him, and the cad's wife. Miss Russell occasionally becomes inspirited enough to pout, Mr. Mature to roll his eyes, and Mr. Price to sneer. Most of the time, though, they are as impassive as shellfish.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

THE LONG AUGUST NIGHT WAS HOT—but not as hot as the bitter fighting that raged about Agok, Korea, in the Naktong River area. Sergeant Kouma, serving as tank commander, was covering the withdrawal of infantry units from the front. Discovering that his tank was the only obstacle in the path of an enemy breakthrough, Sergeant Kouma waged a furious nine-hour battle, running an eight-mile gantlet through enemy lines. He finally withdrew to friendly lines, but not until after his ammunition was exhausted and he had left 250 enemy dead behind him. Even then, although wounded twice, he attempted to resupply his tank and return to the fighting.



"A withdrawing action is not my idea of how Americans should fight," says Ernest Kouma. "If we must fight, let's be strong enough to take the offensive. In fact, *if we're strong enough,* we may not have to fight at all. Because, nowadays, *peace is for the strong.*

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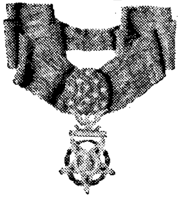

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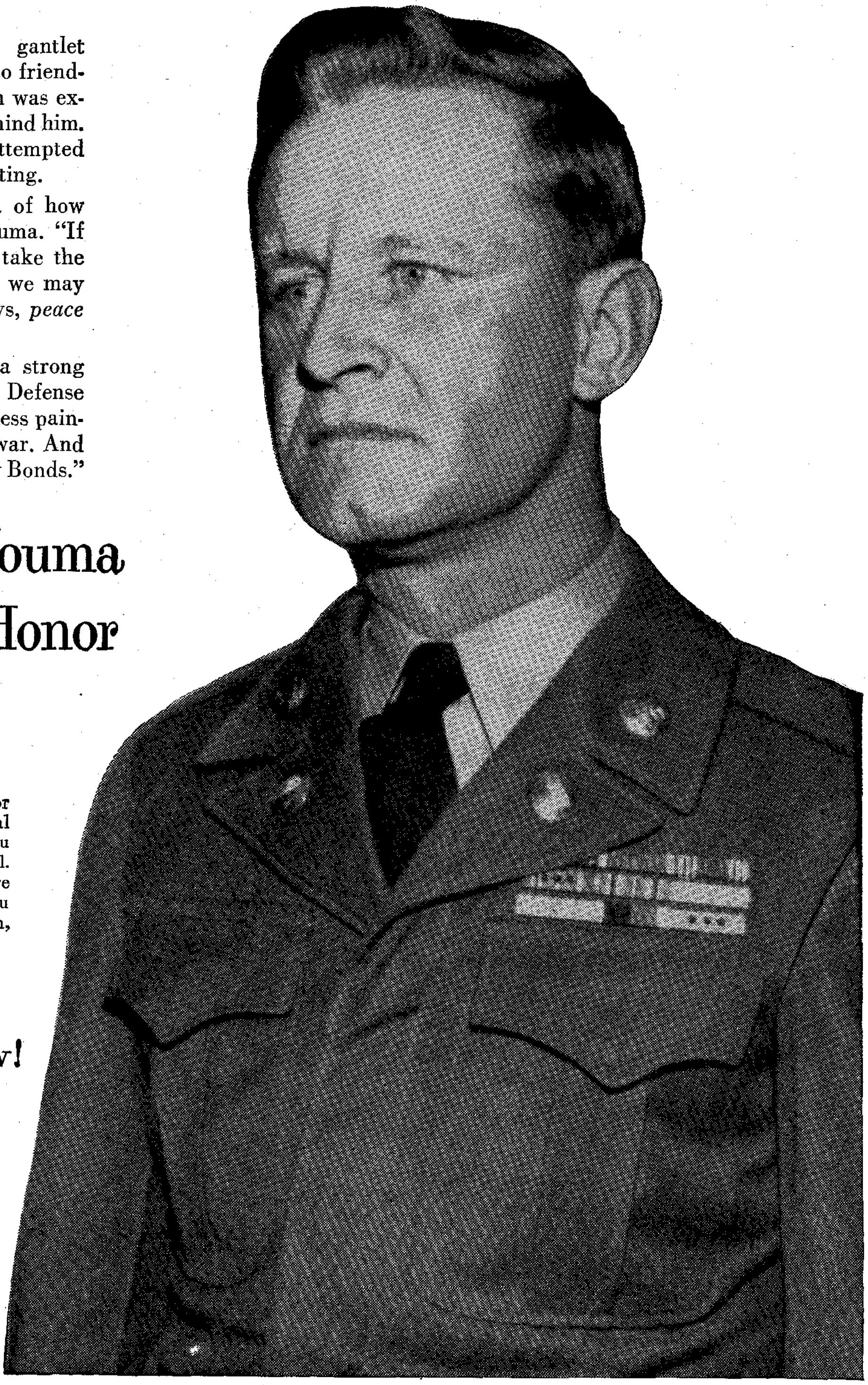

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

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IN the history of the English prize ring, there came a day when Pierce Egan, its Thucydides, had to write, "Abraham Belasco must be pronounced the only fighting Jew on the boxing list." That was in 1821. Belasco, a hundred-and-fifty-pound man, was a petty epilogue. He could give but not take punishment. The first period of Jewish prize-ring glory had begun with the rise of Dan Mendoza, in 1788. Mendoza, in Egan's words, "was considered one of the most elegant and scientific Pugilists in the whole race of Boxers, and might be termed a complete artist. His theoretic acquirements were great, and his practice truly extensive." This golden age had ended with the defeat of Dutch Sam by Bill Nosworthy, the baker, on December 8, 1814, eliciting from Egan this noble sentence: "The abdication of Bonaparte, in its proper sphere, was not more electric than the defeat of Dutch Sam in the boxing world." Dutch Sam, returned from retirement at the age of forty-one, weighed a hundred and thirty pounds for that fight. Nosworthy, twenty-eight, weighed a hundred and fifty-four. Nevertheless, to explain the result Egan had to theorize: "His [Sam's] irregularities of life must have dilapidated as fine and strong a constitution as was ever possessed by man." The fight had gone but thirty-eight rounds.

The reasons for the abandonment of the ring by Jews at that moment in history are not now discernible. They subsequently reëntered the calling in great numbers, both in England and here. There were good Jewish fighters right up through the nineteen-thirties, and in cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago they were among the best drawing cards. Since the most recent World War, though, there haven't been any new ones, and at Lou Stillman's gymnasium, on Eighth Avenue, where a hundred or so professional boxers train between jobs, a trainer the other day could think of only three Jewish boys who rent locker space—all of them very moderate. This is particularly distressing to the managers and would-be managers who congregate in the space between Stillman's lunch counter and his two boxing rings, because, as one of them said feelingly, "With a good Jew fighter now you could make a fortune of money."

I learned the stark statistics on my visit to Stillman's. Such changes creep up on us by imperceptible degrees; I had taken it for granted that there were still lots of Jewish boys around, even though I seldom happened to see any of them in the ring when I went to fights. The reasons for their disappearance are less obscure than the reasons for the disappearance of Jewish fighters in 1821. Freddy Brown, the fellow who counted off the survivors for me, furnished the explanation. Brown is a partner of an old friend of mine in the training business named Whitey Bimstein, who was also in Stillman's that day. Training is distinct from managing. The firm of Bimstein & Brown trains for any manager with the price, and is therefore in general touch with market conditions. Both Freddy and Whitey are Jews and former fighters.

"When the kids didn't have what to eat, they were glad to fight," Brown, a determined-looking chap with a well-smashed nose, told me. "Now that any kid can get a job, they got no ambition. Fighting used to be the only way to make a dollar, but now it looks like a hard buck. The kids we get now, the most of them, even the Italians, they just want to have a couple of fights so they can say they were fighters. It gives them class. The first time they lay off, we lose them. For instance, they got a rule now that a kid gets knocked out, he can't fight again for thirty days. What does he do? He gets a job. He draws down that fifty, sixty bucks a week, and he can go with girls. So we never see him again."

"The depression killed the gate but it developed fighters," Mr. Bimstein said, delivering a concurring opinion. "Now the kids ain't serious." He has bulging eyes with white lashes, and they looked even more world-weary than usual, because he had worked four corners in Cleveland the night before and had come straight from his plane to Stillman's. "The only ones who work hard are the colored boys," he said, "because for them it's still tough outside. The good white fighters you got coming up, you could count them on your fingers."

"Garbage," said Mr. Brown, waving a hard hand at the roomful of grunting, sweating youth, which included a good number of his own pupils.

Irish boxers are slightly less rare than Jewish ones, I gathered, and there are even a few tolerable postwar developments among them—Billy Graham, Walter Cartier, and Paddy Young, all New York boys but none, unfortunately, blessed with a resounding Hibernian name. There is also Irish Bob Murphy, from the Pacific Coast, a great crowd-

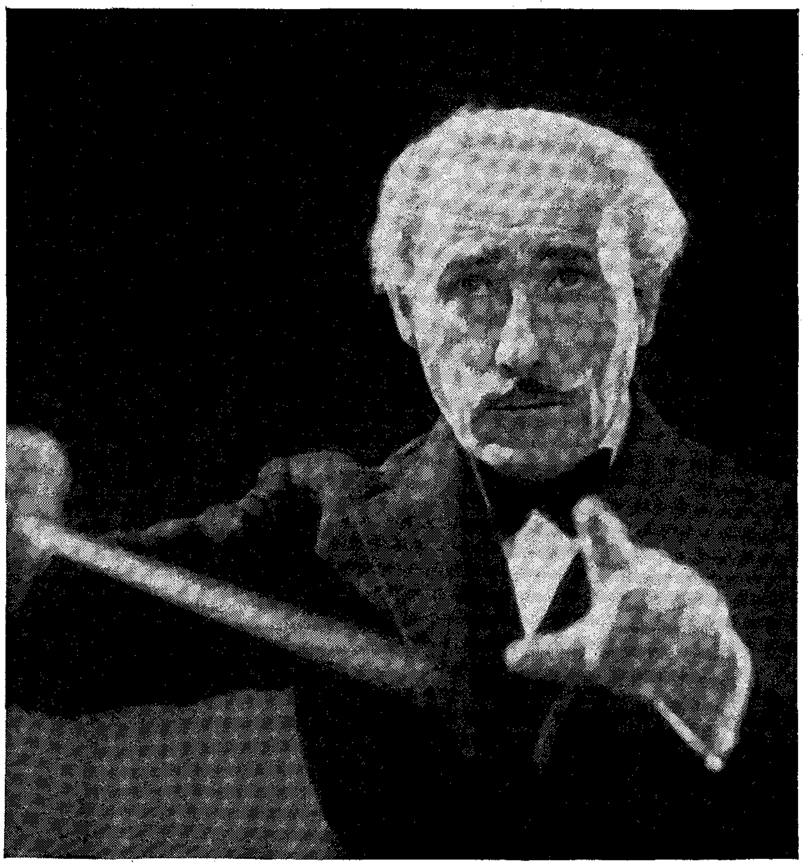
pleaser. Still, their numerical advantage over their traditional rivals is only relative—just as the Javan rhinoceros has lagged behind the whooping crane in the race to extinction. They, too, find it easy to get outside jobs. Most of the white boxers using Stillman's now are of Italian stock, but there are at least as many Negroes as all kinds of white boys put together, with a large West Indian group filling in the spectrum between.

"Last week, the Broadway Arena was short a six-rounder," Whitey said. "Fellow got sick on them. They telephoned here but they couldn't fill it. Fifteen years ago, there would of been twenty managers fighting to get boys into the spot."

"Imagine it," said Brown. "The biggest gym in the country and they can't find a guy for a six-rounder. If a kid has had ten fights, his manager wants him to go on top. But the manager wants to name the other guy."

"You can't blame the managers, with the type kids they got," Whitey said. "They got to be careful."

Stillman's is reached from the street by way of a steep stairway. To get in, a spectator must pay fifty cents at a turnstile manned by a fellow called Curley, who is an expert at non-recognition. For years, he has practiced looking at people he knows as if he had never seen them before. The boxers, managers, and trainers who use Stillman's naturally get in without paying admission, and they sometimes bring in their friends. When this happens, an agonized look spreads over Curley's waxlike face. He resents introductions as buildups for future free entries, and makes a point of forgetting them. The striking bags and most of the exercise mats are on a balcony, and the two rings, with a few rows of benches for the spectators in front of them, are the central feature of Stillman's main floor. Earnest pairs of athletes succeed one another within the ring ropes, each boy trying to make an impression as well as sharpen his form, but there is little of that thinly veiled ill feeling that prevails among Sunday-morning tennis players, for example. The professional portion of the Stillman audience was therefore shocked when, on the day of my visit, two boys in a ring started slugging each other viciously, each holding with one hand and hitting with the other. A universal cry of condemnation went up: "Trow dem oudada ring! Trow da bum zout!" Stillman, the master of the revels, rang the electric bell prematurely. The abashed trainers of the uncouth pair



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climbed through the ropes and pried the solecists apart. Stillman's buzzed censoriously for a good two rounds after their banishment. There were no apologists, such as appear after a rough college football game. "If he wanted to give him a mouthful, he should of went outside!" a trainer named Frank Coco commented indignantly, alluding to one boy's tactic of holding the other by the back of the neck with one hand while he took aim with the other. "What good is it working like that?" a functionalist complained. "No referee will let you get away with it." Freddy had been one of the trainers through the ropes, and Whitey had darted into the locker room on the trail of the angry boys. When they returned, as disconcerted as the sponsors of a pregnant débutante, Whitey said, "I made them shake hands." But he still seemed upset.

WHITEY, when he was boxing, in the years just before we went into the First World War, was a bantamweight, I knew, and so was Charley Goldman, another trainer of my acquaintance. There were, in fact, more bantams than fighters of any other class on view in clubs around New York in the teens and early twenties—little fellows able to get down to a hundred and eighteen pounds. I don't know whether it was because the town swarmed with small men then or whether it was because small men were particularly combative, but you saw bantamweights all over the place. There were flyweights, too, for that matter—fellows able to make a hundred and twelve—but not so many of them.

When I looked Stillman's over that day with Whitey and Freddy, I couldn't see anybody who looked lighter than a featherweight—a hundred and twenty-six—but I didn't completely trust my eyes, because weights will often fool you. So I asked Whitey if there were any good bantamweights around. "Bantyweights?" Whitey said, as if I had mentioned hackney coaches. "I ain't seen one of them little bantyweights around since the war, hardly." It was then that I first realized small boxers are as nearly extinct as Jewish ones. I was aware of the study by the anthropologist Gordon Townsend Bowles, published in 1932, which proved that Harvard students of the day were, on the average, three and a half centimetres taller and ten pounds heavier than their Harvard fathers, but I had never thought of Harvard as a source of bantamweight material in the first place. Even the average Harvard father, as I remembered the data, had weighed about a hundred and thirty-nine. Neither, it seemed to me, had small men in general become less disputatious. Those I knew were, as far as I could recall, as much given to argument as ever.

I asked Whitey what he attributed the dearth to, and he said he didn't know. "It goes in fads," he said. "Sometimes for four or five years most every good boy coming up is a welterweight. Then you get four or five years of nothing but middleweights. Or the middleweight class goes down and your best drawing cards are lightweights. The one thing you could always use more than you got is heavyweights."

"If a manager gets a good, natural bantamweight now, he tries to build him up to a feather, so he can get work," Mr. Brown offered.

"But suppose you had a good kid who couldn't build up—what would he do for work?" I persisted. "Somebody like Escobar." I remembered that Whitey, in 1935, when I first knew him, had trained Sixto Escobar, a Puerto Rican who was bantamweight champion of the world at a time when the bantamweight championship still meant something at the gate, and that Escobar, whenever he tried to "build up," had merely succeeded in slowing himself down. He was more formidable at "eighteen" than at "twenty-three," as the fancy has it. Boxers and their handlers habitually omit the useless words "a hundred and" when speaking of a fighter's weight.

"A boy like Sixto would have to give away six or seven pounds," Whitey said. "But it's tough." He added, on reflection, that there was one boy using Stillman's who could do eighteen and who was up against exactly that problem. "He's Eddie Walker's kid, Cecil Schoonmaker," he said, "and he's had only one fight in the last three months. He had to go to Cuba for that, and he give the guy eight pounds." For small men, I knew, this is a crushing weight handicap. The lighter fellow, in order to overcome it, has to be far better than his opponent. Schoonmaker, Whitey said, had lost the decision in Cuba. "He's had to go all over the world to get fights," he went on. "It's drove Walker crazy."

I was unable to accept the notion that there were no more bantamweights—or, at any rate, that there were not enough bantamweights left to make one match. But I couldn't turn up another. One manager said a boy called Bill Bossio could do twenty-one. "Could he do eighteen for a big purse?" I asked.

"Say, fifty thousand dollars?" "For fifty thousand dollars," the manager answered, "I'd cut his arm off." It happened that I had seen Bossio box, against a featherweight of standard dimensions, at the Westchester County Center, in White Plains, a little while before. A very short boy, with a disproportionately strong torso, he hadn't been quite able to make up for the disparity in reach and weight, and he had lost a close fight. Schoonmaker really did seem to be a lone survivor. Curious to meet a fellow in his situation, I told Whitey I would like to see him, and Whitey said it would be easy to arrange.

THAT evening, I had a telephone call from Eddie Walker, Schoonmaker's manager. The voice was harsh and indignant. "Cecil's a pretty good fighter," Walker said, "and he's more of a libility than an asset. How do you like that? He win the Golden Glovers, New York and national, and he win easy fifty out of sixty professional fights, and he's a libility. In 1948, he decisioned Dado Marino, the top bantam contender. The California State Boxing Commission recognized him as Number One bantamweight, but they got nobody to fight him. Besides, he don't want to go away from New York no more. He's tired of travelling. He's a New York boy."

I arranged to meet Walker and Schoonmaker at a quarter to twelve next morning, give or take five minutes, on the sidewalk in front of Stillman's. The gymnasium opens at twelve every weekday and closes at three. "That way, we'll have a chance to talk," Walker said. "I got to get away early, because I got a job as checker on the Cunard pier and I got to be over there by one."

When I arrived at the rendezvous, I found two or three young men, evidently fighters, leaning against an automobile parked at the curb, and three older men, who looked as if they might be managers, talking fight in front of a second-hand jewelry store ("Any Ring in the Window May Be Held on a Small Deposit") next door. I asked one of the older men if he was Eddie Walker and I happened to hit it right first time. He was a heavy-set man of neutral coloring, about fifty years old. He had a thrusting underlip and walked with a limp. We shook hands, and he introduced me to one of the boys at the car, who was Schoonmaker.

The fighter did not look unique, nor did he look like a fighter. A slender, very light mulatto with a bushy black mustache, he looked more like a bebop fan

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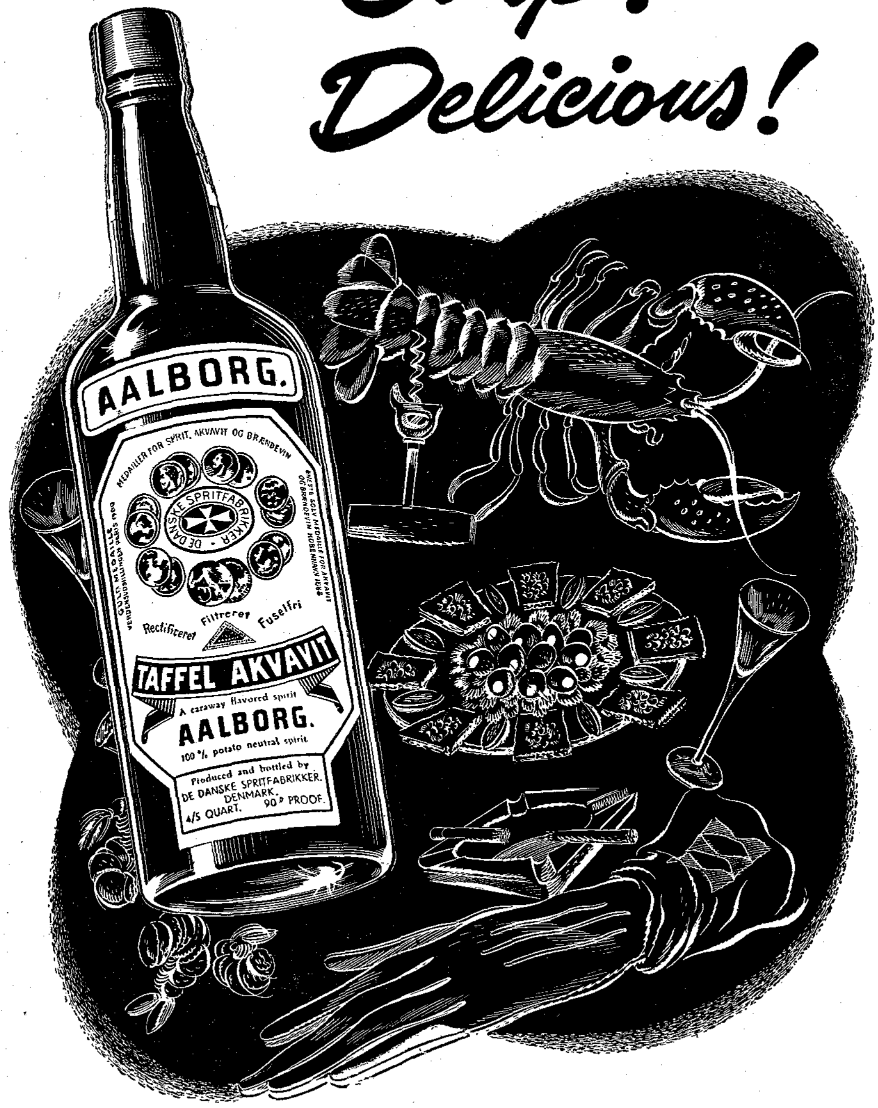
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than an athlete, wearing a hat turned up in front, a greenish topcoat mottled with purple, a hand-painted necktie, a pink shirt, and well-scuffed loafers. He was tall enough to be a feather, or even a lightweight, and in his clothes he looked as heavy as the boy he was talking to, a fellow with American Indian features under a porkpie hat—Alex Finbreth, a featherweight from Arizona, Walker told me. "My trainer had me drink three bottle ale a day," Finbreth was saying as Walker and I approached. He was giving Schoonmaker a prescription for weight-building. Walker and Schoonmaker and I moved a bit apart from the others, and Schoonmaker said, "I could fight that boy, but his manager won't let him. If a fighter beats a lighter boy, it don't mean anything. And if he gets beat, it looks bad on his record."

"I tell you the truth, this boy is like my deserted child," Walker said to me. "He's had to stay away for years to get work, and now he's come home, I can't do anything for him. I got a couple of other fighters, big fellows, that I get work for them on the docks between fights, but this little bum, what good would he be?"

Cecil did not seem unduly distressed at his disqualification for heavy labor. "If I was heavy enough for the docks," he said, returning, as if magnetized, to his major dilemma, "I would be heavy enough to get fights." We agreed that I should come up and see him box, provided his trainer, Jimmy Brown—no relation to Freddy—could find a sparring partner of appropriate size, and that afterward, when Walker had gone off to the pier, Schoonmaker and I would have a talk.

When the gym opened, the trainer did manage to find a fellow for Schoonmaker to work with. The lad was only a preliminary fighter, however—a tall string bean of a boy, who contented himself with sticking out a tentative left and keeping his right glove in front of his nose, not venturing to become involved in any reciprocal action that might prove too advanced for his accomplishments. As for Schoonmaker, he had apparently been instructed not to damage the other boy. When he appeared in the ring, I could see that he had long legs in proportion to his short, square torso—long from hip to knee as well as from knee to ankle. They were well developed, and so were his arms. His biceps were surprisingly big, and his neck was sturdy. There was just no place for him to put on useful fighting weight. He moved well, flicking a fast

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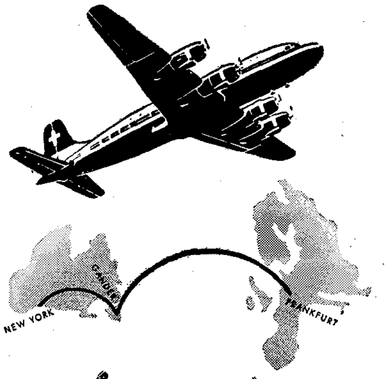

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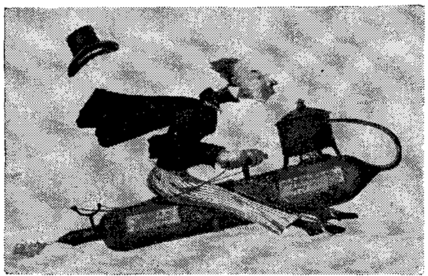

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left to the face and then getting in under the tall kid's guard whenever he wanted to, or shooting a fast, whipping blow to the ribs. Every time he landed one of these, he would stop the synchronized forward motion of the other shoulder and slide away, instead of throwing a series of punches, as was evidently his style. It was like seeing a child take one piece of candy and pull away from the box.

"I didn't want to hit him but once at a time," he said when he reappeared from the locker room in street clothes. "He's just beginning." We left the gymnasium and headed for a cafeteria at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, where we could talk.

SCHOONMAKER was born in Greenwich Village, on Gay Street, he said as we walked along, but he wouldn't even know where to find the street now, he had been so small when his parents moved him up to Harlem. There he had started boxing when he was barely visible. His name and his small size, he thought, had combined to force him into at least amateur pugilism. "Schoonmaker's an unusual name," he said, "and not even half the teachers in school could pronounce it. 'Shoemaker,' 'Shoonmaker,' 'Schumacher,' they used to say, and the other kids would laugh and yell in the street, 'Shoemaker, Shoemaker, mend my shoe!' Up there, you got to fight to walk the street. And being small, you get picked on. So I started boxing in the Police Athletic League tournaments for kids. But I did my very first boxing in the gymnasium of St. Charles Roman Catholic Church, on a Hundred and Forty-first Street. The two priests there was very much interested in boxing, but they didn't instruct us personally. In 1938, when I was twelve years old, I won the Police Athletic League championship of Greater New York in the sixty-five-pound class. I only weighed fifty-nine pounds. It was like a prediction of what I would be up against all my life. We boxed just one-minute rounds with big gloves, and the worst punishment we took was being so arm-weary. After I won the championship, there was no holding me. Boxing was all."

We arrived at the cafeteria, and Schoonmaker, going ahead, took two checks from the machine. Walker, he said, had given him a dollar with which to treat me. He took a glass of orange juice and I a cup of coffee, and we sat at a table in the least crowded corner of the room.

"I went to high school and I kept

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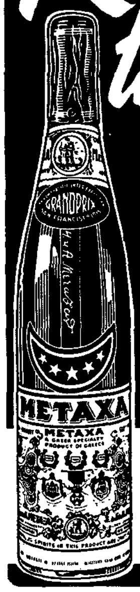

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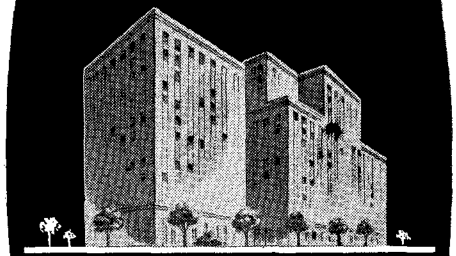
right on boxing," Schoonmaker said. "There wasn't anything else I could do. I was too short for basketball and too small for baseball—and football, it was ridiculous to think of it." His high school, he said, was Seward Park, down on the lower East Side, a long way from Harlem. The course he took there was "academic, whatever that means," and he got as far as the second half of his third year. He had not wanted to go to a vocational school, because he felt he had found his vocation. He kept on entering amateur tournaments, and in 1944 he won the New York *Daily News* Golden Gloves city championship in the flyweight class, a hundred and twelve pounds. He went on to win the regional and national Golden Gloves flyweight titles, and got intoxicated by the publicity with which the *News* rewards participants in its annual promotion stunt. "I really felt I was getting somewhere," he said. Most of his coaching in those days came from his older brother, Winnie, a lightweight, who had preceded Cecil as an amateur and then turned pro. Winnie is a shipping clerk now.

Cecil said he turned pro himself in the summer of 1944 and had nine fights before being drafted into the Army in 1945. He won eight of them. It isn't so hard for a little fellow to get matches when he is just beginning, he explained. There are quite a number of small novices, but they all hope to put on a few pounds, and since most of them are in their teens, most of them do. It's experienced bantyweights that are hard to find.

"I kept on hoping I'd put on weight but I never did," Cecil said. "I'm five feet six inches tall, and the most I get to weigh is twenty-three, when I'm *not* in training. I train a couple of days and I'm eighteen." I tried to tell him of the agonies old-time bantamweights had gone through trying to keep down to weight—a trainer named Ray Arcel, for instance, once brought Charley Phil Rosenberg down from a hundred and fifty-five to a hundred and sixteen for a championship fight—but Schoonmaker was not consoled. "Now I'm twenty-four years old and I guess I'm never going to be heavier," he said. "Sometimes, when I've got to fight a heavier man, I eat and eat to put on beef, but all I do is slow myself up so I can't get out of my own way."

He spent most of 1945 and 1946 with the Army in Germany, he told me. "It was there I got a taste for travel," he said. "Then, when I came back, I found how it was in New York, so



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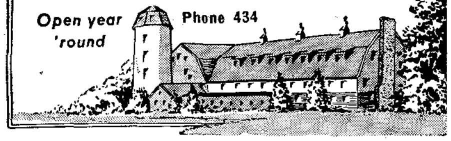

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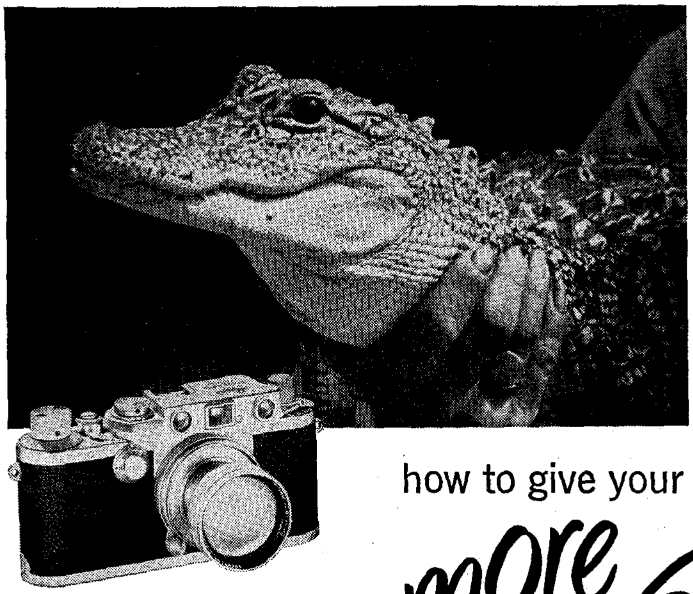
Eddie sent me out to the Coast with old Chalky Wright, who used to be featherweight champion. Eddie managed him, too. There were more bantamweights out there, somehow—Filipinos and Mexicans—and I kept pretty busy. I had seventeen fights in 1947, and I got going good. I win my first five fights in 1948—San Diego, Los Angeles, Hollywood—and they put me in with this old Dado Marino in San Francisco. They didn't think I had a chance, but I beat him in ten. He's from Honolulu and a real good fighter. After that, there was the same old trouble—no matches—so I went out to Guam. I stayed out there five or six months and did good."

I said Guam seemed an unlikely place for a prizefighter, but Schoonmaker explained that there had been a boom there—thousands of American civilian construction workers building airfields. "There wasn't much for them to spend money on, so they made a good fight public," he said. "The promoter out there was a fellow named Bill Lujan, a Guamanian. I beat three fellows, and got a thousand dollars a fight. But I broke my hand and never did get time to have it fixed properly. I was going too good, and I couldn't afford to lay off. When they finished the airfields, the construction workers went away, and that was the end of the boxing boom on Guam. I came back and beat a good man, Luis Castillo, in L.A., fifteen rounds, and then I went out to Australia to box the Australian bantam champion, Elley Bennett. I broke my hand again in that fight, and they stopped it in six. It was the end of my winning streak. I didn't have another bout for six months. In 1950, I was out in the Philippines. They put me in with a fellow named Tirso del Rosario. He had about ten pounds on me and he beat me. He's good."

Schoonmaker said he hadn't been to Europe to box yet. There are a few bantamweights over there, but the rate of exchange is not favorable. Anyway, he said, it would be the same as the Philippines, or Cuba, where he fought a fellow named Morasen last summer. "You go to one of those countries where they got a few boys your weight, and you beat them, and then you have to fight some heavier boy anyway, and you got to knock them out to win. You go into one of those countries alone, with nobody even in your corner that you can talk their language, and you pray you won't get cut, because they won't know how to stop the bleeding." He said he thought he had won the fight in Havana, al-



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though he had weighed only seventeen while the Cuban had come in at twenty-five, but the home-town judges had given the decision to their own man. "It was so hot that I was a pound lighter than usual," he said.

The only part of the world where bantamweights still draw heavy money is the Union of South Africa. Manuel Ortiz, a Mexican, who won the bantamweight title in 1942 and again in 1947, defended it successfully against Marino, the Hawaiian, and then was induced to visit South Africa and risk it against an Afrikander named Vic Toweel, at Johannesburg, in May, 1950. Toweel beat him, and is the national athletic hero, the only South African ever to hold a world championship in professional boxing. There would seem to be an opportunity for an American bantamweight to go there and pick up some bullion fighting him, even though the decision might be hard to obtain. But South Africa has race laws compared to which those of Mississippi are equalitarian, and there are no mixed boxing matches. "It doesn't matter much," Schoonmaker said. "They have a saying in Harlem, 'Unless you've done it in New York, it isn't done,' and here is where I'd really like to make a showing."

I could have told him that he was a victim of what Bowles termed Increase of Stature as a World Phenomenon, but I felt that it would make him feel worse. In Denmark, Bowles learned, the average stature of Army conscripts increased 3.69 centimetres in a period of fifty-three years, in Italy 2.1 centimetres in forty-one years, and in Norway 2.4 centimetres in thirty-five years, while Akira Matsumura, in Japan, noted comparable changes; moreover, the average weight of male matriculants at the University of Pennsylvania—apparently excluding recipients of athletic scholarships—went up from a hundred and thirty-two pounds to a hundred and forty between 1910 and 1930. Even conceding that children reared in Europe during the war years were restricted in growth by malnutrition, they will not be bantamweights soon enough for Cecil to fight them.

While waiting for something to turn up, Cecil said, he was living on 138th Street, with his mother, his sister, and his shipping-clerk brother, and Walker was staking him to eating money. "It makes me feel bad to take it," he said. "Another bad thing is you live off your manager so long that when you do get a fight, you owe him all the money and you're broke all over again. Also, when

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you don't get fights it's bad for your form. I *like* to box, but unless I get at least one fight a month, I'm not right. Gym isn't the same thing. A fellow gets only one fight in a long while, he's so anxious to make good that he's bad. He can't do anything. And even if he happens to feel lousy—sick or something—when the offer comes along, he can't afford to turn it down. So he goes in and makes a bum showing. Or he tries to knock the other boy out with one punch, quick, so the club will want him back again. I'm not that kind of a fighter. I hit a fellow one punch once and he stayed down, but I never believed it. He quit. They all talk about the art of self-defense, but you start to defend yourself in some of these clubs and they all holler for action. Being under that need to please them in one shot doesn't give you a fair chance."

I asked him if there was some other job he could turn to, and he said there wasn't. "I dedicated my life to boxing," he said, "and now I'm stuck with it. It would be different if I didn't have any ability," he went on, duplicating the words as well as the tone of a lot of other artists I know. "But I have. You look at some of these big heavyweights, now, and unless they knock each other out with the first punch, it's so dull you could cry. If I weighed eighty, I'd have a million dollars."

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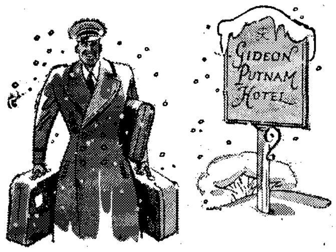

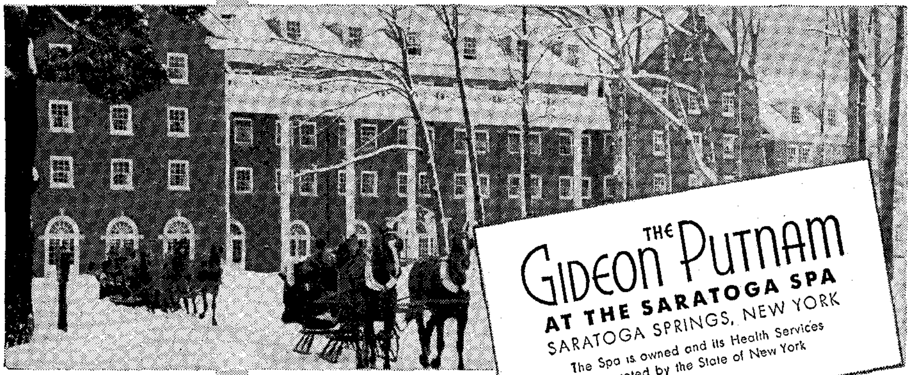

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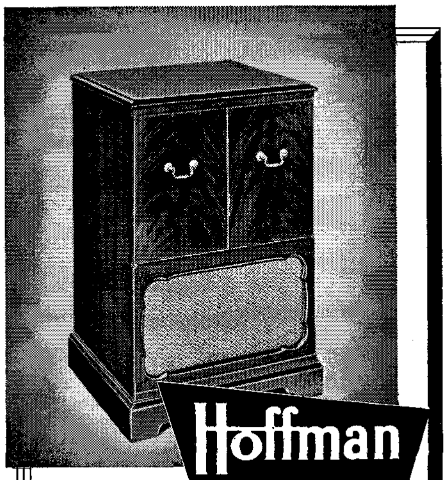

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THE ART GALLERIES

Alterations in Progress

CONFUSING as it can be to us more or less innocent bystanders, all this current to-do about the abstract Expressionists—with their vague and nebulous theories about rhythmic design, color tensions, and so on—must be doubly disturbing to all artists. Whatever they think of the movement as a whole, it clearly represents a direct attack on a good many well-established ideas about the purposes and processes of painting, and any conscientious artist confronted with it is inevitably led to a certain amount of bemused consideration of just how sacred these ancient precepts are, what weaknesses and, conversely, what strengths this attack reveals in them—and, of course, eventually, how all this applies to his own techniques. In the end, I feel sure, the new style will be found to differ only incidentally from the other schools—the aim of all being, basically, to provide as clear and immediate an aesthetic response as possible in the spectator—and its ultimate success or failure will depend on how it fulfills that requirement. Meanwhile, perhaps under the impact of all these questions, at least two of our artists this week—Jack Levine, at the Downtown Gallery, and Federico Castellon, at Associated American Artists—have obviously been doing some earnest experimentation in stylistic matters, and although this may have made their work momentarily a bit uncertain in feeling, the final effect should be to aid their development considerably.

Of the two men, Castellon shows the more radical change. Not the abstract but the Expressionist side of the modern impulse is the one that seems to have affected him, with the result that whereas in his earlier work he was solidly rooted in the Surrealist style (and was equipped, too, with an exquisitely exact miniaturistic technique that fitted it perfectly), he has gone over abruptly to a broader approach, looser in design and more boldly romantic in spirit, which recalls, in some ways, the tradition of Soutine. This is a switch indeed, and though it may have been a long time in the making (Castellon's last one-man exhibition was in 1941, and since then he has shown only intermittently, in group affairs), it is still rather difficult for anyone—even, I suspect, the artist—to assimilate. This is not to say that there aren't some charming pieces in the collection. Italy is the subject of most of them, and in a large number of these—"The Ancients in the Basement," "The Railway Passenger," and "The Sorrento Singer," for instance—the exuberance of Expressionism is tempered by a milder Florentine influence, while the warm reds and browns and yellows he uses are effectively Mediterranean in their suggestion. But the show as a whole disappointed me a little. In too many of the paintings the color seemed "worked" to the point of muddiness, while in others, such as "Holiday Hastle" and "Les Deux à Deux Magots," the import seemed inconsequential or only half realized. I can't quarrel with Castellon's decision to abandon his old technique, for he may have felt that its very exactitude might eventually cramp his full expression. I'm afraid, though, that the new collection must be taken as a transitional performance.

JACK LEVINE'S approach has been more cautious and more deliberate, and he has limited himself mainly to what might be called side excursions of investigation into the problem instead of taking any headlong plunges into it. Thus, in "Pawnshop" he appears for the moment to be dabbling in abstraction. It is, however, a form of abstraction that has been imposed on the original design instead of being truly intrinsic in it. It is abstraction added almost as an afterthought or as if to emphasize the basic structure of the painting, and if this makes for a needlessly complicated and in general unsuccessful picture, it may still have served to clarify some questions in the artist's mind about compositional patterns and whatnot. In "Crusader" and "The Humanist," he seems to have again been experimenting, this time with color, and here, at least, the benefit to the artist is more immediately apparent, for although the first picture, with its spotty color and scrawly design, is a bit confused, the latter, in which the whole composition revolves around and is dominated by the brilliant red scarf the studious humanist is wearing, is a thoroughly attractive and well-conceived piece of painting.

For the most part, though, as I've suggested, Levine hasn't departed very far from his established, and formidable, technique, and he has kept his peculiarly oblique ironic attitude pretty much unchanged. This appears in such pieces as "The Abundant Life," with its two sidewalk gapers standing outside a pawnshop window; "Magic for the Millions," oddly Grecolike in its construction; and "The Oath," a rather cryptic little study of a knightly vigil of consecration. All are good paintings, too, deeply felt and tellingly rendered. The best of the lot, however, is "The Golden Anatomy Lesson," in which, in a scene showing a group of half-medieval, half-modern personages poring over a terrestrial globe in a vast, shadowy rotunda, he succeeds in conveying an impression of brooding intensity that is almost Surrealist in its mystery and enigmatic suggestion.

SAUL STEINBERG, that master of the pizzicato in pen and ink, has apparently been travelling again, and the impressions he has brought back of Paris, Venice, and our own Far West are voluminous enough to fill two galleries, the Betty Parsons and the Janis. If one excepts the Paris Métro drawings, in which I think he got bogged down a trifle in the lettering of car cards and placards, there is hardly a dull moment in the collection, and his American "Parade" series, with its floats and drum majorettes; his "Cowboys," spindle-legged and gaudy in their Levis and belts; and his European-railway series, with its wonderfully ornate glass and cast-iron train sheds as backgrounds, are almost uniformly delightful. Don't overlook, either, the "Declaration of Independence," a small marvel of plausibly implausible counterfeit text and signatures, and possibly the gem of the collection.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Anne Bancroft, a 20-year-old New York television actress, will report to Twentieth Century-Fox on Dec. 3 under terms of a contract approved today in Superior Court in Los Angeles by Judge Orlando Rhodes. She will earn $20,000 the first year, the court was told, but it was explained that approximately $17,000 of her earnings will go for income taxes and other expenses. The judge suggested that she set aside $75 a week for the purchase of United States Government Bonds as savings.—*The Times.*

And quit eating butter.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Montpelier (Vt.) Argus*]

Daniel Bertrand of Washington, D.C., who has been visiting relatives in Montpelier and Barre, is at Heaton hospital for care and treatment.

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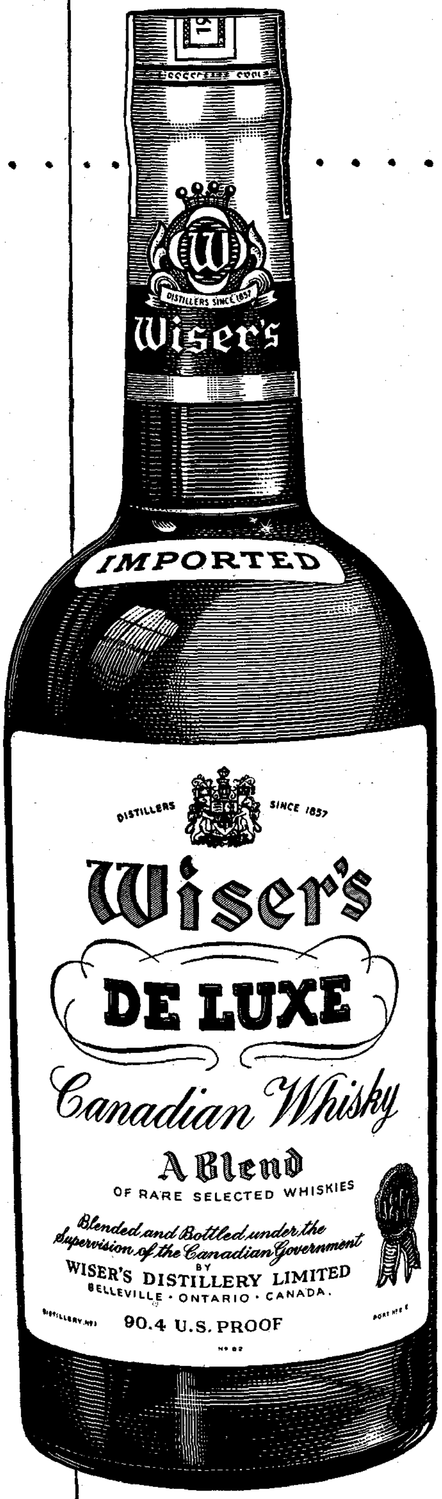
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

SPRY June brides are already consulting with their mothers, godmothers, and bridesmaids in Jay Thorpe's fifth-floor Bride's Room, enveloped in a congenial mist of illusion veiling, orange blossoms, lover's-knots, and sensible advice from the ladies who run the department. There is a notion abroad here that a wedding dress should have a touch of color, and perhaps even a dash of iridescent sequins. The simplest of the custom dresses is a billowy cloud of white organdie over pale-blue organdie, with a portrait neckline (filled in by a removable gilet) and a bouffant skirt that ends in a floating train. This is $265, which is the lowest price in the custom department. A more elaborate dress, an ankle-length white organdie with an off-shoulder décolletage and another bouffant skirt, is decorated with hand-painted pink roses, embroidered forget-me-nots, and tiny star sequins. Its stolelike veil of white illusion, strewn with more roses and forget-me-nots, falls to the hem on both sides. Then, a more traditional dress is of ivory silk organdie over ivory Chantilly-type lace, with flowers of silk organdie and velvet falling from one shoulder slantwise across the bosom. A very décolleté evening dress of pink nylon tulle under white, trimmed with little bouquets of point-de-Venise lace, becomes a wedding dress with the addition of a matching, balloon-sleeved jacket and an overskirt with a flowing train. These dresses take from two and a half to three months, because of all the handwork.

Among the ready-to-wear wedding dresses, there's a blush-pink ballerina arrangement of nylon tulle, with accordion-pleated ruffles around the top, tiny draped sleeves, and a shirred vestee; $69.95. This is the bottom price; you can pay as much as $295. A graceful princesse dress has a bodice of Chantilly-type lace and a skirt of accordion-pleated nylon tulle with vertical inserts of the lace. The bridesmaids' dresses, which are also ready-to-wear, are long, as a rule, and often of pastel nylon net. They run from $29.95 to $110. Some have detachable necklets of rosettes, which can be worn as garlands around the shoulders or hung from the waist. A four-week wait is necessary for any of these clothes.

LORD & TAYLOR are dishing up simple silk suits that look like two-piece dresses. Most of these, what with their nipped-in jackets and three-quarter sleeves, have a dressmaker air. One by Ben Zuckerman, of a silk that appears to be a first cousin to Honan silk, has a box-pleated skirt and a rounded, double-breasted jacket, which is stiffened at the hips and fitted tightly to the waist, and flaunts a huge bow of stiffened black taffetarized shantung on the chest. This shows up in Dubonnet Blonde (a golden beige) or navy. Irene of California does a more classic tailored suit in natural rough Italian silk—a rather long single-breasted jacket, lined with multicolored checked taffeta and spruced up with a checked-taffeta ascot, and a gored skirt with deep, pointed kangaroo pockets. Monte Sano contributes a suit of navy tussah silk and mohair, the skirt very flared and the jacket very short. The Puritan collar doesn't look in the least puritanical. A suit of navy or jet-black Swiss silk linen fastens with big pearl buttons. And a Swiss spun rayon that's called moucheté and that looks like raw silk makes a straight skirt and a long jacket with wide black rayon-velvet cuffs—one of those perfectly plain, well-cut suits that are ideal for travelling. The prices in this group run from $75 to $235, and the sizes run from 10 to 16.

MARION WRIGHT, a fairly new shop, at 12 East 53rd Street, affords a small but shining collection of silk dresses, made on the premises in sizes 10 to 16 and priced at from $49.95 to $69.95. There are two particularly good dark-blue surah dresses, one with a scooped-out neckline, a wide collar, and gathered hips, the other with a sinuous, elongated bodice, a full skirt, and an attached rayon taffeta petticoat to make it rustly. A sheath dress of silk in a black-and-white hound's-tooth check has padded hips, tiny sleeves, and a reversible spencer jacket that's checked silk on one side, black faille on the other. Another fitted dress, of taffetarized shantung, with a fly front, hugs the torso until mid-thigh and then flares out. The collar pins up at the throat or plunges. In charcoal, bamboo, or aquamarine, and be sure of your figure before you even consider it. (It

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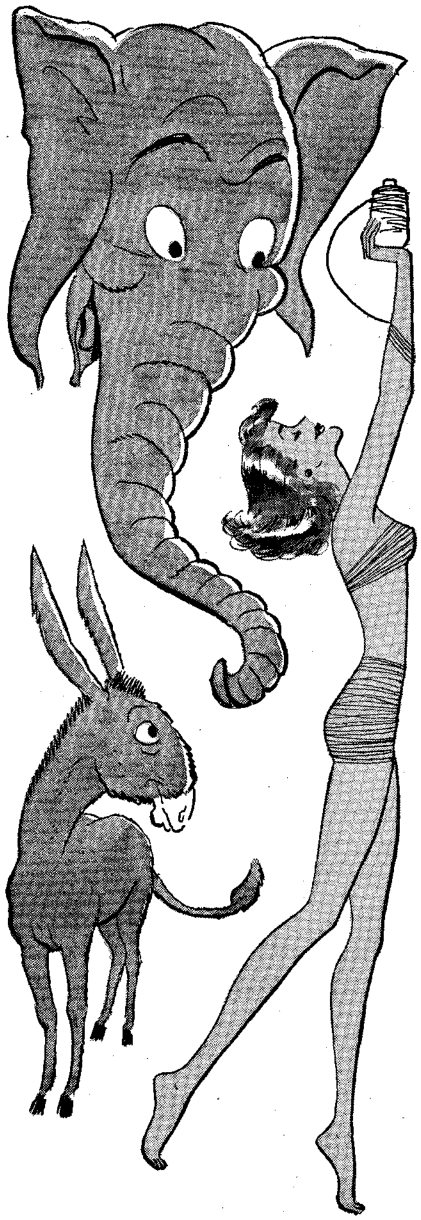

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goes up, by the way, only to size 14.) Any of these dresses will be produced in another color for $10 more. Suppliers of their own fabric, on the other hand, get $10 off. Felt greatcoats for all occasions, in black or almost any other color, have either huge collars or collarless, scalloped edgings; $59.95 and $69.95. Be prepared to wait about ten days for some of these things.

THE nylon lingerie at Bergdorf Goodman is dreamy and romantic. Peignoir nightgowns ending just a touch below the knee, which seems to be the *gamine* length, look nice on very young women with very pretty legs. In rippled nylon sheer with shirtwaist tops, bibbed in front and edged with thin bands of Val-type lace, or in nylon georgette with wide, lacy yokes. There is even an impertinent (but successful) Empire shortie, with a high, round neckline, an emphatically high waistline, and a lace jabot. Of course, there are long, lacy wedding nightgowns, too, in the same materials, cut like peignoirs or Empire style, with robes to match. All the gowns come in white, pink, or blue, and all have fluttery ribbon sashes. Prices run from $16.95 to $45.

Bergdorf's Paper Doll petticoat ensemble starts with a glazed chintz underskirt ($7.95), in pink, blue, yellow, or white, that has a stiff horsehair hem and a waistline of openwork beading, to which you hitch another petticoat—of white organdie banded with rosebud ribbon and also with an openwork-beading waist ($14.95)—by running a ribbon through the openings. Add, in the same way, a petticoat of elaborately embroidered white batiste ruffled with lace ($19.95), and your silhouette gets a really flouncy look. The batiste petticoat has a matching camisole, sweet and fragile-looking, for $9.

TALL young ladies might direct their seven-league steps to Peg Newton, at 3 East 48th Street, where customers from five feet eight to six feet can be taken in their stride. Among the tall and willowy lingerie, there's a camisole nightgown of pink, blue, or white nylon tricot, with embroidered nylon net shoulder straps and an elasticized waistline; $11.95. Reversible rayon taffeta petticoats, smooth-hipped but ruffled near the hem, appear in black and gold or wisteria and purple; $8.95.

THE STABLE, at 924 Seventh Avenue (58th), is a new shop not for great big clotheshorses but for very small girls. (The place got its name

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from the stable that used to be there.) The dresses, running in size from 4 to 12, are designed by Betty Brett, who, like all sensible people, believes that children should wear simple, pretty, practical clothes. An "at-home" outfit, presumably for games, reading, and nursery tea, is an off-shoulder pullover of gray wool or cotton jersey, with pushup sleeves and a flared skirt of calico-print percale. A dress of cotton broadcloth (a choice of nine colors) that fastens down the front has nine broadcloth-covered buttons (each a different color) and a white collar and white cuffs. A party dress of pink or powder-blue linen scalloped with black linen is finished off with a black velvet sash that ties at both sides. Another party dress, of imported white batiste embroidered with red or green nosegays, is to be worn over a white organdie petticoat with a crinoline hemline, so that the little owner pirouettes without even trying. Prices range from $10.95 to $19.95, and there is sometimes a week's wait.

FOR the growing girl, there are Tiny Tall slips at Cerutti, 807 Madison Avenue (68th). They're white batiste edged with narrow lace, and are designed to accommodate two years' growth. The secret is in the tucks on the shoulder straps and the crisscross bodice, which allows the small frame to grow out as it grows up. The slips come in three sizes, taking in all the stages from infancy to six years; $1.95.

THE young brothers of the family are hereby referred to Pat-Rick, at 930 Madison Avenue (74th). The Merry Mites collection of clothes (sizes 2 to 6) here runs less chance than most of quickly being outgrown; some of them have a built-in expansion arrangement of tabs and buttons that allows for a year's growth. Most of the things are made of men's cotton cording, cotton poplin, corduroy, or other sturdy fabrics, and there are a few shantungs for such occasions as birthday parties and Sunday dinner at Grandma's. The corduroy overalls are straight and slim, with tapered legs, and the suspenders are broad enough not to slide off the shoulders during a rough-and-tumble. Tapered corduroy shorts should help thin little legs feel less self-conscious. Shirts with short sleeves and really long tails are equipped with wide tucks (to be let out as the acorns grow to mighty oaks) over the shoulders, and there are collarless jackets that fasten high on the chest with two buttons, as well as four-

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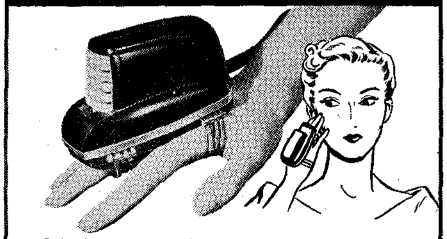

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MARIA WAYMAN, at 922 Madison Avenue (73rd), supplies dressmaker's "jewels"—rhinestones, pearls, jet beads, beaded scrolls—and gold or black braid for women who want to decorate their cashmere sweaters. Prices run from $5 to $25, depending on the intricacy of the pattern, and instruction is included.

Vivienne, of Alice Maynard, at 558 Madison Avenue (56th), specializes in felt decorations for sweaters—ships in bottles, jumpers in box stalls, flowers, anything—at from $1.50 on up. Matching ceramic buttons begin at $2.75 apiece. Both shops will do the necessary sewing for a fee.

THE French-American Re-Weaving Company, at 100 West 57th Street, second floor, will take care of moth holes, burns, and tears, leaving hardly a trace of the damage. Removing shine from jackets and skirts—including, most difficult of all, dark gabardines—is also a *spécialité de la maison.*

HOLLENZER, at 995 Lexington Avenue (72nd), has delightful corsages and sentimental flower arrangements for Saint Valentine's Day. Short-stemmed red or pink sweetheart roses, mixed with sprigs of boxwood and bedded down in some pretty effective refrigerant inside a transparent plastic heart, are $2.50. A heart-shaped corsage of cardinal-red carnations and Podocarpus (looks like very thick grass to the laywoman) pierced with a silver-metal heart is yours for the same money. —G. J.

•

Eric Remarque, who used to squire Marlene Dietrich, is now showing Paris to Paulette Goddard and vice versa. And Michael Wilding, another Dietrich admirer, wants to marry Elizabeth Taylor. Confusing, what?

Dietrich is now showing Paris to Paulette Goddard and vice versa. And Michael Wilding, another Dietrich admirer, wants to marry Elizabeth Taylor Confusing, what?—*Hollywood Citizen-News.*

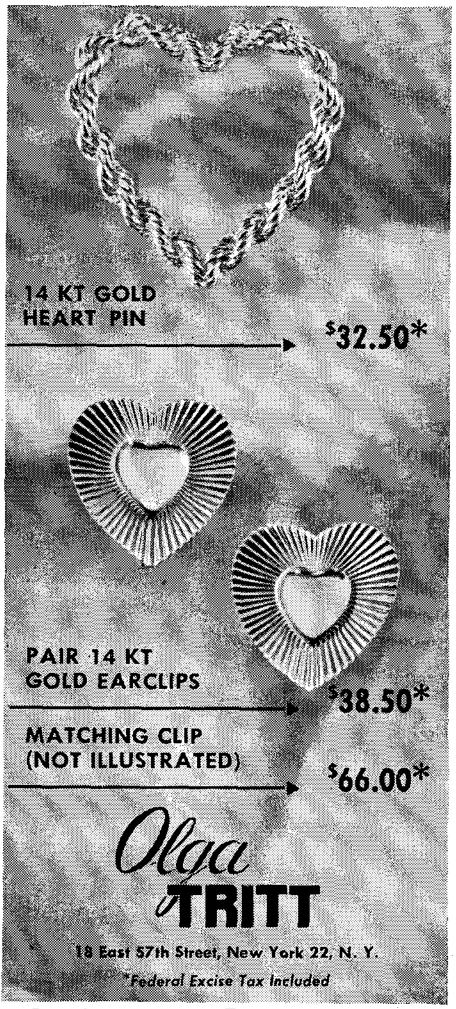
You heard us.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "August Incident," by Amber Dean*]

Max, who had filled the glasses, set the bottle on the floor next to his chair, and dropping into it, reached for the score pad and pencil.



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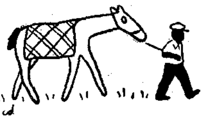

ANY lingering doubt about the power of the hex that lays those Horses of the Year by the heels when they go to California should be dispelled by one look at the record. Citation went lame out there, and never was the same afterward. Something befell Hill Prince in California, too. Goodness only knows what happened to Counterpoint, who ran sixth in the Maturity Stakes at Santa Anita last weekend. We may not know for days. Whatever it was, he seemed unable to raise a good gallop. Of course, it's true that he has small feet and has to be shod with great care, a layer of felt between his hoofs and his size-three shoes to protect him from the jarring that comes from running over hard tracks like Santa Anita. That may have had something to do with it, but it's more fun—if you can call it that—to be superstitious.

It's useless to pin any stars on Intent, who won the Maturity. He didn't race when he was two, and he won only two races last season—both at Jamaica, early in April. At the time, I thought he was a useful colt but nothing extra. He did all right last Saturday, however, coming up fast in the stretch to beat Gold Capitol by a neck. Black Douglas was third, and To Market, a sprinter who had never gone a mile and a quarter before, was fourth. Intent, who is owned by Harry Isaacs, a Baltimore businessman, earned $112,750—more prize money, I venture to say, than his stable, Brookfield Farm, collected all last year.

The victory of Windy City II in the San Gabriel Stakes at Santa Anita earlier in the week was not altogether unexpected. He is the fellow Ray Bell, the California horse trader, bought in Ireland and raced so successfully there and in England last summer. (Windy City II won half a dozen events, including the Gimcrack Stakes, and was so well thought of in England that he was given top weight, a hundred and thirty-three pounds, for the Free Handicap at Newmarket.) Last autumn, Bell shipped him to California and sold him to Gus Luellwitz, a Los Angeles lumberman. (The price wasn't announced, but I've heard it was around $175,000, which isn't bad for a colt who cost $2,100.) To get back to the San Gabriel, Windy City II beat Calumet Farm's pets, A Gleam and Hill Gail, by lengths. Naturally, he's a hot favorite for the Santa Anita Derby a week from Saturday. When I saw Windy City II at Belmont last October, I thought he was more the speedy type than a stayer; he galloped with his head high, which is characteristic of sprinters, but he had more quality (in fighters, you call it class) than any other colt his age. I think his quality may do the trick for him.

SO many three-year-olds came out for the Bahamas Handicap at Hialeah last weekend that it had to be run in two sections. Of the two, I guess the first, won by Quiet Step, is the one to concentrate on, but if you don't concentrate at all, nobody will be the loser. Anyway, the also-rans behind Quiet Step included Master Fiddle, winner of the Ardsley Handicap at Jamaica last autumn; Jampol, winner of a division of the Endurance Handicap at Bowie in November; and Charlie McAdam, winner of his two starts in Florida. The most notable of the also-rans in the second section, won by Trick Pilot, was Blue Man. His owner, A. W. Abbott, who races the White Oak Stable, recently turned down an offer of $100,000 for the colt. Blue Man, by the way, is one of the more fancied candidates for the Flamingo Stakes next month.

What with the credulity of horseplayers and all, quite a bit of fuss was attached to the performance of a two-year-old filly named Our Cricket at Hialeah the other afternoon. Our Cricket is a daughter of Stymie, who is still an idol of horseplayers hereabouts, and that the first of his children to come to the races should win the very first time she faced the starter was regarded as an auspicious sign for all the little Stymies to come. At that, the sentimentalists who backed her (she paid $11.40 in the mutuels) must have been on pins and needles until the result was declared official. It seems that she went into a dither over something or other on the way to the post and unseated her jockey, and then, after the finish, an objection was lodged against her for failing to keep a straight course, but it wasn't allowed. Maybe she's one of those lucky animals. At any rate, she's worth remembering.—AUDAX MINOR

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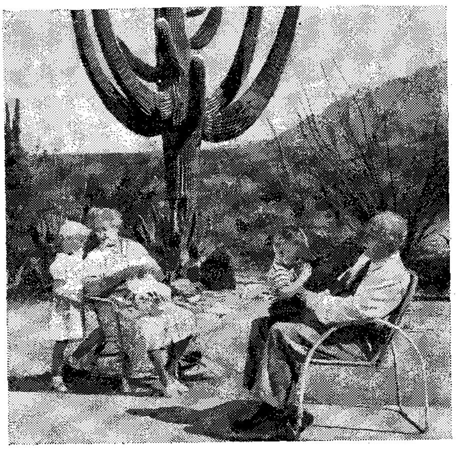

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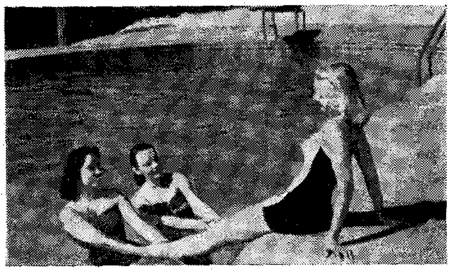

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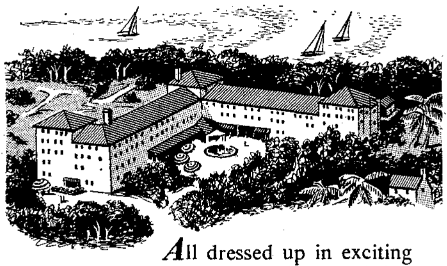

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A SORT OF DETECTIVE STORY

THREE or four times a year, the newspapers report the surrender of yet another small band of Japanese on some Pacific island that American forces captured during World War II. I keep on the lookout for these items, because an occasional one is about an island I served on for a while late in the war. As a Japanese-language Army Intelligence officer with a team of Nisei enlisted men, I had the duty, among others, of trying to keep tabs on enemy personnel still holed up in the mountainous interior of the island. Theoretically, these Japanese were a threat to our installations, but, practically, their chief concern was staying clear of Americans. They ventured out of their caves only at night, principally in search of food and occasionally to pilfer from the Army or crawl to the edge of a cliff from which they could take in one of our outdoor movies. The single holdout of any significance was a captain named Tabata. He was supposed to have fifteen or twenty military and three or four civilian followers, including a woman named Eiko. Each week, a combination of American patrols, loudspeaker broadcasts urging the Japanese to give up, and their own hunger and despair accounted for a dozen or so miscellaneous prisoners—a number large enough to satisfy the island command.

Then, one day, the island was assigned a new command. At my headquarters, which were at one end of the island, there was little stir at the news, it being assumed that the change was routine and that the Army forces, who had been peacefully building airfields, blacktop roads, and outdoor movie theatres, would be allowed to go on doing so. Things worked out about as expected. Our new superiors moved into their headquarters, at the other end of the island, and, busy with widespread strategic problems, ignored local affairs, except in one department. That, unfortunately, was mine.

One morning a few days after their arrival, I received a phone call from a Major Switzer, asking if I could drop over to his headquarters for a few minutes. The call had to pass through four crackling switchboards, and as near as I could make out, Major Switzer wanted to discuss "securing the island." I thought he meant against hurricanes and had the wrong man, but as I couldn't be sure over the phone, I agreed to undertake the trip, about half an hour by jeep.

I found the Major sitting at his desk in a Quonset hut, and he motioned me to a seat near him. He was a tall, powerfully built man, with a long jaw and the kind of eyes usually described as piercing. He told me that, as an Intelligence officer, he had been designated to look into the matter of enemy capabilities on the island. I explained to him what I knew about the situation, mentioning Tabata and pointing out that the Japanese in the hills were little more than a nuisance. I added that he probably would not want to bother himself much with them, but that my team and I would certainly welcome his guidance.

He let his eyes rest on me for a moment, and then he rose and walked over to a window and squinted out at the distant mountains. "Lieutenant, this island may be technically secured," he said, "but it isn't secured in my book. Not while the Jap sits up there in the hills and we sit down here in our Quonsets. When we bring the Jap down here to us, the problem will be eliminated. Until then, there's a job to be done. Thank you for the briefing."

IN the next couple of weeks, I became familiar with Major Switzer's voice as relayed through the four crackling switchboards. The salutation was always the same. "Lieutenant? Major Switzer here. Can you spare me a few minutes?" A visit with the Major usually meant an entire morning or afternoon, portal to portal, and as I didn't feel that I could refuse him, I came to dread the ringing of the phone. Regrettably, the Major thought he needed me, as my team and I constituted the only Japanese-speaking Army personnel on the island. His own staff consisted of a corporal named Stone, who was always attentively at his side but whose Army training had been mainly in typing.

On my second visit, the Major said to me, "I'd like you to get an idea of my interrogation technique. Would you mind interpreting for me?"

I said I'd be glad to do it.

"I pulled out a man with clean fingernails," the Major said. "Man stops to clean his fingernails in a prison camp, he's got something on his mind. We get it off his mind. Watch me as I question him. I talk in a loud, clear voice. I keep my head erect and I don't blink my eyes. This unnerves the Jap, and he betrays his lies in his eye and neck movements. I think this one will tell us the whereabouts of that Jap officer you spoke about. What's his name?"

"Tabata," I said.

The man Major Switzer had chosen from those in the prisoner-of-war stockade was brought in and seated at one side of a table, with Corporal Stone, while I sat on the opposite side, with the Major, translating his crisply barked questions and the prisoner's faltering answers. The interrogation was accompanied by considerable eye and neck movement on the part of the prisoner and absolutely none on the part of the Major. After a few minutes, the Major asserted that the prisoner's jerkiness was conclusive proof that he was "caught in a web of lies." More likely, I thought, the man, who was a private in a mortar platoon, was utterly embarrassed by the attention shown him. It was quite possible that in his own Army he had never talked with anyone higher than a sergeant. In any case, I could understand his squirming under the Major's sharp scrutiny. I caught myself at it a couple of times.

A half hour of questioning made it clear to me that we weren't going to learn anything. Every avenue we explored proved to be a dead end. The prisoner said he had heard of Captain Tabata but had never met him. At last, the Major began what emerged as a desperate line of inquiry. "Where do you live in Japan?" he asked.

The prisoner seemed to become more at ease. "Fukuoka," he said proudly.

"What was your occupation before the war?"

"I worked as a porter in the railroad station."

"And your father?"

"He works for the railroad, too. The same job as me."

The Major then snapped, "You come from a railroad family. Don't you know there's a strict code of honesty among railroad men?"

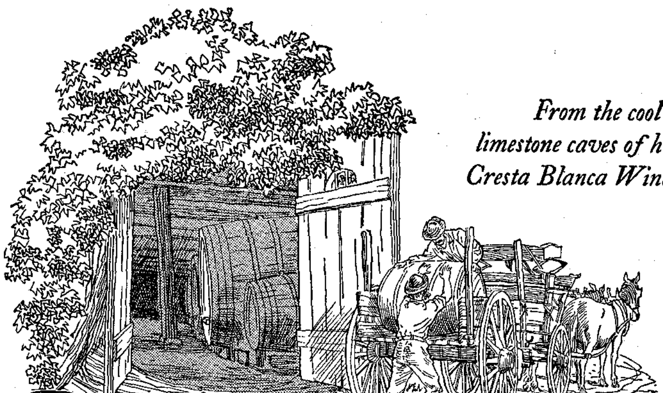
"Yes, I know."

"Then why don't you come clean and tell us where Captain Tabata is hiding?"

"Is Captain Tabata a railroad employee?" the prisoner asked brightly.

The Major took a moment on this one. "I don't know," he said, and added craftily, "What do you think?"

"I don't know. I've never met the Captain," the prisoner said. He gazed up at the ceiling thoughtfully. "I can't remember any Tabata at the Fukuo-



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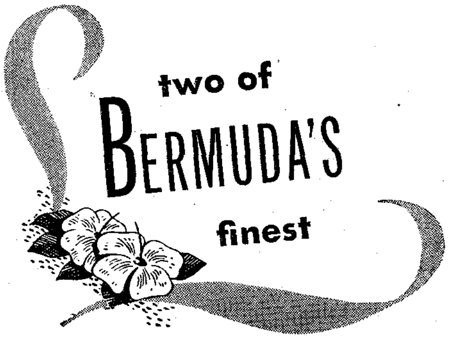
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ka station. There was an engineer who came through sometimes named Tanaka. He—"

"That's enough," said the Major, and turned to me. "Lieutenant, this ought to give you some idea of how I work."

THE following morning, I again made the round trip. When I entered the Quonset hut, Corporal Stone was standing alertly beside the Major's desk, on which was a brown high shoe, while the Major circled him and the desk in an apparently agitated state.

"Lieutenant," he barked, "how long since U.S. forces invaded this island?"

"A year, sir. The fifth of—"

"Close enough. Dates not necessary. Lieutenant, what would you say if I were to tell you the Jap has been landing trained personnel on this island, at night, from submarines, for the purpose of sabotaging the air bases?"

I was amazed. It seemed incredible to me that the Japanese would risk a submarine on such a doubtful mission, for the airfields and all the other installations were too well guarded to allow much chance of a successful raid. "I can't believe it!" I said.

"Nevertheless, as near as I can reconstruct, it appears to be true," said Major Switzer. "See that shoe? It came off a recently captured prisoner at the stockade. Corporal Stone, here, spotted it, and another like it, when he took back the man we were interrogating yesterday. Examine it, Lieutenant. Is that the shoe of a man who's been hiding in the hills for a year?"

I picked up the shoe and turned it over. The Major was right. This shoe was almost new. I doubted whether it could have been worn a month.

"Up from the beaches at night. Into the hills to cache their arms," the Major was saying. "Gathering strength, reconnoitring. Probably contacting this Captain Tabata, because he knows the country." He stopped circling the desk. "Who knows how long they've been at it?" he asked, fixing his piercing eyes on me.

I was still holding the shoe, which was beginning to have a familiar feel. I glanced down at Corporal Stone's feet. He was wearing the same kind of shoes. I glanced back at the shoe in my hand. It was, unmistakably, an Army general-issue shoe. After breathing in deeply, I said, "Major Switzer, this is a G.I. shoe."

He grabbed it from me, revolved it in his hands, and let it fall on the desk. "So it is," he said, undismayed. "By

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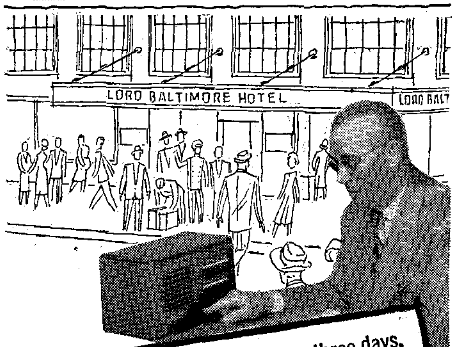

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God, the Jap seems to have worked this out neatly. Makes a footprint you couldn't tell from one of our boys', eh?"

I gave what I thought was a less fanciful explanation. This Jap, like others in the hills, had gone on a small pilfering expedition to an outlying Army installation. I admitted, however, that this was the first case I had come across of stolen shoes.

The prisoner was brought in and, when I questioned him, readily admitted the theft. The Major wound up the incident with a word of praise for me. "Nicely handled interrogation, Lieutenant," he said. "I like the way you held your head."

For a few days after that, I avoided going to the Major's by telling him my other work had piled up on me and by sending my first sergeant. He reported back each time slightly glassy-eyed and usually had a story of the Major's detective work. I remember only one, which concerned an urgent request of the Major's for translation of a document found ingeniously sewed into the collar of a prisoner's uniform. The translation revealed the name of the Yokohama quartermaster depot that had supplied the garment.

Then a bold plan of the Major's called for my personal collaboration. Over several sessions in his office, I had to help him prepare a map showing the areas where the recalcitrant Japanese would most probably be found. The Major then had a dozen bundles made up, each containing fifteen or twenty large white cotton squares. A note printed in Japanese on the outside of each bundle explained that the squares were to be used as surrender flags, and urged anybody who got hold of one to display it prominently and march in, unafraid, to the nearest American post. The Major thought the flags would encourage those Japs who couldn't quite muster the nerve to surrender. He went aloft in a Piper Cub, with a pilot, and dropped the bundles of flags in the designated areas. Plenty of evidence developed to show that the flags were liberally distributed, although there was no record of any of them having been used for the Major's purpose. For a long time afterward, prisoners were brought in who had gratefully employed the squares as caps, handkerchiefs, bandages, and patching for clothes, and, in one instance, with coloring added, as a Japanese flag to decorate a cave wall.

ONE night, after I'd about resigned myself to having the Major with me for the duration, a happy thing oc-

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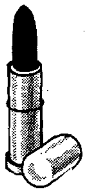

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curred. While visiting a friend at a barracks some distance from my headquarters, I got a phone call informing me that Captain Tabata's girl companion, Eiko, noticeably pregnant, had come in and given herself up. I drove as quickly as I could to the civilian camp where I'd been told the girl was being held, only to learn that Major Switzer had been notified well ahead of me and was at that moment in a Quonset hut interrogating her, with my first sergeant as interpreter. I found Corporal Stone sitting on the steps outside the hut, and he told me he had orders to let no one in until Major Switzer was finished. "The Major doesn't want to break the mood of the questioning, if you know what I mean," Corporal Stone said.

I sat down beside him, and we waited for nearly an hour before they came out. Eiko, an erect girl with handsome features, was led away by the sergeant. Major Switzer drew me triumphantly aside. "Lieutenant, it looks like our Jap problem is at an end," he said.

I asked what he meant by that.

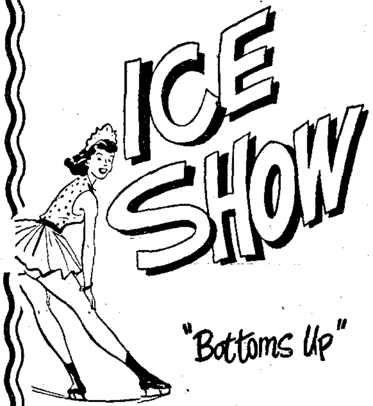
"The girl's given us the complete poop," he said. "Jap resistance on this island is a myth. Why, she was one of the last up in those hills. Here's the real shocker. Captain Tabata surrendered over a month ago. Came in under an assumed name, fed up. Every one of his bunch had deserted him to give themselves up, and he figured there was no point in skulking around up there himself. The way I see it, Tabata was sick and tired of the girl, and preferred facing us to her."

I said there was no ready way of checking the story, since all of the last month's prisoners had been sent to Hawaii, but that I suspected its veracity. I suggested that Eiko was protecting her man, who was still in the hills.

The Major said, "I'd agree with you, Lieutenant, except for a couple of things that convince me the girl is telling the truth. One is the straightforward way she told her story. Head up. Eyes unblinking. The other is the simple truth that the girl hates the man. He deserted her. The fact that she had to come down here by herself in her condition is proof of that. I may not know much, but I do know human nature. No girl anywhere will stand for the treatment Tabata's handed her, or defend the man who's treated her that way. Lieutenant, you've seen almost your last prisoner taken on this island, and I'm applying to my chief in the morning for a new assignment here."

I said no more. Two mornings later,

The New Winter



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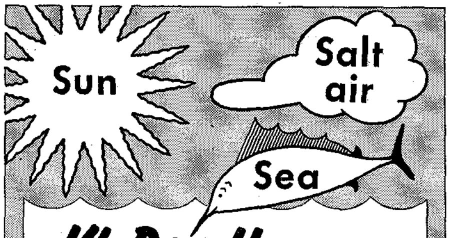

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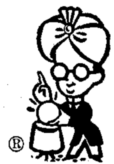

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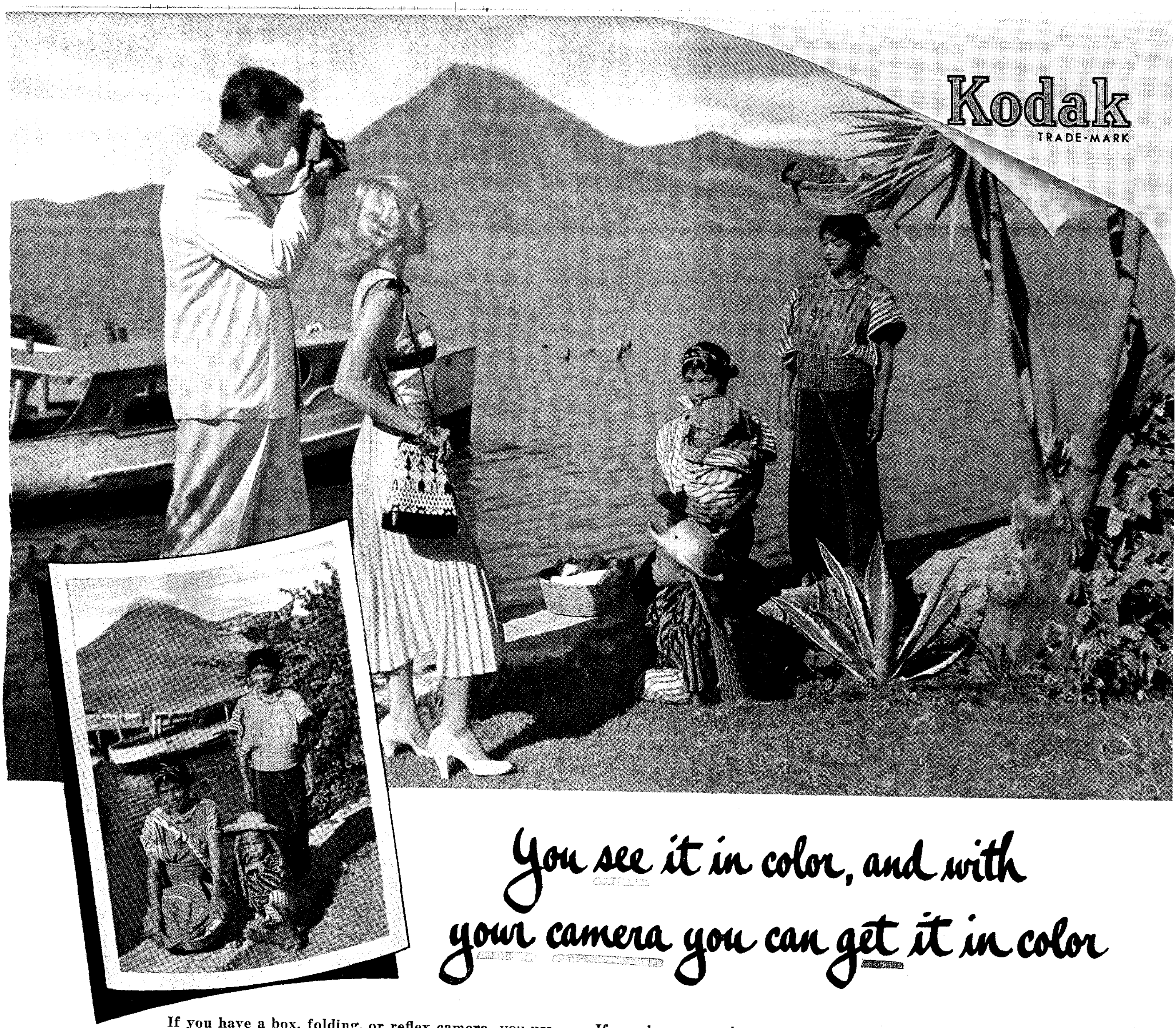

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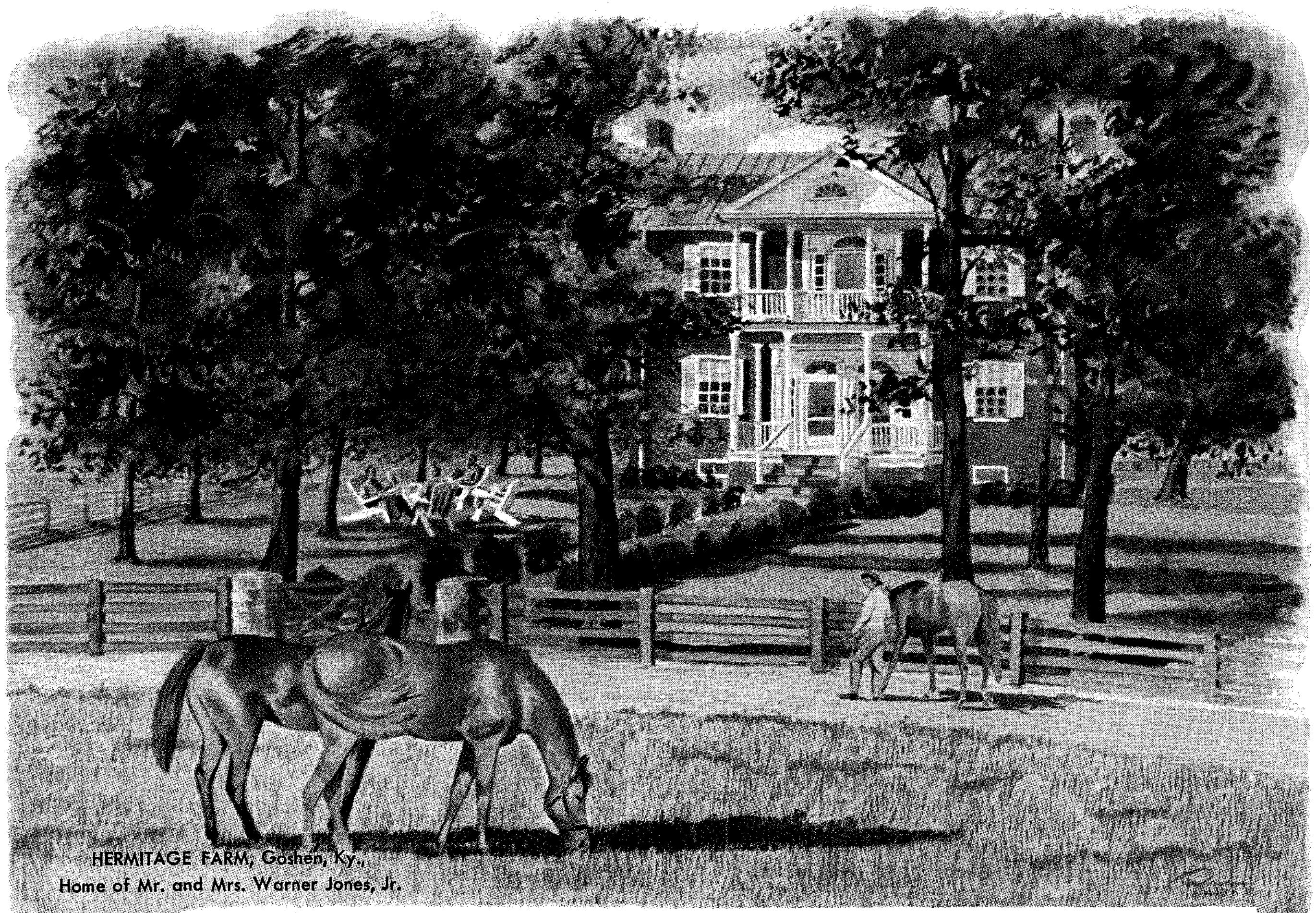

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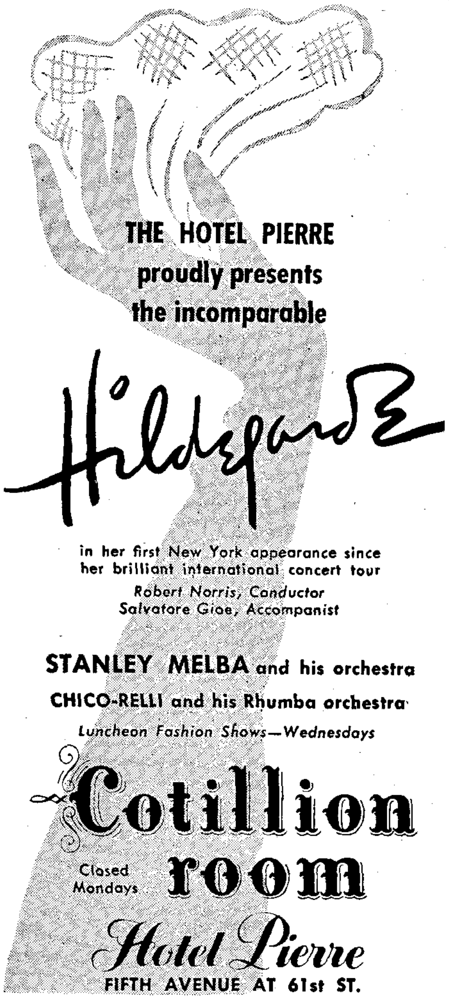

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Major Switzer phoned to tell me he had been set to work on a history of his headquarters. With a feeling of relief, I wished him luck. He chuckled, and said, "You'll be having it pretty soft from now on, Lieutenant." The following week, the prisoner count was nineteen, the next week seventeen, and the next twenty-five.

Soon after that, I received orders sending me elsewhere. The night before I left the island, I saw the Major at the bar of an officers' club. "I've been reading the *Intelligence Digest*, Lieutenant. It's my theory that the prisoners we're taking don't belong on this island," he told me confidentially, over a beer. "I believe they're survivors of recent Japanese naval disasters who float ashore here at night. Naturally, they won't admit it, because they can't very well reveal the names of the ships that have been lost. I'd like you to come over to my office one morning and let me explain what I mean more fully. Ever notice the way a seaman walks?" I told him that, sorry to say, I was being transferred and wouldn't have time to come over.

ABOUT six months after the armistice, when I was in Tokyo, I met one of my Nisei team, who had remained on the island until a few weeks before, and he told me that prisoners were still being taken every week and that Captain Tabata had not surrendered until two months after the war ended. Tabata, he said, had come in with twenty-five men, all armed and well fed, and had formally handed over his sword to an American Army officer. The Nisei had not been sufficiently curious to find out whether Tabata then inquired about Eiko, but he did remember that Major Switzer was not present at the ceremony. —GORDON COTLER

•

These young men and women are really to be commended for the sincerity, heart, and general willingness to work. . . . The most difficult thing for these people to learn was how to behave like juveniles. You can well understand why it would be. In most instances, they had just grown out of it and having tasted the joys of adultery, who can blame them for not wanting to go back to infancy?—*Playbill of the Joan of Arc Playhouse.*

We don't like the question.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Encyclopædia Britannica*]

The practice of adding poisonous substances to food merely for the sake of altering colour or appearance has nothing to recommend it.

The Psychiatrists Have A Word For It

Introverted is the word for Walter. As a boy, an operation left him with a facial paralysis. Walter's shy smile has always been a twisted thing.

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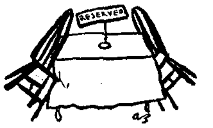
TABLES FOR TWO

Siren Songs



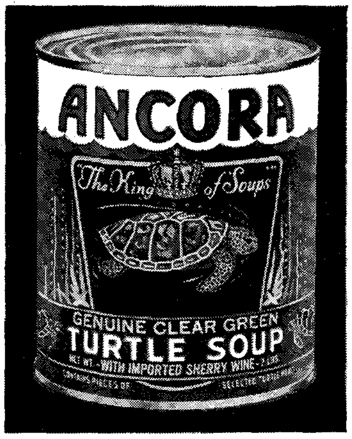
A LITTLE Hollywood trick named Gloria De Haven—cuddly, shiny-eyed, moist-lipped, and with a bushy poodle haircut that resembles a poodle who hasn't had a haircut—plants herself before the microphone in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria these nights and sings inviting songs like "Love Is Here to Stay," "The Closer You Are," "Love Isn't Born (It's Made)," and "Here Come the Blues." Oh, she's bold as brass, this one. When she slides into a dreamy number, she tilts her head back a little, lowers her eyelids, gets a throb in her voice, picks out a man at a ringside table, and lets go with a long, provocative look at him. When she decides the demoralizing gaze has done its work, she blithely swings it away to another table and a new clay pigeon. She is singing all the time, of course, cooing intimately into the mike at one moment and leaning away from it and bawling shamelessly at another. Like so many of our younger popular singers, Miss De Haven favors sobbing tones, lumpy with passion. How the women in the audience felt about her I couldn't be sure, looking at their set faces. The men, though, were all eyes. She's no world-beater as a singer, but she's a saucy young thing.

Maybe I had better mention that before Miss De Haven comes on, a skinny dancer named Bob Fosse, with wild eyes and unruly blond hair, taps and runs and leaps his way around the floor with astonishing energy. He is still young enough to be in an imitative frame of mind, and in the course of his exhibition he imitates Chaplin's walk and, hatless but with cane, Fred Astaire's "Top Hat" dance. The night I saw him, he even read, in an immature voice, a scene, originally done by Gene Kelly, from William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life." He really shouldn't talk at all, but dancers in supper clubs have been growing remarkably garrulous lately (maybe it's because dancers don't have a chance to get listened to anyplace else) and I suppose Fosse is just going along with the tide.

OVER at La Vie en Rose, another sleek young lady, Dorothy Dandridge, goes through more or less the same sort of thing that Miss De Haven puts across in the Empire Room. An extremely pretty girl, Miss Dandridge wears a clinging metallic gown and weaves in front of the Phil Moore Trio on the small stage, singing "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "Love Isn't Born" (she, too, by golly), a number urging men to buy expensive gifts for her, another one importuning them to be very attentive to her, and Lord knows what all. A good deal of the time she rocks on her heels and makes savage faces, so her style is disturbingly reminiscent of Lena Horne's, but every now and then there's a frank, appealing quality in her work. Her voice is big and sometimes a trifle raucous, and her mannered performance is for the most part tantalizing, if not entirely convincing. The trio is an expert group, in which Moore, the pianist, dominates the music with nimble runs and rich, heavy chords, and it also plays for dancing.

After Miss Dandridge has sashayed off into the night, a spotlight picks up Carl Ravazza, standing somewhere in the back of the room, in full song. Still singing, he finds his way to the stage, where, with a different trio accompanying him, he puts a beautiful, soaring light baritone voice, creamy and even throughout its range, to work on a haphazard repertoire. Anything at all seems to do for him—"Giannina Mia," "It's All in the Game," "My Blue Heaven," a silly comedy song about a tiny Mexican boy, a Calypso number—as long as he can be up there singing, holding and bending the notes as if they were meant to be fondled and caressed and dwelt upon, and wearing a somewhat foolish grin. His material is rather ordinary, on the whole, and carelessly put together, and he may love the sound of his own voice a little too well, but it is a whale of a voice and it lingers pleasantly in the mind.

JIMMY SAVO, growing pudgier with the years, is the darling of the current show in the Persian Room. He doesn't seem to have changed his act much, but then there's no reason for him to; it's a good act, and his performance is by now almost classic in its outlines. He wears the same baggy suit, string tie, undersized derby, and disreputable shoes, and he undertakes the same superb pantomime—tearing paper into a handful of small pieces, tossing them up into the air, letting them fall like snow, wrapping his jacket more tightly about him, shivering and stamping his feet, lighting matches and stuffing them into his mouth, thawing out,



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sweating, loosening his jacket, fanning himself with it, crying. The old jokes are still told in that quavering, little boy's voice, and the songs—"River, Stay 'Way from My Door," "I'm Married to a Strip Tease Dancer," "On the Road to Mandalay"—are still offered up with those tenderly humorous gestures and grimaces. All these bits have long since been tempered and set by his personality; they are little jewels now. A performer like Savo brings something rare—artistry—into a night-club room, where the most you can usually expect is mere talent.

Les Mains d'Yves Joly, an unusual and accomplished dumb show, is at present the main attraction at the Blue Angel. Two men and two women, hidden below a puppeteer's stage, instead of above it, represent people and other forms of life by moving their hands, gloved in bright colors or in white, in front of a black back cloth. Lively scenes are created, sometimes to the accompaniment of a phonograph record, sometimes to no accompaniment. In one clownish number, for instance, two figures go for a moonlight swim and are apprehended by a pair of buffoon policemen. In another number, an underwater ballet, which is done to Debussy's arrangement of Satie's "Gymnopédie No. 2," the remote, impersonal adventures of marine life are hauntingly depicted. The troupe, which comes from France, also has some fresh ideas in the puppet field, and wry dramas are enacted by the wispiest suggestions of people—nothing more than a scrap of cloth and a scrap of paper, manipulated from beneath the stage. —D. W.

•

GROANS WE DOUBT EVER GOT GROANED

[*John O'Donnell in the News*]

All in all, the fashionable fur market in this political heart of the Truman mink dynasty slumped to a depressing low. On the overall, a fashionable $150,000 collection went for a mere $5,000. Groaned the overworked band of auctioneers after the show was over:

"We know who put the stink on mink. But who put the chill on chinchilla, the vermin on the ermine, and the label on the sable—Truman label we mean!"

•

Dunlap told a news conference late Wednesday about the new firings.

In addition to Lesser Fry, six collectors have been fired or resigned during the past year, and three of them indicted.—*Eau Claire (Wis.) Telegram.*

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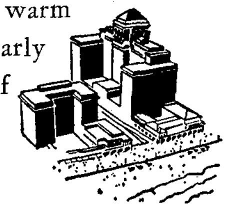

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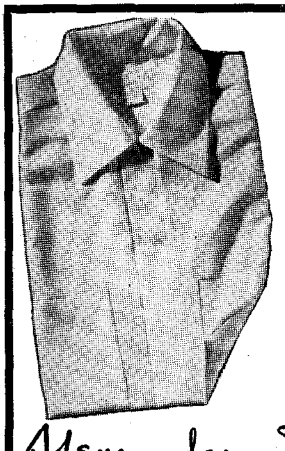

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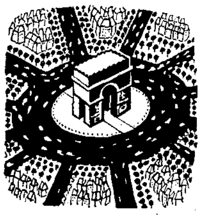
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 30

IT is the dark-skinned antique peoples on the south shore of the Mediterranean who have been making sanguinary news lately, instead of the pale men of Europe, as is usually the case. That the Egyptians dared dream of breaking off diplomatic relations with Britain was less of a shock to Parisians than that they had dared burn Shepheard's Hotel, a caravansary that had come to seem an impregnable outpost of European civilization, with security and deft native service. The bloody Egyptian crises, flaming in the wake of the last fortnight's uprisings, deaths, repressions, and general strike in the French protectorate of Tunisia, which, in turn, followed on the touch-and-go situation in Morocco last November, have certainly stirred up Paris opinion. One type of Parisian thinks that a good, firm Metropolitan French hand is needed with the Tunisian rebels, who want a constitution. But the majority of Paris thinks that previous French governments are partly responsible for today's violence, because of their dangerous dawdling over decisions that might have soothed the natives—though they might also have vexed the French settlers. It appears that over the years the hundred and fifty thousand settlers in Tunisia developed the notion (without legal foundation, as the new young French Premier, Edgar Faure, has courageously made clear—too late) that, as co-inhabitants, they should enjoy equal power with the three and a third million Tunisians in any home rule, even that concerned with strictly Tunisian affairs. As for the government's dealing with the Moroccan upheaval, His Majesty Mohammed V, Sultan of Morocco, who refers to himself with a capital letter in the first person plural, in 1950 wrote to the French requesting talks on a new *modus vivendi;* in 1951 he had to write again, stating, "And for these negotiations We are still waiting." More recently, when His Majesty Sidi Mohammed el-Amin Pasha Bey, officially titled Possessor of the Kingdom of Tunis—a cultivated old gentleman whose dress uniform includes red trousers, a waistcoat, and jewels—received Jean de Hautclocque, cousin of the late General Leclerc, as French Resident General of Tunis, he said candidly, "You are the fourth Resident I have received since the war. Instead of changing Residents, the French ought to change their policy."



Now even blasé governmental circles see the Tunisian and Moroccan situations as overripe and significant. The two are part of the nationalistic fever that is rising in the Arab League and throughout the Moslem world. India, Pakistan, Egypt, and the United Nations (about to end its session here) were all appealed to by the rampant Tunisians. The worldwide Moslem youth organization called Motamar Alam-Islami, whose head office is in far-off Karachi, has just ordered all Mohammedans everywhere to observe February 1st as Tunis Day. French kings figured importantly in the early Crusades against the infidels. The recent nationalistic uprisings in Morocco, Tunis, and Egypt, on the banks of the Suez Canal, in the oil fields of Iran, and in the camps of the angry Arab refugees tenting in what used to be the Holy Land, all seem to historical-minded Frenchmen like the Crusades in reverse, with the dark, pious pagans trying to throw out the white Christian dogs.

Parisians have shown enormous interest in the personality of the rebel leader Habib Ben Ali Bourguiba—now detained—whom few had ever heard of before he roused all Tunisia. His photographs show a violent, flat-nosed peasant face, rather than the more familiar aquiline beak of the elegant sherifian type. Until his followers began being arrested last week, he had twenty thousand disciplined militants behind him, and nearly half a million declared supporters. Frenchmen who knew him when he was studying law and political science in Paris, in preparation for his career of rebellion, say he is a born agitator, an intellectual, and an autocratic idealist who aims at victory but will accept martyrdom. He was born of modest parents in the coast town of Monastir, is now forty-eight, has long been married to a Frenchwoman ten years his senior, and, at one time or another, has spent four years in prison for his political activities. He became president of the Neo-Destour Party ("*destour*" is the Arabic word for "constitution"), which is Western-minded, Wilsonian, Kemalist, and plebeian. It was formed in the early nineteen-thirties, after a split in the Vieux Destour, or Old Turban, Party, which remains Koranic, Pan-Islamic, Oriental-minded, and conservative. Both Destourian groups are bent on independence. Those who know Habib Bourguiba say his personal tragedy is that his fine French education

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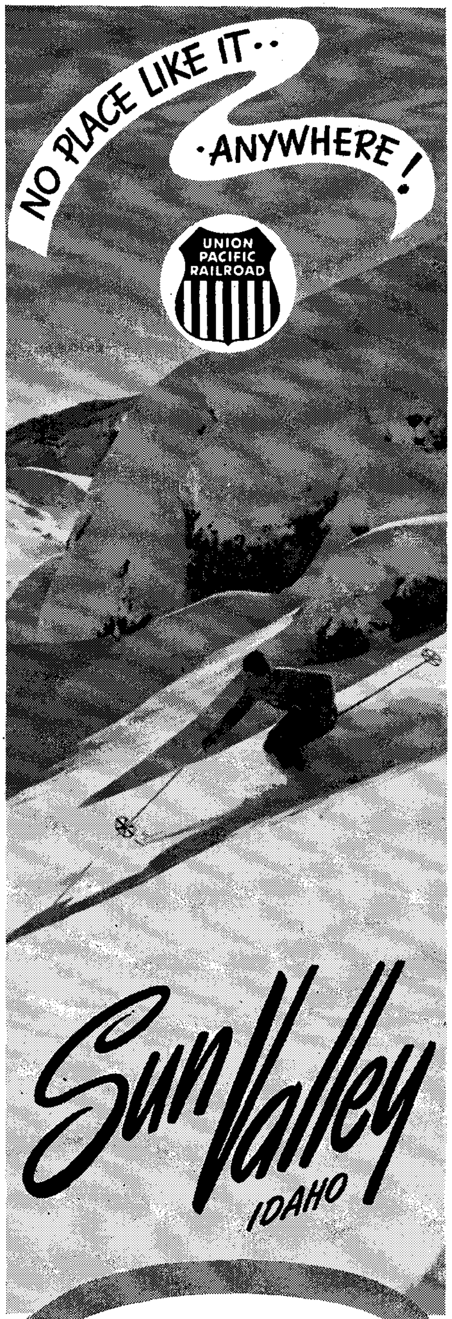
turned him from a Mussulman into an agnostic who believes in no prophet. They say he harangues mobs better in French, with Voltairian citations, than in Arabic, with flowery Koran couplets. As an eager intellectual, he fatally achieved the metropolitan cerebrations of those against whom, as a Tunisian, he vainly rebels today.

WHAT ought to be a wonderful May festival here has been planned by the international Congress for Cultural Freedom, backed, in large part, by a Cincinnati Maecenas named Julius Fleischmann. To be called Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century, it could easily provide the biggest postwar modernist aesthetic season so far. The festival director is the American composer Nicolas Nabokov, cousin to the writer Vladimir Nabokov and to the translator Sergei Nabokov, who was killed by the Gestapo for his aid to English fliers, all three of them once familiar Paris figures. On the festival's bill of fare are the Hallé Orchestra, from Manchester; the chorus and orchestra from Rome's big music school, the Accademia di Santa Cecilia; L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; the Paris Conservatoire and French National Radio orchestras; and the Boston Symphony. These will be heard in programs featuring the founding fathers of modern music, among them Debussy, Ravel, Schoenberg, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich. The Vienna State Opera will give Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," which has never been performed here, and a company of American Negroes may give Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts." There will be ballet galore. Stravinsky will conduct a concert of his new works, as well as direct some of his old Diaghilev ballets. Balanchine's New York City Ballet Company will also appear, to show Parisians what we can do back home. James Johnson Sweeney, formerly of the New York Museum of Modern Art, is making a collection of great modern pictures from the United States and Western Europe, many of which have not been seen in France since they were painted here. Daytime conferences will be offered by "writers and philosophers of the free world." These gentlemen may be the French Thomist Jacques Maritain, the German psychiatrist Karl Jaspers, and the English mathematician Bertrand Russell, since their names (plus those of the Italian historian Benedetto Croce and the American educator John Dewey, both of them probably too old to leave home) figure as honorary chairmen on the list of the fête's backers. If



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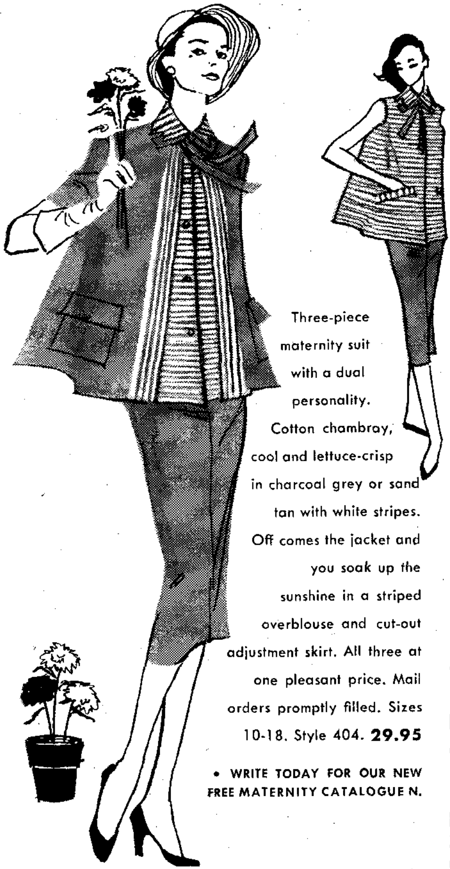
the festival offers even half the program now promised, it could be worth going a long way to hear and see.

ON May 21, 1890, Vincent van Gogh came from Arles, where he had been in a lunatic asylum for a year, to the small gray hamlet of Auvers-sur-Oise, near the river town of Pontoise, outside Paris. His brother Theo had sent him there for possible healing by the village physician, Dr. Gachet. Gachet had known Cézanne when Cézanne painted there, and, being himself a painter, was familiar with the crazed souls of artists. Vincent approvingly wrote Theo on June 4th, "He seems certainly as sick and bewildered as you and I. I am working on his portrait, the head very blond, with a white cap . . . a blue coat, and a cobalt-blue background, leaning on a red table with . . . purple flowers. He is absolutely fanatical about this portrait." The Doctor was less bewildered than Vincent, for late in July van Gogh borrowed an innkeeper's gun—to shoot crows, he said—and killed himself. He was buried in the churchyard at Auvers-sur-Oise.

Dr. Gachet's son, M. Paul Gachet, recently gave the white-capped portrait of his father—and the white cap, too, along with some other touching souvenirs of van Gogh and Cézanne—to the Louvre, and the pathetic little collection has just been put on public view at the Museum of the Jeu de Paume. In addition to the portrait, the collection contains works by Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, Monet, and their friends. There are sixteen pictures in all. The only truly great items are three van Goghs—a self-portrait he brought with him from Arles, the Gachet portrait, and a picture of the back of the little Gothic church in whose yard he was eventually to lie. This trio of pictures has been on view before, but the Doctor's white cap—in a glass case, along with van Gogh's bamboo pens, for drawing, and his last palette, on which the colors are all smeared in diagonals, typical of his brush strokes in his wheat fields (it is shown next to Cézanne's palette, smeared with curlicues and cones of color, like his bathers' shadows)—gives them their earthly, intimate setting. In the glass case, too, is the Doctor's death sketch, in charcoal, of van Gogh's face—a fine likeness, sad and peaceful. The Doctor also did a portrait of van Gogh in bronze, perhaps from memory, with the bearded head placed in profile in a kind of dish—very strange. Given their present connection with the



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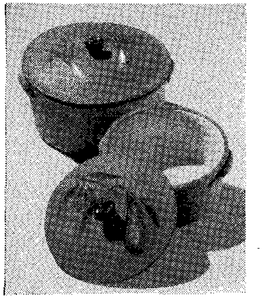

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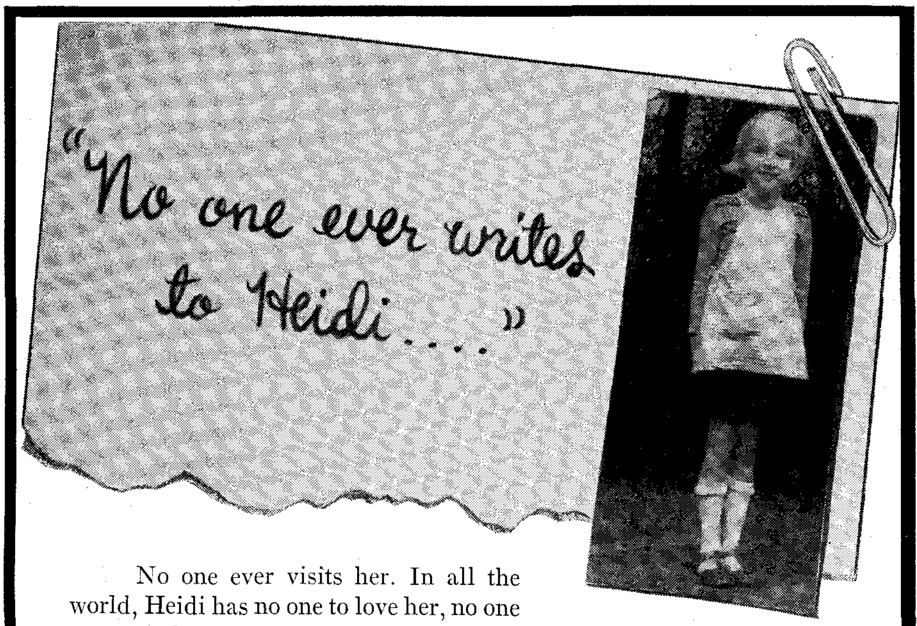
Doctor and his past, the paintings seem to lack the garish, art-show quality of long-viewed public collections.

FOR nearly a hundred and fifty years, Benjamin Constant's novelette "Adolphe" has been regarded as unique in lesser French letters, because it is the first example in romantic French literature of the delicate tragedy of the lady pursuing the gentleman, and of the inability of the gentleman, rather than the lady, to say yes or no. "Adolphe" is no longer unique, owing to the recent discovery of another minor Constant chef-d'œuvre, apparently lost in a trunk for more than a hundred years. It has now been published as "Cécile," though it might as well have been called "Adolphe the Second." It is even shorter than "Adolphe," being unfinished, but still more powerful, in its taut, nerve-racking, polite way, because it features two ladies pursuing one gentleman—Constant himself. One of the ladies is his eventual second wife, the Hanoverian Countess Charlotte de Hardenberg, who is the Cécile of the booklet, and the other is that Bonapartist exile and general brilliant holy terror of Europe, Mme. de Staël, whom he disguises as a Mme. de Malbée. His Charlotte was an obedient Germanic angel, but Mme. de Staël once quarrelled with him all night and all the next day, and she post-chaised after him over every frontier of the western Continent.

"Cécile," to a greater degree than "Adolphe" (both are true stories), is a rare record of the new manners of liberty after the Revolution, and of how they affected the domesticities and divorces that had just come into style among well-bred, well-educated Europeans, who, turning from the upholstered conventions of the past, stepped boldly out of doors into a whole dangerous new modern world—our modern world. It was evidently written around 1810 and then dropped and lost as inconsequential. It is supposed that it was preserved in one of Constant's many mislaid trunks scattered over Europe; one of them is known to have finally reached his widow in Switzerland. All that is sure is that the manuscript, of twenty finely written big double pages, turned up in some Constantiana that a present-day member of the family, Baron Rodolphe de Constant-Rebecque, recently deposited in the Bibliothèque de Lausanne. It would be reckless to say that "Cécile" is more fascinating than "Adolphe," but it is definitely more Constant.—GENÊT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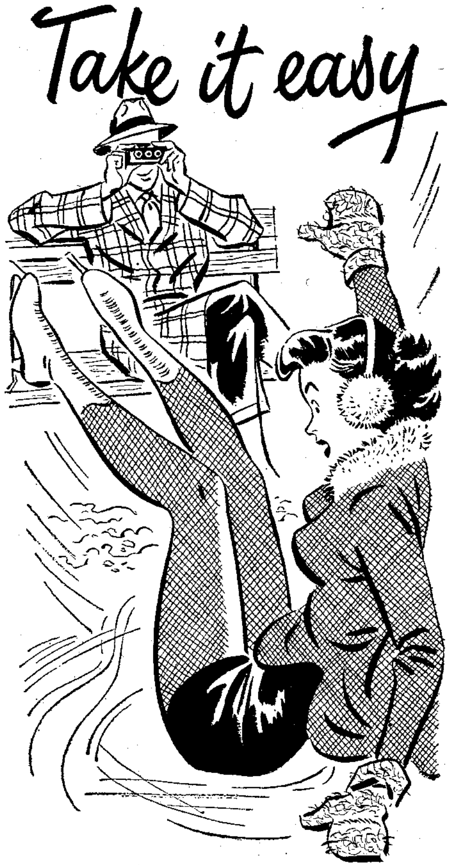

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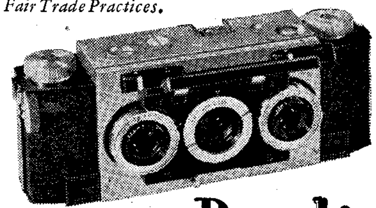

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Works

THE first performance of the Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Carmen" last week was sensational. The familiar story was treated with such urgency that it was like seeing a fresh and vigorous stage work for the first time. It was a striking occasion. A shock effect must have been intended by those concerned with the production, for, contrary to custom at the Met, the dress rehearsals were conducted in almost complete secrecy, obviously with the idea of strengthening the element of surprise on opening night.

The most notable departure from previous productions of Bizet's opera is the shifting of the last act from a street in front of the bullfight arena to the terrace and interior of Escamillo's quarters, on the second floor of a hotel across the way. This change was made by the stage director, Tyrone Guthrie, and he has justified it on the ground that, first of all, only a shabby suggestion of the procession into the arena (which is fully described by the chorus, anyway) can be presented on the stage, and, second, that the odds that Don José's protracted murder of Carmen will come off successfully are greater in the hotel room than outdoors by the entrance to the arena. The way the scene goes now, the curtain rises on a handsomely and colorfully dressed assemblage excitedly watching an offstage procession from the hotel terrace. When that has passed, the arches and balustrades of the terrace—a single, enormous flat piece of scenery—are raised out of sight and the toreador's spacious suite is seen. Once the brightly costumed chorus has left, the suite is revealed to be a rather threadbare, untidy place, appropriate to the cheap crime that takes place there. Although no such strong break with tradition is made in the other sets, they are all refreshing.

Mr. Guthrie's unrelenting attempt to keep "Carmen" a forceful and realistic dramatic work—the music aside—is continuously evident. In the opening scene, for example, his guards—big, beefy, and squeezed into freshly pressed uniforms—have the careless authority of cops anywhere. Another example is the scene that comes a little later, when the squabbling factory girls pour into the square. The guards hold hands and form a cordon across the stage, and the few girls who break through, clawing at one another, are picked up bodily and thrown onto benches. Again, when Carmen escapes at the end of the act, the commanding officer strikes Don José with his gloves angrily enough for the sound to be heard throughout the house.

Wherever possible, Guthrie has pointed up the violence of the story and heightened its reality by the use of convincing stage business. That he has been betrayed in this purpose now and then by the music is an unfortunate but unavoidable circumstance. For this is an opera, and there is a predetermined number of bars of music to be played and sung; a violent scene like the girls' free-for-all can't be cut to conform to the stage director's sense of fitness, as it could be in a straight play. Since the fighting is pretty well suppressed almost at the outset, we are forced to sit for some time looking at a *fait accompli* (except for some minor activity) while the music prepares for Carmen's second entrance. Then, too, there is a kind of musical-comedy bounce and rosiness about the good-natured score—despite its excellence, and perhaps because of its familiarity—which creates, on its own, a brightly romantic atmosphere that is frequently opposed to the stark one Guthrie has sought to emphasize. He has, it is true, given in wherever he had to (most charmingly in his fresh use of the urchins' chorus in the first act), but some of the inconsistencies between his over-all dramatic design and the music have given him trouble. One surprising effect created by the new costumes, the splendid sets (by Rolf Gerard), and the crisp direction is that although a more sordid "Carmen" was the primary aim—and there is, actually, less finery on the stage than usual—it is so much smarter in appearance than the worn and drab productions we have been accustomed to that this aim is not achieved too well, except, perhaps, in the person of the sloppy-looking heroine as we see her first. What we are most aware of is how much more vigorous this is than former productions.

On opening night, this vitality extended to the pit, where Fritz Reiner led a marvellously controlled and revealing musical performance. With no apparent excitement but with perfect understanding of the musical values, Reiner conducted in such a way that

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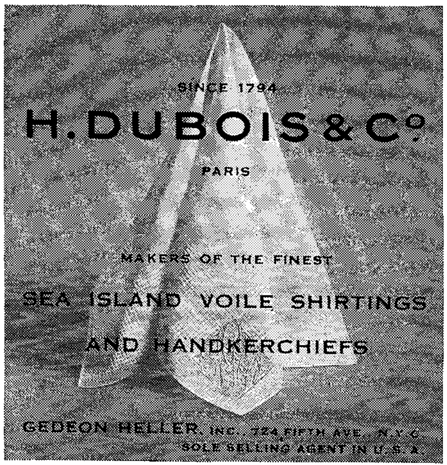

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every impulse of the music was clear, without being at all loud, and with an easy insistence that the singers follow him, rather than the other way around.

Risë Stevens, long a popular and fairly satisfactory Carmen at the Met, is now a superb one. This flamboyant role, in which an inspired guttersnipe must express herself in a trained soprano voice, is a lure and pitfall for an ambitious singing actress, but Miss Stevens, every inch a woman, has roughened up her lower tones, giving them the abrasive energy of a French street singer's, and I am pleased to report that the other night she managed to be every inch a floozie, too. Richard Tucker, intermittently convincing as an actor in the part of Don José, has a tenor voice that is made of iron, and he used it, as the occasion demanded, with beautiful lyricism or fine robustness. Nadine Conner was a pert, vocally accomplished, and remarkably appealing Micaela, who relied on her own attractive, reddish-brown hair instead of the blond wig that generally goes with this role. As Escamillo, Frank Guarrera created an agreeably competent vocal and physical picture of a vain performer who could turn any tart's head. The other roles were all adequately filled.

This needn't be the definitive "Carmen." It's enough that it's such a vibrant one and that the new management's effort to revitalize opera classics has been so spiritedly advanced by this production. As Guthrie himself modestly admits, in the "Carmen" program notes, "Conventions of theatrical realism keep changing. They don't get better or worse; more true to nature, or less so. They just change."

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

WASHINGTON—The Navy Department, which now has about half its civilian white collar workers on 44- to 48-hour weeks, plans to put even more on longer hours . . . Several agencies are urging the Civil Service Commission to revamp government salaries so a man is paid for the responsibility he carries rather than according to how many are above or below him . . . Roger L. Putnam, new economic stabilizer, makes rope belts for his friends.

—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

He's nobody's fool.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Show Biz," by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr.*]

Fred Karno, 75, discoverer of Charlie Chaplin . . . —*Page 521.*

Al Reeves, who discovered Charlie Chaplin, died at 77. —*Page 550.*

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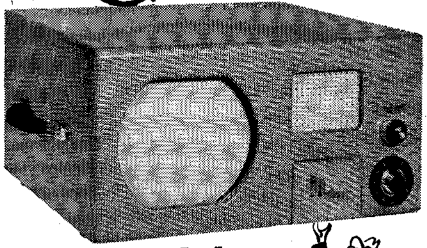

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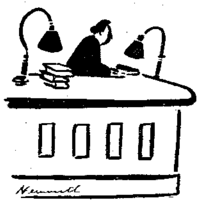
BOOKS

Lives in Limbo



ELSA MORANTE is a young Italian writer of extraordinary emotional power, whose first novel, "House of Liars" (Harcourt, Brace), has now been given a fine translation by Adrienne Foulke. The house of which Miss Morante writes is really a prison made of illusion, and the liars who live there are people driven awry by their own flamboyant daydreams, which they are unable to realize and equally unable to outgrow. Their pride, their ruling passion, tells them that a mysterious but precious birthright has been stolen from them and that they are really destined to be rich and admired, and not, as they find themselves, poor and despised. Since they are very poor and very despised, their pride serves them only as a mask, never as a shield, but no amount of punishment can teach them what they fear above all to learn, that they are the same as their humble neighbors. Therefore they are to a certain extent successful, because they are set apart from those around them, even if it is only by an excess of pain.

The principals among these poor liars are Anna and Francesco, a young couple living in a tenement apartment in a city in southern Italy. Francesco, who in his teens liked to represent himself as a baron, is a penniless post-office clerk. Anna, who actually has some noble blood, is made cruel by her general disappointment in life and by her hatred and contempt for her husband, but Francesco's wistful love for his wife only makes him desperate, and makes his dream of money and importance more necessary to him. These two can be disappointed and denied to the limit of their endurance—in fact, even to madness—but they are incapable of being disillusioned. Disillusionment and wisdom alike lie outside the walls of their house. Inside is only protest, and the echoes of protest, going back to the time of their childhood, when they heard their parents' voices raised in the same complaint they make now. There is no development in this book, no plot, no solution. It all ends, as it begins, in madness and death.

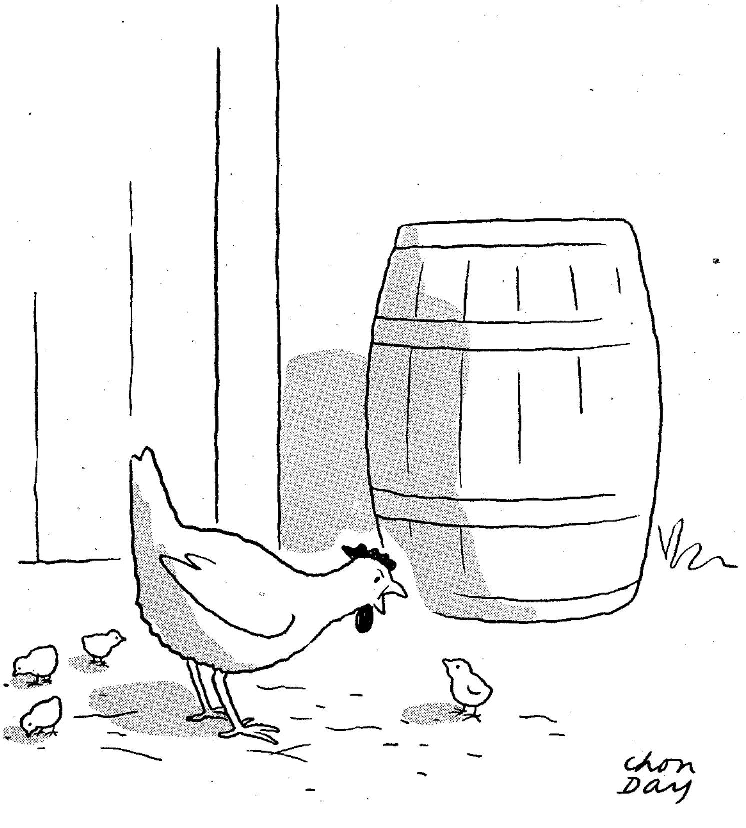
Elisa, the daughter of Anna and Francesco, who adores her mother and has nothing but pity and impatience for her father, tells their story, now that they are both dead. For her, the house is the house of her childhood, and the liars are her parents. A grown woman, she remembers, it seems to her, everything that happened since she was born. She also feels, as people often do, that she remembers clearly events and conversations that took place before she was born. She describes her parents' childhood and traces the beginnings of the dreams that were to destroy them, and then she goes on to talk about their marriage and the house in which she lived.

She remembers her grandmother, Anna's mother, worn out by hard work and rage (for of course she, too, is a member of the company of liars), living unwanted in a corner of her daughter's kitchen and brightening only when the talk turned to love, or when Francesco, who was proud of his voice, broke into some old song. These occasions were not frequent, for Anna disliked talk of love and also disliked Francesco's singing. Of this grandmother, who owned almost nothing in the world but a skirt and jacket, Elisa says that "every morning, she came rather shamefacedly to the kitchen and asked for polish to shine her shoes." Elisa remembers also the cheap ornaments that decorated her childhood home, things bought by Francesco to glorify his first years with Anna. She remembers that they owned an imitation Oriental runner with silver threads, a tinted, gilded image of a Hindu dancing girl, which was a receptacle for matches, and a garish oleograph of a historical scene, and she says:

> It is easy to imagine the hopes and desires that must have filled Francesco as he bought the new furnishings; how often his scarce means must have forced him to leave his heart in the shops, and with what illusory splendors our future rooms were lighted in his imagination when he gave in to the temptation of those execrable ornaments. And what bitter struggles he must have secretly fought with himself when his tenderness for Anna, his pride in possessing her, and his desire to do her honor were confronted with his slender means and had to be limited to such humble gifts. It is futile to dwell on all this.

These things, so futile to dwell on and so impossible to forget, attach themselves to every incident of this story—fragments of the most unreasonable, most intractable, and most inconsolable part of our nature, and of the nature of these unhappy people, with their splendid dreams and feeble lives. These sad memories do not diminish their struggle but illuminate it. Miss Morante's people might sometimes seem operatic in their transports of fury and despair if it were not for the dreadful, trivial realities that their daughter drags up out of her mind to commemorate their bewilderment and the punishment they brought upon themselves.

Elisa's passionate allegiance to her mother is the central thread of the book. She remembers many gloomy evenings in her home, but one in particular recalls itself to her, and as



"And I don't want to hear another peep out of you!"

she goes back over it, she speaks of her mother's power over her. On that evening, her father, who had borrowed some money, brought home presents for his wife and daughter. For Elisa he brought books, and for her mother an embroidered stole, wine, theatre tickets, and all of her small stock of jewelry, which he had redeemed from a pawnshop. He sang a little, the occasion was so festive, and Anna, beguiled by the wine and by the sight of her jewelry, agreed to accompany him to the theatre. However, they were refused admittance to the orchestra, because they were not in evening dress, and some friends of Francesco, seeing their predicament, invited them to sit in the gallery. Anna, in her humiliation and rage, would not be comforted, and spoiled the evening for everyone.

Elisa writes:

> As if the intervening years were a transparent element which does not conceal but even evokes sights unseen, I can see her, I can see her today, my beautiful, bejeweled lady. Seated on that bench in the gallery among her chattering companions, she is like a lost soul in one of the circles of hell, mindful only of her own heart which in the intensity of her self-loathing she could have twisted like a rag between her beringed hands. Lost in her terrible hatred, the unheeded music, the voices and lights stretch a foggy curtain between her inferno and the orchestra floor. . . . And at her side I see my father whose mortification and anguish are still a little dulled by the effects of the wine. In spite of himself, the music sometimes transports him but his tyrant's opposing force drags him back to desolate, bitter places. Today my adult reason suggests pitiless, damning names to condemn that tyrant. Judgment vainly seeks to call her stupid, perverse, vulgar; judgment, alas, is helpless, for even today my heart sees that figure clad in divine light. The bad mother, the perfidious wife, the spoilsport, I can see her only with my childish eyes: behold her, resplendent in her embroidered stole and precious jewels, noble and beautiful as an oriental Madonna. Her unkind thoughts glow about her head like a halo; the shameless and inhuman desires which obsess her are the marks of a saint.

It is only because of Miss Morante's genius that Anna remains in our minds a wild, tormented creature and not a dreary egomaniac. A good deal of our sympathy for her comes from a long account, at the start of the book, of her childish love affair with her cousin Edoardo. Edoardo, rich and handsome, self-admiring, cold and mischievous, the spoiled son of the most powerful family (of which Anna's father was a castoff) in the city, enjoys being with Anna because there is a family resemblance between them and

An advertisement about a book called **LUCY** *– as its chief characters might describe it.*

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"Then please don't end your sentences with prepositions, darling," said Gene. "It gives a false impression. The novel is laid, imaginatively, in Westchester County, from which I commute daily on the steam cars, and return nightly to a wife who has just the modicum of brain that keeps her from being what nature must originally have intended: a giggler. After a meagre tiffin, tired as I am I must play Solomon between this girl and her sister-in-law who have fought hideously over their children..."

"And don't forget your mother," said Lucy. "I have always suspected that Madam is a bit player, hired by you and your brother to create occasional unity between your respective wives. When we hie ourselves back to the suburbs, she no doubt collects her pittance and returns to Central Casting to wait for her next call."

"I think you have made it quite clear that the book assassinates characters in droves," said Gene, "I'd merely like to add that this novel—thanks largely to my imperturbable poise—is witty, entertaining and perceptive."

"I hope not," said Lucy warmly, "although I must concede that you do sound exactly like a book advertisement. The two qualities most shunned by novel readers in these solemn, post-Freudian days, are perception and wit."

"Really? Then what do you make of the book advertisements that speak of humor?"

"These," Lucy explained, "generally refer to stories of implausible things that occur in large families. Wit in fiction is *out.*"

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This is the second of a series of advertisements addressed especially to The New Yorker's *readers. The next will appear in an early issue.*

because of her adoration of him. This affair, which he breaks off cruelly, is a disaster for her and for all who enter her life afterward. He is, however, only the embodiment of her impossible dream. She might have been much the same if she had never met him, for she is as cold by nature as he, and her feeling for him is more fanatical than loving.

The fourth important character is Rosaria, a prostitute, who was Francesco's girl before he met Anna, and who continues to love Francesco all her life. Although as disappointed as the others, Rosaria does not allow her life to be wasted. Her irrepressible nature comes to her rescue. Of Rosaria, Elisa writes:

> Two temptations Rosaria did not know how to resist. The first was a caress. It was not true, as Francesco thought, that she had been led astray because of inexperience and poverty. Like a trusting pet animal, she instinctively abandoned herself to caresses and gratefully encouraged them. Does a pet, in the simplicity of his heart, realize that the person who strokes him is ugly, wicked, and despicable? Does he distinguish the poor man from the rich, the young man from the old? Certainly not. It is enough for such a voluptuary that the kiss and the blandishment be kind. Rosaria was like that and anywhere, without discrimination, she took her pleasure.

The other temptation Rosaria cannot resist is any sort of gift. Fortunately, because she is handsome and good-natured, a lot of quite large gifts come her way, and at her death she is able to leave Francesco's daughter a good-sized income and a quiet apartment in which to write these memoirs.

Miss Morante, it is clear, is not afraid of romantic dénouements. Neither is she afraid of passion or of melodrama, or of the extravagant, elaborate phrases she handles so superbly. She seems afraid of nothing, except, possibly, the dullness and resignation of a sensible solution. Elisa, in her silent tower, dreaming of her mother and of the other members of her doomed family, is a classic figure of one bound irrevocably to the sadness, grandeur, and certainty of a truly lost cause. Her desperate allegiance to her cold, indifferent mother is like that of some patriots for their humiliated country or of some martyrs for their persecuted church, but she seems unwilling to envision a more triumphant life. She may be one of those who can love recklessly in defeat but are apt to be sickened by victory. Perhaps she fears that a dream realized or a cause redeemed begins to diminish or even to get corrupt,

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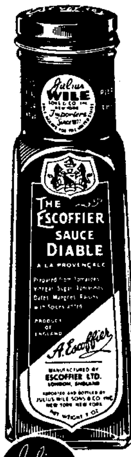

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and that is why, even in her awake mind, the problem of these lives, and of her life, cannot be solved.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MY COUSIN RACHEL, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday). Miss du Maurier's magic touch is unhappily not in evidence in this witless tale of a nineteenth-century lady who may or may not have been a poisoner. Her name was Rachel, she was married twice, she dabbled in herb recipes and remedies, and she had, we are told, a mysterious spell over men. The Literary Guild's twenty-fifth-anniversary selection.

THE DARK MARE, by Damsey Wilson (Doubleday). The dark mare is a woman candidate for President. She is a competent newspaperwoman of between forty-five and fifty who has come a long way, towing her husband behind her. This is a very dull book.

GHOST AND FLESH, by William Goyen (Random House). Eight mournful, formless pieces having to do with people who find the world too strange for them. Mr. Goyen appears to croon as he writes, sometimes with grief, sometimes with mirth. The best of the pieces is "The White Rooster," about a malevolent old man who torments his daughter-in-law by chasing her in his wheelchair, and a stray white rooster who refuses to die.

GENERAL

THE INDIGO BUNTING, by Vincent Sheean (Harper). This is a memoir of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mr. Sheean has a highly developed feeling for contemporary greatness and distinction, and although he met Edna Millay only a few times, and late in her life, he got a vivid sense of her personality and makes her seem both impressive and fascinating. Edna Millay was fond of birds, and she pointed out to Mr. Sheean, who seems to have been exceptionally ignorant of them, his first indigo bunting. This has led him into a discussion of the role played by birds in her poetry and the significance of birds in general. He also talked to her of his recent interest in Hindu philosophy, in which she evidently did not care to follow him—a fact that is hardly surprising, in view of her entirely non-mystical interest in the immediate human world. One

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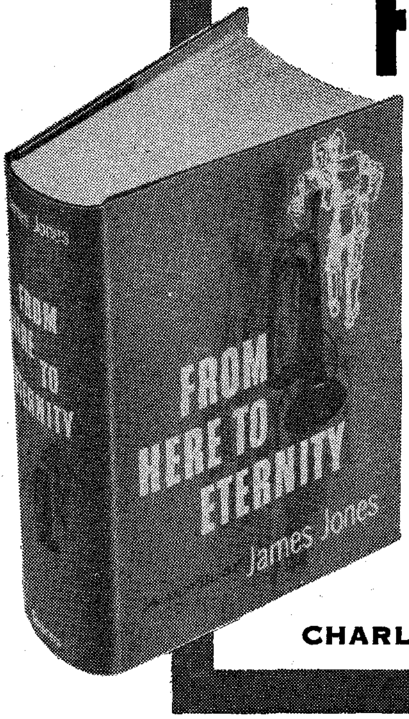

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for
From Here to Eternity

•

NON-FICTION
Rachel L. Carson
for
The Sea Around Us

•

POETRY
Marianne Moore
for
Collected Poems

•

The winner in each field was selected by the following judges

FICTION
Robert Gorham Davis
Brendan Gill
Lloyd Morris
Budd Schulberg
Jean Stafford

NON-FICTION
Crane Brinton
Huntington Cairns
Marquis Childs
Luther H. Evans
Horace M. Kallen

POETRY
Conrad Aiken
Winfield T. Scott
Wallace Stevens
Selden Rodman
Peter Viereck

The National Book Award was established three years ago to give official recognition to the most distinguished books of the year. Since then the Award has become an annual event in which the American book industry has united to honor American authors.

feels that he has padded his memoir in order to make it into a book—a pity, because in briefer form it would justify itself as a dramatic glimpse—at a period when few people saw her—of one of the most extraordinary figures of the twenties, who survived them as a great poet. The date of Edna Millay's death is wrongly given as the twentieth of October instead of the nineteenth, and when Mr. Sheean says that she owed nothing to any poet since Shakespeare, he forgets the important exception of A. E. Housman.

The Scalpel of Scotland Yard, by Douglas G. Browne and E. V. Tullett (Dutton). A biography of the late Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the eminent British pathologist, who during most of the first half of this century mulled over varied and predominantly grisly bits of evidence collected by Scotland Yard and then presented his findings in court so lucidly that even the members of a jury could understand them. Sir Bernard's career, his biographers have to admit, had practically no ups and downs, and neither did his disposition. He was noted mainly for his technical skill, his modesty, and his tendency to clam up outside the courtroom. As a result, Mr. Browne and Mr. Tullett have been forced to eke out their biography with very full accounts of the notable trials at which Sir Bernard testified, even those in which he had only a meagre role. Most of the trials, including those of Dr. Crippen, Frederick Henry Seddon, George Joseph Smith (the brides-in-the-bath man), and Edith Thompson and her admirer, Frederick Bywaters, are by this time pretty familiar, but they make far livelier reading than does Sir Bernard's steady and closemouthed progress to the top of his profession.

By the Waters of the Danube, by Alexandra Orme (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Further incidents in the consistently eventful life of this Polish-born writer, whose ingenious and lighthearted methods of dealing with the Russians during their wartime occupation of Hungary were described in her previous book, "Comes the Comrade." In this postwar memoir, Miss Orme's famous vivacity begins to show signs of strain as she outlines, rather haphazardly, the difficulties of survival in a Budapest apartment crammed to the rafters with a self-consciously picturesque bunch of friends and relatives, and, later on, describes the rigors of a clandestine trip to and from her na-

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tive country. In this part of the book, her sketches of the people she encountered are often tinged with resentment rather than wit, and her obvious pride in her inclination to meet excitement a good deal more than halfway detracts from the interest of her material.

The Melville Log: A Documentary Life of Herman Melville, 1819-1891, by Jay Leyda (Harcourt, Brace). It has long been a custom in Russia to publish complete chronologies of the lives of great men, from which it is possible to find out where the subject was and what he was doing on any given day. Mr. Leyda, who had had occasion to use such a chronology of Moussorgsky, decided to do one of Melville. The result, a large work in two volumes, is a book of much interest and practical use. This chronology not only follows Melville's movements and the progress of his writings, day by day, but includes passages from his letters and those of his family and friends, along with extracts from the reviews of his books and other contemporary comments on him. This documentation, so varied and dense, is singularly satisfactory in contrast with the many recent studies of Melville that run to pure speculation. The strictly objective method sometimes brings out the sad drama of Melville's life in a sharply pitiless way, as when his notes on the books he was reading in his later years of eclipse are set beside the casual impressions of people who met him then. The editor is well up to his subject, and Melville as he presents him, in the record of his travels, his family relationships, his conversations with friends, and his privately recorded thoughts, is more impressive than ever.

The Dance Has Many Faces, edited by Walter Sorell (World). This is a collection of first-rate essays on their art by great figures in the dance world today. It is a remarkable job. There is variety in the selections, in which every form of the theatre dance is represented, and almost all the pieces are well written, direct, and informative. The illustrations include some exceedingly good photographs of dancers in action. Mr. Sorell and his contributors have plenty of reason to be proud of themselves.

The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes, edited by Iona and Peter Opie (Oxford). This unique and authoritative work contains, ar-

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ranged by subject, five hundred and fifty nursery rhymes, each followed by a discussion of its sources, its meaning, its variants, and its parallels in other languages. An interesting introduction deals with the subject in all its aspects, and some curious things turn up. It appears that in a sixteenth-century cookbook there is a recipe for making pies "so that the birds may be alive in them and flie out when it is cut up," and that the purpose of this surprise was to put the candles out and give rise to a "diverting Hurley-Burley amongst the Guests in the Dark." The rhyme and game of "London Bridge," which are very old and found in many countries, are believed by the editors to "preserve the memory of a dark and terrible rite"—the custom of walling up a living child in the foundation of a new bridge, in the belief that the bridge would not otherwise stand. The book is handsomely printed and has many illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Mrs. McGinty's Dead, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). The victim in this latest product of Miss Christie's inexhaustible talent is an elderly charwoman who knows too much about an ancient *cause célèbre* and threatens to talk. Guided chiefly by an ink bottle that shouldn't have existed and a missing newspaper clipping that he has no trouble at all in turning up, Hercule Poirot, who must by now be well along in his seventies, is successful in discovering who had the best reason for suppressing Mrs. McGinty as well as in clearing the obvious suspect. The author's formula hasn't changed perceptibly since she wrote "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," in which Poirot made his memorable first appearance, but it is still as sound and expert as any that has been invented subsequently.

•

WHAT "POST" INTERPRETER D'YA READ?

Unfortunately the management was neither on nor off, and Herman was out. Now he's back in Brooklyn, while Sukeforth, whom he replaces, undoubtedly will join Rickey at Pittsburgh.—*Milton Gross, January 10th, page 46.*

The Dodger report yesterday was that Sukey quit suddenly Tuesday. Walter O'Malley said that he had tried to get him to change his mind to no avail. You were supposed to believe that he was being lured away to Pittsburgh by Branch Rickey, but that's hardly the truth.—*Arch Murray, same day, same page.*

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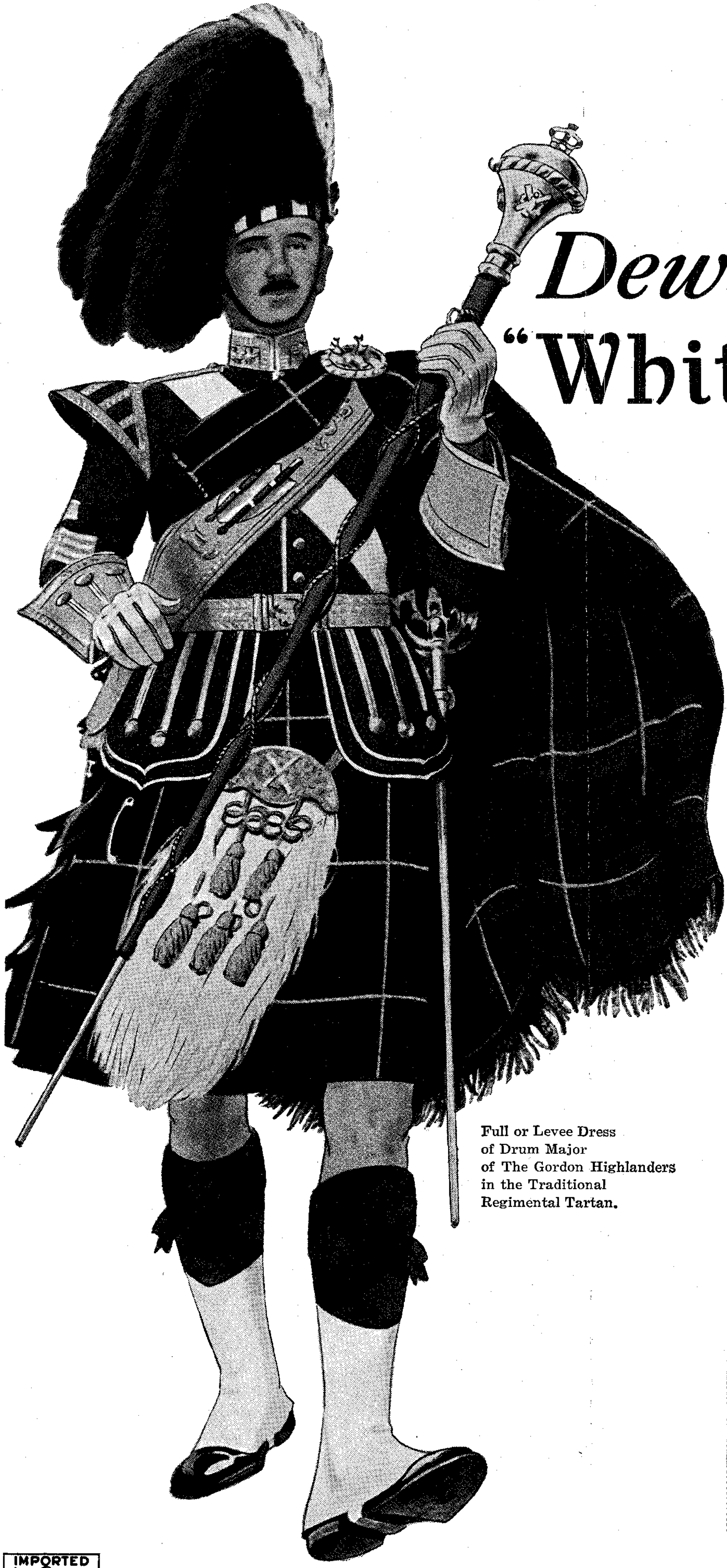

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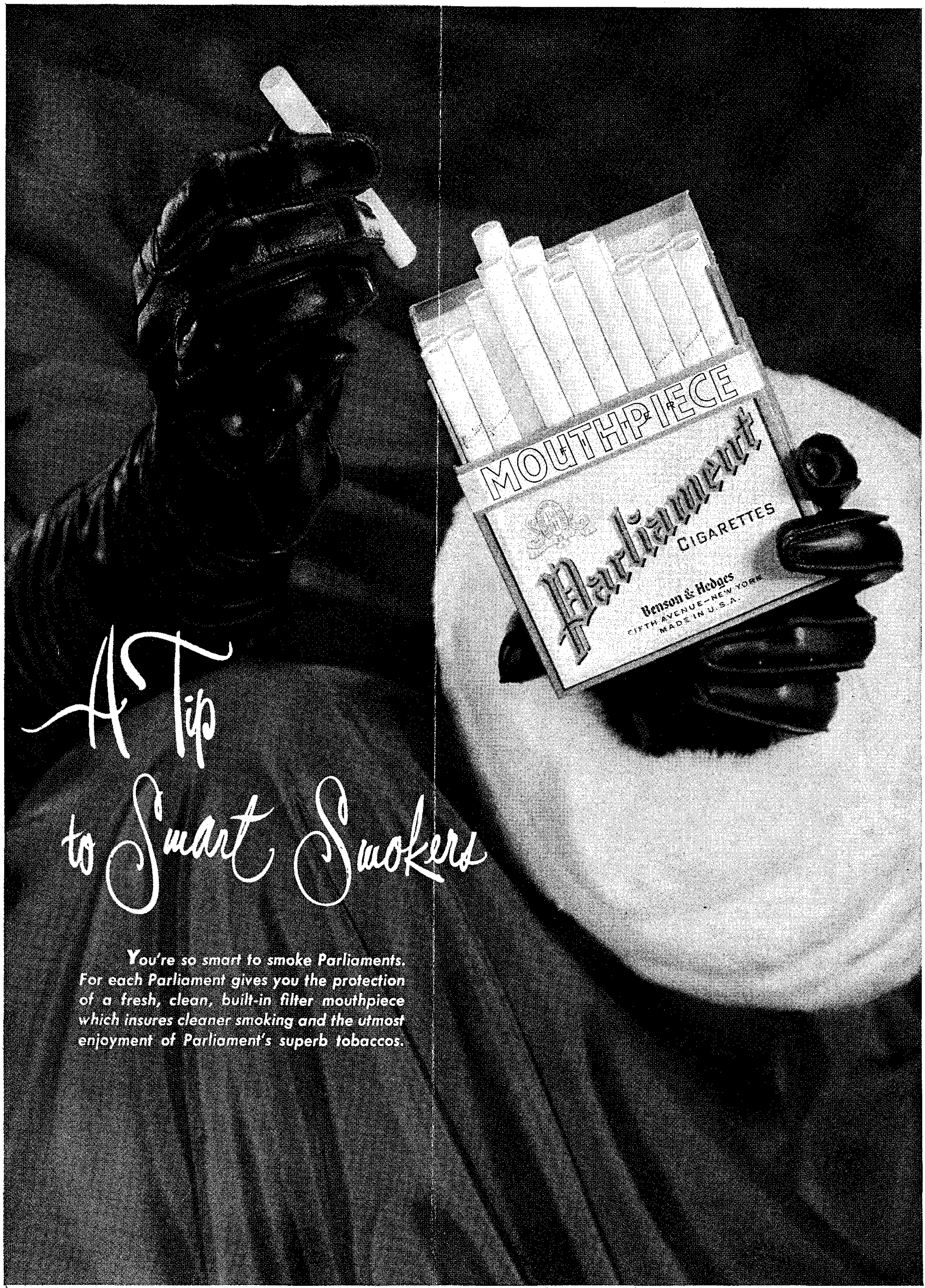
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